MASTERPIECES OF

Urdu Ghazals

FROM 17TH TO 20TH CENTURY

K.C. KANDA

SHOUT
SHARE
IT

This book presents to the English reader an overview of the Urdu *ghazal* from its emergence in the 17th century to its development in the present times. It contains English translations of 108 *ghazals* selected from nine poets—Wali, Dard, Mir, Ghalib, Momin, Hasrat, Iqbal, Firaq, and Faiz—all of whom are now considered the classics of Urdu poetry. Each poet is represented by at least 10 *ghazals* while Mir and Ghalib, by virtue of their unrivalled excellence in the field, are represented by 16 and 20 *ghazals* respectively. The criterion employed for selection is the intrinsic poetic quality of a *ghazal*, and its universal appeal. While translating the poems the author has taken care to preserve their sense and spirit, and to reproduce, as far as possible, the pace and tone of the original. The translations are couched in a language which is lucid, rhythmical, and appropriately expressive. Each *ghazal* is first presented in Urdu calligraphics; this is followed, on the opposite page, by its English translation, which, in turn, is followed by the Romanised version of the Urdu text. The Romanised version should enable even the non-Urdu knowing readers to have a feel and flavour of the Urdu language. The book also contains authentic portraits of the poets selected for translation.

An introductory essay on the Urdu *ghazal* discusses its origin, development and potentialities, and examines, with suitable illustrations, its characteristic themes, imagery, and technique. The *ghazals* of each poet are prefaced by a biographical-cum-critical note, which should help the reader in relating the poet to his life and times.

Rs. 300

MASTERPIECES OF
URDU GHAZAL
From the 17th to the 20th Century

STERLING PUBLISHERS PRIVATE LIMITED
L-10, Green Park Extension, New Delhi-110 016
G-2, Cunningham Apartments, Cunningham Road, Bangalore-560 052
MISHRADEEP, Patliputra Path, Rajendra Nagar, Patna-800 016

Masterpieces of Urdu Ghazal: From the 17th to the 20th Century
© 1990, K.C. Kanda

All rights are reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publishers.

PRINTED IN INDIA

Published by S.K. Ghai, Managing Director, Sterling Publishers Pvt. Ltd., L-10, Green Park Extension, New Delhi-110016. Lasertypeset at Karya Kaushal, K-4, Green Park, New Delhi-110 016. Printed at Crescent Printing Press.

Dedicated to

My Parents

PREFACE

I am aware of the inadequacy of translation as a substitute for the original. Every language has its peculiar flavour and fragrance, and its special idiom which it is hard to transfuse into a different medium, especially if the medium is as far removed—culturally and geographically— from the original as English is from Urdu. The task is still more difficult if we are to translate poetry from one language into another. For poetry owes its appeal not only to the beauty of its thought, but also to the music of its language. This is specially true of the *ghazal*, which, conventionally, is a poetic form meant to be recited and heard, rather than merely read and reflected upon. Clearly, translation cannot reproduce the harmonies of the original. Because of its inherent imperfections Shelley called translation a "vanity". Nevertheless, it is a valuable "vanity," indispensable for the dissemination of knowledge and information in our multi-lingual world. But for translation, we would be denied access to the treasures of world literature written in languages other than our own.

My attempt at translation is essentially a labour of love. It is prompted by my desire to make, what I regard are the masterpieces of Urdu *ghazal*, available to the lovers of poetry who are unfamiliar with the Urdu language in the Persian script. The *ghazal* is certainly the most popular form of Urdu poetry, condensed in form and comprehensive in scope, worthy to be ranked with the world's best lyrical creations, deserving, therefore, to be rendered into a language which enjoys a much wider currency than Urdu. English translations of some individual poets such as Ghalib, Iqbal, or Faiz have already been attempted. But I am not aware of a book which gives, as I do in the following pages, a brief sampling of the whole range of Urdu *ghazal*, from Wali Deccany in the 17th century to Faiz Ahmed Faiz in the 20th. I have selected nine major poets— Wali, Mir Dard, Mir Taqi Mir, Ghalib, Momin, Iqbal, Hasrat, Firaq and Faiz— each of whom is represented by at least ten selected *ghazals*, though Mir and Ghalib, by virtue of their outstanding poetic status, receive greater attention. Limitation of space has compelled me to leave out some important poets such as Zauq, Dagh, Asghar and Jigar. Maybe, I will take them up at some other time. In all, this book contains 108 *ghazals*, chronologically arranged and carefully translated, with a view to preserving their sense and spirit, though it may involve an occasional departure from the literal meaning of the text. I have not attempted to reproduce the rhyming pattern of the original. It is a difficult task, difficult and risky, for in quest of the rhyming words one is liable to sacrifice, or at

least dilute, the sense of the original. I am content to present a couplet by couplet translation, taking care to write a language that is lucid, rhythmical and appropriately expressive.

The *ghazals* of each poet are prefaced with a biographical-cum-critical note, which should help the reader in relating the poet to his social and historical milieu. I have also added an introductory essay on Urdu *ghazal*, which discusses in detail the origin, development, and potentialities of this form, and examines, with suitable illustrations, its characteristic themes, imagery and technique. Paradoxical as it may seem, while there has been, of late, a significant rise in the popularity of the *ghazal*, there is a palpable decline in the number of those who can read and understand Urdu in the Persian script. For the benefit of those who would like to have a feel of the Urdu language without being conversant with the script, I have provided Romanised versions, along with the original text. Each *ghazal* is first given in the Urdu script. This is followed, on the opposite page, by its English translation, which, in turn, is followed by the Romanized version, in italics.

In a selection of this sort one cannot but be influenced by one's personal preferences. However, as the reader will discover for himself, my choice is not wayward, for most of the *ghazals* selected by me are counted among the classics of Urdu poetry. I must have read these poems times without number, and my enjoyment of them has never flagged—in fact, it has increased with every fresh encounter. I shall feel amply rewarded if I am able to propagate through this translation my love and zeal for Urdu poetry among the non-Urdu-knowing readers also.

Before I close this prefatory note, I must record my sense of affectionate gratitude to Professor J.S. Neki, my friend, philosopher and guide, who was generous with his time and attention throughout the preparation of this work. A man of wide erudition and refined poetic sensibility, Professor Neki read these pages with interest and suggested several valuable improvements. Reading and revising these translations in his company was a delightful experience. I am also grateful to Mr. N. A. Abbasi, Assistant Librarian, Delhi University, for allowing me free access to the Urdu section of the library, and for hunting out for me useful biographical details of the poets. I am specially beholden to Mr. Ali Siddiqui, Founder and Organizing Secretary of Aalami Urdu Conference, who provided me with the portraits of the poets, some of which are, indeed, rare. I should, in the end, express my sense of deep appreciation for my son, Dr Arun Kanda, who carefully perused the manuscript and corrected many typographical errors.

K.C.K.

CONTENTS

Preface	vii
Introduction: Urdu-Ghazal	1
Wali Mohammed Wali (1667-1707)	18
Khwaja Mir Dard (1720-1784)	42
Mir Taqi Mir (1722-1808)	72
Asadullah Khan Ghalib (1797-1869)	116
Momin Khan Momin (1801-1852)	182
Sir Mohammed Iqbal (1873-1938)	216
Hasrat Mohani (1875-1951)	244
Raghupati Sahai Firaq (1896-1982)	276
Faiz Ahmed Faiz (1911-1984)	306
Glossary of Technical Terms Used in the "Introduction"	330
Index of First Lines	331

INTRODUCTION

URDU GHAZAL

The *ghazal* has been rightly described as the pride of Urdu poetry. Though not an indigenous verse form, it has been thoroughly assimilated into the Indian cultural stream and has, over the years, proved its worth as a fit instrument of artistic expression, fully responsive to the complexities of human experience. Notwithstanding the critical barbs directed against it from time to time, it has consistently maintained its position of pre-eminence in the literary field. No other art form, such as the *masnavi, qasida, marsia,* or the *rubai,* enjoys as much popular appeal as the *ghazal*. We can hardly think of an Urdu poet who has not tried his hand at the *ghazal,* while the best known poets like Mir, Ghalib, Zauq, or Faiz, owe their reputation mainly to their mastery in this genre. As it is, nearly three-fourth of Urdu poetry is in the form of the *ghazal*. To get an idea of the popularity of the *ghazal* we should attend a *mushaira,* a public session of poetry recitation, where the best of living poets, drawn at times from the entire subcontinent, regale their audiences with their select compositions, mostly *ghazals*. The audiences at such gatherings represent a cross-section of Indian society, comprising varying levels of intellectual and literary ability, including also a sprinkling of uneducated people. But these audiences are, by and large, sufficiently discriminating and receptive, as quick to applaud a good couplet as to shout down a bad one. This is because they are brought up in the true tradition of the *ghazal,* and their minds are stored with what Matthew Arnold would call "the touchstones of poetry," that is, with the best of Mir, Ghalib or Momin, which will not let them acclaim a false note or a shallow sentiment. There is thus a useful interaction between the poet and his public. While the *ghazal* helps to shape and refine the public taste, the public, too, has a role in controlling the direction and development of the *ghazal*. However, I should put in a word of caution. Though the institution of *mushaira* is beneficial to both the poet and his public, the impressions formed at such meets are not always sound and lasting. For, carried away by the melodious utterance of a poet we are liable to suspend our judgment and indulge in uncritical praise. *Ghazal* is not melody alone; it is this also, but more than this, it is a happy blend of thought and feeling, of felicitous phrase and authentic voice. Like any other worthwhile piece of literature, a *ghazal* needs close and careful reading if it is to be rightly evaluated and enjoyed.

The form of the *ghazal* originated in Iran in the 10th century A.D. It grew from the Persian *qasida*, which verse form had come to Iran from Arabia. The *qasida* was a panegyric written in praise of the emperor or his noblemen. The part of the *qasida* called *tashbib* got detached and developed in due course of time into the *ghazal*. Whereas the *qasida* sometimes ran into as many as 100 couplets or more in monorhyme, the *ghazal* seldom exceeded twelve, and settled down to an average of seven. Because of its comparative brevity and concentration, its thematic variety and rich suggestiveness, the *ghazal* soon eclipsed the *qasida* and became the most popular form of poetry in Iran. It was nurtured, among others, by Rodki, Saadi, Hafiz, Naziri, Iraqi, Maulana Romi and Urfi.

The *ghazal* came to India with the advent and extension of the Muslim influence from the 12th century onwards. The Moghuls brought along with them Iranian culture and civilisation, including Iranian poetry and literature. When Persian gave way to Urdu as the language of poetry and culture in India, the *ghazal*, the fruit of Indo-Iranian culture, found its opportunity to grow and develop. Although the *ghazal* is said to have begun with Amir Khusro (1253-1395) in Northern India, Deccan in the South was its real home in the early stages. It was nursed and trained in the courts of Golconda and Bijapur under the patronage of Muslim rulers. Mohd. Quli Qutab Shah, Wajhi, Hashmi, Nusrati and Wali may be counted among its pioneers. Of these, Wali Deccany (1667-1707) may be called the Chaucer of Urdu poetry. Wali's visit to Delhi made in 1700 acquires a historic significance. This visit was instrumental in synthesizing the poetic streams of the South and the North. Wali's poetry awakened the minds of the Persian-loving North to the beauty and richness of Urdu language, and introduced them to the true flavour of the *ghazal*, thus encouraging its rapid growth and popularity. In course of time the *ghazal* attained wide acceptance and currency. It became the darling of the poets, the ornament of the courts, and a source of aesthetic and emotional delight for the whole lot of sensitive common folk. The 18th and 19th centuries may be regarded as the golden period of the Urdu *ghazal*, for it was during this time that the *ghazal* developed and attained its high stature. The main centres of Urdu poetry where the *ghazal* was specially nursed and refined were Delhi and Lucknow. The illustrious *ghazal* writers — Mir, Sauda, Dard, Ghalib, Momin and Zauq — all belong to the Delhi School, whereas Insha, Jurrat, Rangeen and Aatish are among the better known poets of the Lucknow School. Out of the two, the Delhi School is adjudged superior. The poetry of this school is remarkable for its imaginative insight, truth of

observation, and appropriateness of style. The *ghazal* of the Lucknow School is, comparatively speaking, wanting in the depth and genuineness of feeling, which it tries to make up by surface elegance and alacrity of style. But we must give credit to the Lucknow School for preserving and cultivating the tradition of the *ghazal* at a time when the cultural life of Delhi stood paralysed due to political and social unrest.

In its form, the *ghazal* is a short poem rarely of more than a dozen couplets in the same metre. It always opens with a rhyming couplet called *matla*. The rhyme of the opening couplet is repeated at the end of the second line in each succeeding verse, so that the rhyming pattern may be represented as AA, BA, CA, DA, and so on. In addition to the restriction of rhyme, the *ghazal* also observes the convention of *radif*. *Radif* demands that a portion of the first line— comprising not more than two or three words— immediately preceding the rhyme-word at the end, should rhyme with its counterpart in the second line of the opening couplet, and afterwards alternately throughout the poem. To the readers of English poetry, accustomed to the natural flow and flavour of blank verse or free verse, the observance of rhyme and *radif*, in addition to that of metre, may seem an unnecessary encumbrance, but not so to the Urdu poets and their readers who have learnt to enjoy added pleasure of the extended rhyme. If *radif* and rhyme tend to curb the flight of imagination, they also enhance the magic and musicality of verse. In fact, an audience used to the style and content of Urdu poetry always gets a special delight by anticipating the rhyme-word or phrase, and chanting it along with the poet like a member of the chorus. The opening couplet of the *ghazal* is always a representative couplet: it sets the mood and tone of the poem and prepares us for its proper appreciation. The last couplet of the *ghazal* called *makta* often includes the pen-name of the poet, and is more personal than general in its tone and intent. Here the poet may express his own state of mind, or describe his religious faith, or pray for his beloved, or indulge in poetic self-praise. The different couplets of the *ghazal* are not bound by the unity and consistency of thought. Each couplet is a self-sufficient unit, detachable and quotable, generally containing the complete expression of an idea. If the first verse talks of envy, the second could sing the praise of beauty, the third may strike a satirical note, the fourth may muse on the transience of life, and the fifth my soar into mystical horizons. Those who look for the logical evolution of thought in a poem may be disappointed by the fragmentary thought-structure of the *ghazal*. In fact some important critics have pointed out this flaw and pleaded for reform. Taking this advice, some poets including Hasrat, Iqbal and Josh have written *ghazals* in the style of a *nazm*, based on a

single theme, properly developed and concluded. But such *ghazals* are an exception rather than a rule, and the traditional *ghazal* still holds sway. However, we do come across, off and on, even in the works of classical poets, *ghazals* exhibiting continuity of theme or, more often, a set of verses connected in theme and thought. Such a thematic group is called a *qita,* and is presumably resorted to when the poet is confronted with an elaborate thought difficult to be condensed in a single verse. Viewed from another angle, the lack of thematic continuity in the *ghazal* is its peculiar virtue. Each couplet is a poem in itself and the reader enjoys the liberty of picking up his favourite verse and harbouring it in his memory, of turning to it at will to satisfy his intellectual and aesthetic urge. Moreover, all poets are not able to maintain a uniform level of poetic intensity through the entire span of the *ghazal*. This is because poetic inspiration works in flashes, and it is difficult to sustain it for long at the high-voltage level. Here too we are well served by the detachable quality of the *ghazal's* components for we can ignore the weaker verses in favour of the stronger ones.

Although the *ghazal* deals with the whole spectrum of human experience, its central concern is love. *Ghazal* is an Arabic word which literally means talking to women. As the favourite topic of conversation with women is love, love, with its resultant complex of emotional and psychological situations, became the dominant theme of the *ghazal*. In the medieval Islamic society where the purdah system prevailed and a rigid moral code denied to the young the freedom to mix and converse, love could only be indulged in secret, and expressed with indirection, in hushed tones, often with the aid of indirection and innuendo. This accounts for the peculiar suggestiveness and ambiguity of address adopted by the *ghazal* writers. This also explains the convention of using the equivocal pronoun "woh," often in the masculine sense ("he" rather than "she"), even when the person addressed is clearly the poet's mistress. Furthermore, as love outside marriage was deemed immoral, inimical to the conventional code of conduct, the lover quite often became the target of public anger and hatred. And his beloved, likewise fretting under the strain of social and parental taboos, could hardly be expected to alleviate his miseries or respond boldly to his overtures. Under these conditions love could hardly result in a happy ending. The sad, plaintive note insistently heard in the *ghazal* proceeds from frustrated desire that often forms its subject matter, which reminds us of the other etymological meaning of the word *ghazal* : "the painful wail of a wounded deer" (called "ghazaal" in Arabic). The lover is, indeed, a "wounded deer," pierced by the arrows of love, and hounded by a hostile society. He is

conventionally presented in the *ghazal* as a persecuted being, "haggard and woebegone," palely loitering, like Keats's "knight-at-arms," in the lonely wilds of love. His mistress, on the other hand, emerges as "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," a woman exceedingly beautiful and exceedingly cruel, shooting from behind the veil the arrows of her glances at the tender heart of her lover. The following verse of Mir contains the conventional image of a man in love:

یہ زرد زرد چہرہ، یہ لاغری بدن میں
کیا عشق میں ہوا ہے اے میر حال تیرا

Your face so pale, your frame so lean,
O Mir, what love has made of you!

And here is how Ghalib describes the conventional heroine of the *ghazal*:

دشنۂ غمزہ جانستاں ناوکِ ناز بے پناہ
تیرا ہی عکسِ رُخ سہی سامنے تیرے آئے کیوں

Deadly the daggers of your glance, relentless your beauty's darts,
Even though it be your image, how dare it look you in the face?

However, these are not the only pictures obtainable in the *ghazal*, for we do come across more realistic, flesh-and-blood portraits of lovers and their mistresses.

Because of its preoccupation with the theme of love, the *ghazal* came under attack from Hali, the first major critic in Urdu, who wanted the *ghazal* to broaden its scope and look beyond the confines of love and wine. Moreover, he objected to the Urdu poet's indiscriminate use of conventional imagery and diction, his fondness for hyperbole and for far-fetched conceits. Hali's objections were well-timed and well-intentioned. They were directed against the breed of poetasters who, lacking originality of thought and feeling, and a true poetic sensibility, sought to impress by loading their poems with popular ideas and borrowed imagery. Such is not the case with true poets, with Mir, Ghalib, Dard or Momin, for instance, who speak in their individual, authentic voice, and build their poetry on their deep experience and understanding of love and life. That is why, in spite of their common themes, they present in their *ghazals* a pleasing variety of styles and perspectives. To Mir, love implies complete surrender and submission to the demands of the beloved; Ghalib stresses the

principle of reciprocity in love, Dard sublimates this passion into a spiritual quest, while Momin is content to dwell on the pleasures and pangs of earthly love. And each of these poets has a distinct style to match his mood and perspective.

We may further note that the term love as used in Urdu poetry has wide connotations. It does not necessarily refer to the poet's attachment to a real-life woman; it could also imply his devotion to an ideal—be it spiritual, moral, social or political. Any ideal, like earthly love, is both desirable and unattainable, and hence deserving of passionate quest and yearning. Next to earthly love, it is the ideal of mystical or divine love that provides an important theme of the *ghazal*. Though every poet is not a mystic (like Dard, for instance), nearly every poet has written mystical verse. Wali, one of the early masters of the *ghazal*, has neatly summed up the two essential concerns of the *ghazal* writer:

شغل بہتر ہے عشق بازی کا
کیا حقیقی و کیا مجازی کا

Of all pursuits love is best,
Be it sensuous or sublime.

Quite often the mystical and mundane elements of love co-exist in the same *ghazal*, nay, in the same verse. This is rendered possible by the linguistic and thematic ambiguity which is a common feature of this verse form. Moreover, the ideal of divine love is generally expressed in the *ghazal* through the endearing terms and imagery of romantic love, as in the following couplet of Mir which is a fine blend of loving artistry and imaginative skill:

چشمِ انجم سپہر جھکے ہے
واہ رے تیرے انکھڑیاں لڑانے کے

Its starry eyes, the welkin winks,
How wondrous, ah! Thy amorous blinks!

Mystic love is not to be confused with narrow religious zeal which has often been the cause of unnecessary communal tension in Indian society. Mystic or Sufi poets are guided by humanist ideals. They refuse to recognise, at least in poetry, the barriers of caste and creed, and treat the whole world as one family. Love is their religion, and

service of man their mission. The following couplet of Mir shows the freedom and catholicity of the mystic creed:

کِس کا کعبہ، کیسا قبلہ، کَون حرم ہے کیا احرام
کُوچے کے اُس کے باشندوں نے سب کو یہیں سے سلام کیا

Why talk of Mecca or Kaaba, who cares for pilgrimage?
Dwellers of the street of love, greet these places from afar.

And Jigar Moradabadi, a 20th century master of the *ghazal*, thus defines his humanist ideal:

اُن کا جو عقیدہ ہے وہ اہلِ سیاست جانیں
میرا پیام محبّت ہے جہاں تک پہنچے

The politicians' creed, the politicians know,
Mine is the message of love, be it heard afar!

By thus emphasising the importance of love and humanism, the mystic poet offers an alternative to the outmoded religious dogmas which the liberal modern mind finds increasingly difficult to accept.

Although love is the predominant theme of the *ghazal*, it is not its only theme. Urdu poets know too well that life cannot be lived with love alone. It needs for its subsistence several mundane supports such as food, shelter and clothing, and a measure of security and social acceptability. Urdu poets' consciousness of the limitations of love, of its inconsistency and involuntariness, has found repeated expression in the *ghazal*. Ghalib is pointing to the insufficiency of love when he writes:

تیری وفا سے کیا ہو تلافی کہ دہر میں
تیرے سِوا بھی ہم پہ بہت سے ستم ہوئے

How can your fidelity recompense? I have
Suffered many blows besides those of love.

And Faiz in our own times finds the concerns of life more captivating than even love:

دُنیا نے تیری یاد سے بیگانہ کر دیا
تجھ سے بھی دِلفریب ہیں غم روزگار کے

The world has expunged your memory from my mind,
More engaging than you are the cares of daily life.

Happily, the *ghazal*, despite its limited space, has sufficient capacity to absorb and interpret the whole range of human experience. Mir, primarily a poet of love, can use his verse to make a subtle commentary on the conditions of his age. His imagery, drawn from personal observation, mirrors the conditions of his times, as in the following couplet:

دِیدنی ہے شکستگی دِل کی
کیا عمارت غموں نے ڈھائی ہے!

My shattered heart is a sight to see,
What a mansion, wrecked by griefs!

Or, read the following verse where the poet is thinking not only of the desolation caused around him by the invading hordes, but also of the timeless process of change and depredation ruthlessly operative in the world:

میر جنگل پڑے ہیں آج یہاں
لوگ کیا کیا یہیں کل تھے بستے

These wilds of to-day, Mir,
Are bustling towns of yesterday.

The *ghazal* has also been used as a vehicle of patriotic thought, or philosophic contemplation. In the couplet cited below the poet dares his oppressors to measure their strength against his patriotic fervour and fortitude:

سرفروشی کی تمنّا آج ہمارے دِل میں ہے
دیکھنا ہے زور کِتنا بازوئے قاتل میں ہے

The spirit of martyrdom stirs our hearts to-day,
We are dying to test the might of the tyrant's arm.

And here is Hasrat Mohani pondering, with his characteristic directness, over the peculiar plight of a poet-patriot suffering persecution for his ideals:

ہے مشقِ سخن جاری، چکّی کی مشقّت بھی
اِک طُرفہ تماشا ہے حسرتؔ کی طبیعت بھی

Grinding the mill and poetic drill go hand in hand,
Hasrat's disposition is a wondrous feat indeed!

And this is how Faiz Ahmed Faiz records his incarceration at the hands of the Establishment:

مقام فیض راہ میں کوئی جچا ہی نہیں
جو کوئے یار سے نکلے تو سوئے دار چلے

My heart could not approve, Faiz, any place en route,
Forced out of my love's lane, I made for the gallows straight.

We can also find in the *ghazal* many examples of a loving interpretation of beauty, be it beauty of a physical nature or of human nature. In the following couplet of Mir both these elements lie skilfully condensed:

نازکی اُس کے لب کی کیا کہیے
پنکھڑی اِک گلاب کی سی ہے

Ah, her exquisitely tender lip!
Its grace a petal of rose recalls.

Or, read this from Mir where we are given a picture of the garden, sprayed by a gentle drizzle:

چلتے ہو تو چمن کو چلیے کہتے ہیں کہ بہاراں ہے
پات ہرے ہیں پھُول کِھلے ہیں کم کم بادو باراں ہے

Let's stroll in the garden, the spring, they say, has come,
Flowers bloom, verdure abounds, lightly doth it drizzle and blow.

Philosophic questioning and intellectual probing into the mysteries of life and death, God and Nature, form other favourite topics of the *ghazal*. Examples can be multiplied, but in the interest of brevity, I'll restrict myself to only one quotation from Ghalib:

جب کہ تجھ بن کوئی نہیں مَوجُود
پھر یہ ہنگامہ اے خدا کیا ہے

When none apart from you exists,
Why this struggle and alarm, O Lord?

Yet another topic of the *ghazal* is social and political satire, generally directed against priests and public censors, the self-righteous custodians of morality. Here is Iqbal making fun of the puritanical priest:

امیدِ حُور نے سب کچھ سِکھا رکھّا ہے واعظ کو
یہ حضرت دیکھنے میں سیدھے سادے بھولے بھالے ہیں

The expectation of houris has fully trained the priest,
Seemingly this master-mind is simple and naive.

And this is how Faiz makes a dig at the professional moralisers:

کچھ محتسبوں کی خلوت میں کچھ واعظ کے گھر جاتی ہے
ہم بادہ کشوں کے حصّے کی اب جام میں کم کم آتی ہے

Some goes to the priestly homes, some to the moralists' dens,
The share of us drinkers rarely reaches the glass.

It is difficult to exhaust the endless variety of themes treated in the *ghazal*. The above sampling is intended to show that the *ghazal* is an all-embracing form, fully responsive to the emotional and intellectual needs of the poet. There is another point to note. Though the reflections contained in a *ghazal* are derived from the poet's personal experience, and are presented from his subjective point of view, they are charged with universal significance, so that the *ghazal*, basically a subjective poem, acquires a popular and public appeal. That is why it is greeted with applause and cries of "encore" at *mushairas* and cultural meets. Nay, we can find public orators and political leaders reinforcing their speeches with poetical quotations culled from *ghazals*. It would appear that the poet while interpreting his own experiences enters into the mind not only of his own age, but of all ages. No wonder some of the verses cited above have now become popular quotations. They contain deeply felt universal truths, expressed in the best of words, arranged in the best order. Ghalib was pointing to these very qualities when he wrote:

دیکھنا تقریر کی لذّت کہ جو اُس نے کہا
مَیں نے یہ جانا کہ گویا یہ بھی میرے دل میں ہے

Mark ye, the beauty of speech, whatever he said,
I felt as if it were a depiction of my thoughts.

But to achieve this "beauty of speech" and a universal appeal, the poet needs a highly perceptive mind, and a mastery of his craft— a command of metre, rhyme and rhythm, of symbol and suggestion, and that rare ability to select the right word for the right thought. Though there exists in Urdu the tradition of extempore poetic competitions, a really good *ghazal*, destined to live down the ages, needs for its making the combined contribution of inspiration and industry. A high quality *ghazal* is not the "spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion," but "emotion recollected in tranquillity," and disciplined by the laws of poetic composition. The teacher-pupil tradition in Urdu poetry, and the practice of getting one's verses scanned and corrected by the veterans of the art, are a recognition of the fact that the *ghazal* is a serious art form, not an idler's vocation. A famous modern critic and poet, Firaq Gorakhpuri, has aptly compared the state of a poet who has come out of the travails of poetic composition to a burnt-out lamp, flickering and dying in the small hours of the night:

کبھی پچھلی پہر کو دیکھ لے کسی سانس لیتے چراغ کو
جو غزل ہوئی تو شعور میں وُہی خستگی ہے وُہی تھکن

At the end of night, watch sometime, a fading lamp, breathing hard,
The poet is left as weak and worn, after a *ghazal* is done.

And yet, as the adage goes, art lies in concealing art. A good *ghazal*, howsoever diligently conceived, must give the impression of spontaneity and naturalness. The words of W.B. Yeats occurring in "Adam's Curse" can fitly apply to the art of the *ghazal*:

A line will take us hours, may be;
Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought
Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.

Again, mere "stitching and unstitching" cannot produce a good *ghazal*. Like all art, the *ghazal* draws its strength from life, which, in turn, it tends to nurture and refine. The vital link between life and poetry is beautifully underscored by Asghar Gondvi in the typical idiom of the *ghazal*:

اصغر غزل میں چاہیے وہ موجِ زندگی
جو حُسن ہے بتوں میں جو مستی شراب میں

The *ghazal*, Asghar, should pulsate with life,
As belles with beauty, with rapture, wine.

We may now turn to consider the nature and form of the imagery used in the Urdu *ghazal*. A bulk of this imagery, it must be conceded, is imported from Iran, or from Arabia via Iran. There is frequent mention of the proverbial pairs: rose and nightingale, moth and candle, wine and Saqi, boat and tempest, sea and shore, cage and nest, Moses and the Mount, Khizr and Sikander, or of the legendary lovers: Laila-Majnu, Shirin-Farhad, Yousaf-Zuleikha. Urdu poets have, in fact, been criticised for their obstinate adherence to imagery which, it is alleged, is both effete and alien. But this criticism is not wholly valid. True, this imagery is basically foreign, but it has been so assiduously cultivated by several generations of Urdu poets that it has by now become an integral part of Urdu poetry. It has been accepted by the poets and lauded by the readers who have become fully conversant with the multiple connotations ambushed in these images. Mention of moth and candle, or of rose and nightingale, immediately touches a responsive chord in their hearts and makes them sharers of the poet's thoughts and dreams. Further, this imagery, though traditional, is not worn out. Every great poet has invested these images with new meanings in order to express his individual perspectives. Mark, for example, how the image of the candle and the moth is variously used in different contexts, often by the same poet. The following couplet of Mir uses this image to suggest the ecstasy of love:

صبح تک شمع سر کو دُھنتی رہی
کیا پتنگے نے التماس کیا؟

The candle swung her head till morn,
What might have the moth remarked?

At another place the same imagery is employed to suggest the transience of life and beauty:

کیا پتنگے کو شمع روئے میر
اُس کی شب کو بھی تو ہے سحر درپیش

How can the candle mourn for the moth, Mir?
Her night too is hurrying to the morn.

And for Ghalib, the candle symbolises life consumed by sorrows:

غمِ ہستی کا اسدؔ کس سے ہو جُز مرگِ علاج
شمع ہر رنگ میں جلتی ہے سحر ہونے تک

Who but death can end, Asad, the sorrows of this life,
A taper anyway shall burn, right till the morn.

But Mir knows that there are some tapers which are snuffed before time:

شام ہی سے بجھا سا رہتا ہے
دل ہوا ہے چراغ مفلس کا

It gets depressed as evening falls,
A poor man's lamp is this my heart.

While for Zauq the brief span of the candle becomes an urgent reminder of the necessity of adopting a positive attitude to life:

اے شمع تیری عمر طبیعی ہے ایک رات
ہنس کر گذار یا اِسے رو کر گذار دے

Your life, O taper, is but one night,
Spend it smiling, or spend it sighing.

Handled with sensitivity and discreetness, the seemingly commonplace imagery of the *ghazal* is capable of expressing profound truths of life, or compressing, within a few words, stories long enough to fill pages in prose. In one of his oft-quoted couplets Ghalib upholds the use of traditional imagery in the interest of economy and effect:

ہر چند ہو مشاہدۂ حق کی گفتگو
بنتی نہیں ہے بادہ و ساغر کہے بغیر

Be our subject Truth divine,
We needs must mention draughts of wine.

Like its imagery, the diction of the *ghazal* too bears a deep imprint of

Persian influence. It needs no reminding that the Urdu language itself is the product of Indo-Persian intercourse, consequent upon the advent of Muslims in India in the 13th century. In the poems of Amir Khusro(1253-1325), the earliest exponent of the *ghazal*, we can find the two streams of Persian and Hindi flowing side by side, waiting to be merged, as, for instance, in the following couplet:

شبانِ ہجراں دراز چُوں زُلف و روزِ وصلت چُوں عمر کوتاہ
سکھی پیا کو جو مَیں نہ دیکھوں تو کیسے کاٹوں اندھیری رتیاں

Long like locks, the separation night, the day of union short as life,
How hard to pass the gloomy night without seeing my love!

In verses like this, the two languages seem to stand face to face, with their arms stretched, poised, as if for a handshake. In the poetry of the Deccan School, represented among others by Wali (1667-1707), these languages no longer stand shyly apart, but have already merged resulting in the formation of the new poetic language to be christened as "Rekhta" or Urdu. For the diction of the poetry of the Deccan School, though basically indigenous, has a rich sprinkling of Persian vocabulary. With the centre of cultural and poetic activity shifting, in the 18th century, from Deccan to Delhi, the seat of the Moghul power, the Persian influence on Urdu becomes still more assertive. Under this influence, the local Hindi diction sheds its rusticity and gets spruced up to serve as a worthy mate to its Persian counterpart with which it will henceforth be interlaced. Nearly all Urdu poets take pride in adopting Persian modes and motifs, borrowing Persian figures of speech and Persian vocabulary, and incorporating, sometime, complete lines and couplets of Persian verse for added effect and weight. From the Persian grammar they learn the use of *Izafat*, (-e-), to join a noun either with its adjective, or with its possessive. This single device accounts, in large measure, for the economy and compression of the Urdu verse.

The practice of writing Persianised Urdu, begun under Muslim influence, continued unabated even after the disintegration of the Moghul empire, and right through the time of the British rule in India, when Urdu had nearly attained the status of a lingua franca, specially in the Northern region. But with the partition of the country in 1947, the Urdu language suffered a serious setback. While in Pakistan Urdu consolidated its position still further, and rose to the rank of the national language, in India it yielded its place of pride to Hindi, which was adopted as the country's official language. Although Urdu continues

to be one of the 14 officially recognised languages of India, there is a sudden drop in its popularity and currency. The number of schools and colleges offering Urdu as a subject of study has come down fast. Consequently, the younger generation of readers are getting alienated from the language, so that a couplet of the *ghazal* which could win instantaneous applause from its listeners some 30 or 40 years ago now seems to fall on deaf ears. Realising the need for simplifying the language, some Urdu poets (notably Firaq) have attempted to wean Urdu away from the apron-strings of the Persian language, and draw it closer to Hindi and Hindustani. It is a welcome move, though it is not sufficiently widespread and well orchestrated to redeem the status of Urdu.

Notwithstanding a perceptible decline in the percentage of the Urdu knowing people in India, there is little decline in the popularity of the *ghazal*. If anything, it is gaining in popularity. During recent years there has been a remarkable revival of interest in the *ghazal*, as is evidenced by the rise, on both sides of the Indo-Pak border, of numerous singers of *ghazals*, whose performances at cultural gatherings, on the television screen, and on cassette players, are eagerly sought after. A visit to a *mushaira* or a musical concert will show how some enthusiasts of the *ghazal*, unfamiliar with the Urdu script, eagerly jot down their favourite verses in the language they know, so that they could return to them and decipher their full import at leisure. In fact, the influence of the *ghaza*l is spreading, and besides Urdu many other Indian languages, including Hindi, Punjabi, Bengali, Gujrati, Sindhi and Kashmiri, have also adopted the convention of the *ghazal*. Incredible as it may seem, a modern Australian poet, Christopher Mooney (b. 1956), has attempted to write *ghazals* in English. All this speaks volumes for the inherent strength and charm of this poetic form.

Wali Mohammed Wali (1667-1707)

WALI MOHAMMED WALI (1667-1707)

Wali was born in 1667 at Aurangabad, an important town in the present Maharashtra state. He loved travelling, which he regarded as a means of education. He visited Ahmedabad, Delhi, Surat, Burhanpur, and also undertook a pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. His visit to Delhi made in 1700 was of great significance for the future of the Urdu *ghazal*. His poems, simple, sensuous and melodious, awakened the Persian-loving poets of Delhi to the beauty and capability of "Rekhta" as a medium of poetic expression. His visit thus provided a stimulus to the growth of the *ghazal* in Delhi, and earned for him a place among the pioneers of Urdu poetry. Mir Taqi Mir, the 18th century master of the *ghazal*, acknowledges his debt to the poetic leadership of Wali in one of his famous couplets:

خوگر نہیں کچھ یوں ہی ہم ریختہ گوئی کے
معشوق جو اپنا تھا باشندۂ دکن تھا

Not for nothing have I fallen for "Rekhta" verse,
The darling of my heart was a Deccan domicile.

If, on the one hand, Wali unravelled the beauty and richness of the native language as a poetic medium, on the other, he was alive to the vigour and verve of Persian diction and imagery which he successfully incorporated into the body of his verse. He may thus be called the architect of the modern poetic language, which is a skilful blend of Hindi and Persian vocabulary. Although Wali tried his hand at a variety of verse forms including the *masnavi, qasida, mukhammas,* and the *rubai,* the *ghazal* is his speciality. He wrote 473 *ghazals* containing 3,225 verses. In one of his couplets he has neatly underscored the essential theme of his poetry:

شغل بہتر ہے عشق بازی کا
کیا حقیقی و کیا مجازی کا

Of all pursuits, love is best,
Be it sensuous or sublime.

His favourite theme is love— both mystical and earthy— and his characteristic tone is one of cheerful affirmation and acceptance,

rather than of melancholy grumbling. He was the first Urdu poet to have started the practice of expressing love from the man's point of view, as against the prevailing convention of impersonating as a woman.

Wali died in Ahmedabad in 1707, and was buried in the same city.

وَلی مُحَمَّد وَلی

رُوح بخشی ہے کام تجھ لب کا
دمِ عیسیٰ ہے نام تجھ لب کا
حُسن کے خضر نے کیا ہے زیر
آبِ حیواں سوں جام تجھ لب کا
منطق و حکمت و مُعانی پر
مشتمل ہے کلام تجھ لب کا
رگِ یاقوت کے قلم سوں لکھیں
خط پر ستاں پیام تجھ لب کا
سبزہ و برگ و لالہ رکھتے ہیں
شوق، دِل میں دوام، تجھ لب کا
غرقِ شکّر ہوئے ہیں کام و زباں
جب لیا ہوں مَیں نام تجھ لب کا
ہے ولی کی زباں کوں لذّت بخش
ذِکر ہر صبح و شام تجھ لب کا

Wali Mohammed Wali

Soul-refreshing are your lips,
Breath of Christ are your lips.

The god of beauty, with nectar divine
Has charged the goblet of your lips.

Wisdom, philosophy, deep truths,
Inform the utterance of your lips.

With ruby-pen the lovers of your lines,
Inscribe the message of your lips.

The grass, the foliage, and the bloom,
Forever crave to kiss your lips.

My palate and tongue get honey-drenched,
Whensoever I mention your lips.

What a treat for Wali's tongue,
Morn and eve to praise your lips!

Rooh bakhshi hai kaam tujh lab ka,
Dam-e-Isah hai naam tujh lab ka.

Husn ke Khizr ne kiya labrez,
Aab-e-haiwan se jaam tujh lab ka.

Mantaq-o-hikmat--o-maani par,
Mushtmal hai kalaam tujh lab ka.

Rag-e-yaqut ke kalam son likhen
Khat parastan payaam tujh lab ka.

Sabza-o-barg-o-lala rakhte hain,
Shauq dil mein dwam tujh lab ka.

Gharq-e-shakar hue hain kaam-o-zabaan
Jab liya hun main naam tujh lab ka.

Hai Wali ki zabaan ko lazzat bakhsh
Zikar har subh-o-sham tujh lab ka.

ولی

دیکھنا ہر صبح تجھ رخسار کا
ہے مطالع مطلع انوار کا

بلبل و پروانہ کرنا دل کے تئیں
کام ہے تجھ چہرۂ گلنار کا

صبح تیرا درس پایا تھا صنم
شوق دل محتاج ہے تکرار کا

ماہ کے سینے اُپر اے شمع رُو
داغ ہے تجھ حُسن کی جھلکار کا

دل کو دیتا ہے ہمارے پیچ و تاب
پیچ تیرے طُرّۂ طرّار کا

جو سُنیا تیرے دہن سوں یک بچن
بھید پایا نسخۂ اسرار کا

چاہتا ہے اس جہاں میں گر بہشت
جا تماشا دیکھ اُس رخسار کا

اے ولی کیوں سن سکے ناصح کی بات
جو دِوانا ہے پری رخسار کا

Wali Mohammed Wali

To see your face every morn,
Is to see the glorious flush of dawn.

To turn my heart to a Philomel or moth,
This is the task of your fire-bloom face.

I saw you just this morning, Love,
Lo, my heart yearns again.

Your beauteous glimmer, O flaming face,
Has caused the blemish in the moon's breast.

The folds in your spiralling crest,
Make my heart twist and turn.

To hear one word from your lips,
Is to pluck the mystery's heart.

If thou seekest heaven on earth,
Go, behold that beauteous face.

What cares he for the counsellor wise,
He who is charmed by a fairy face?

Dekhna har subah tujh rukhsaar ka,
Hai mutaala matlai-anwaar ka.

Bulbul-o-parwana karna dil ke tain,
Kaam hai tujh chehra-e-gulnaar ka.

Subah tera daras paaya tha sanam,
Shauq-e-dil muhtaaj hai takraar ka.

Mah ke sine upar ai shama roo,
Dagh hai tujh husn ki jhalkaar ka.

Dil ko deta hai hamaare pech-o-taab,
Pech tere turrah-i-tarraar ka.

Jo sunia tere dehn son yak bachan,
Bhed paaya nuskha-i-israr ka.

Chaahta hai is jahan mein gar bahisht,
Ja tamaasha dekh us rukhsaar ka.

Ai Wali kyon sun sake naseh ki baat,
Jo diwana hai pari rukhsaar ka.

ولی

یاد کرنا ہر گھڑی اُس یار کا
ہے وظیفہ مُجھ دلِ بیمار کا

آرزوئے چشمۂ کوثر نہیں
تشنہ لب ہوں شربتِ دیدار کا

عاقبت کیا ہووے گا؟ معلوم نہیں
دِل ہوا، ہے مبتلا دِل دار کا

کیا کہے تعریف دِل ہے بے نظیر!
حَرف حَرف اُس مخزنِ اسرار کا

گر ہوا ہے طالبِ آزادگی
بند مت ہو سبحۂ و زنّار کا

مسندِ گل منزلِ شبنم ہوئی
دیکھ رتبہ دیدۂ بیدار کا

اے ولی ہوتا سری جن پر نثار
مدّعا ہے چشمِ گوہر بار کا

Wali Mohammed Wali

Remembering my Love all the time,
Is all the prayer my sick heart knows.

The fount of nectar I don't desire,
I only crave your sight for a drink.

I know not how it's going to end,
I 've lost my heart to my sweetheart.

Matchless it is, beyond all praise,
Each word of that fount of lore.

Complete deliverance if you seek,
Give up the beads, renounce the thread.

A floral throne awaits the dew,
Behold the status of the wakeful eye!

To offer itself at the feet of love,
Is the cherished goal of my streaming eye.

Yadd karna har ghari us yaar ka
Hai wazifa mujh dil-e-bimaar ka.

Aarzoo-e-chasma-e-kausar nahin,
Tishna-lab hun sharbat -e-didaar ka.

Aakbat kya howega maalum nahin
Dil hua hai mubtla dildaar ka.

Kya kahe tarif dil, hai be nazir,
Harf harf us makhzan-e-israar ka.

Gar hua hai taalib-e-aazadgi,
Band mat ho subba-o-zunnaar ka.

Masnad-e-gul manzil-e-shabanam hui,
Dekh rutba dida-e-bedaar ka.

Ai Wali hona srijan par nisaar,
Mudda hai chashm-e-gohar baar ka.

ولی

عیاں ہے ہر طرف عالم میں حُسنِ بے حجاب اُس کا
بغیر از دیدۂ حیراں نہیں جگ میں نقاب اُس کا

ہوا ہے مجھ پہ شمع بزمِ یک رنگی سوں یوں روشن
کہ ہر ذرّے اُپر تاباں ہے دائم آفتاب اُس کا

کرے ہے عشاق کوں جیوں صورتِ دیوار حسرت سوں
اگر پردے سوں وا ہووے جمالِ بے حجاب اس کا

سجن نے یک نظر دیکھا نگاہِ مست سوں جسکوں
خرابات دو عالم میں سدا ہے وہ خراب اُس کا

مرا دل پاک ہے از بس، ولی زنگِ کدورت سوں
ہوا جیوں جوہرِ آئینہ مخفی پیچ و تاب اُس کا

Wali Mohammed Wali

Unveiled lies His Beauty at large,
But for our confounded sight.

The even glow of the burning taper clearly unfolds,
The grace divine sun-like shines o'er every grain of dust.

His lovers will stand stunned, amazed,
Should He remove His veil, unmask His face.

Whoever meets her bewitching eyes,
Doomed is he to be her thrall, here and beyond.

My heart, O Wali, is rancour-free,
Its turbulence suppressed, like silvered glass.

Ayaan hai har tarf aalim mein husn-e-be hijaab uska,
Baghair az dida-e-hairan nahin jag mein niqaab uska.

Hua hai mujh pe shama-e-bazm-e-yakarangi son yun roshan
Ke har zarre upar taaban hai daayam aaftab uska.

Kare hai ushaaq kon jion surat-e-diwaar hairat son,
Agar parde son wa howe jamaal-e-be hijaab uska.

Sajan ne yak nazar dekha nigah-e-mast son jiskon,
Khrabaat-e-do aalim mein sada hai woh kharaab uska.

Mera dil paak hai az bas, Wali zang-e-kadurat son,
Hua jion jauhar-e-aaeena makhfi pech-o-taab uska.

ولی

تجھ لب کی صفت لعلِ بدخشاں سوں کہوں گا
جادو ہیں ترے نین غزالاں سوں کہوں گا
وی بادشہی حق نے تجھے حسن نگر کی
یو کشورِ ایران میں سلیماں سوں کہوں گا
تعریف ترے قد کی الف وارِ سری جن
جا سرو گلستاں کو خوش الحاں سوں کہوں گا
مجھ پر نہ کرو ظلم تم اے لیلیٰ خوباں
مجنوں ہوں ترے غم کو بیاباں سوں کہوں گا
دیکھا ہوں تجھے خواب میں اے مایۂ خوبی
اِس خواب کو جا یوسفِ کنعاں سوں کہوں گا
جلتا ہوں شب و روز ترے غم میں اے ساجن
یہ سوز ترا مشعلِ سوزاں سوں کہوں گا
یک نقطہ ترے صفحۂ رُخ پر نہیں بے جا!
اس مکھ کو ترے صفحۂ قرآں سوں کہوں گا
بے صبر نہ ہو اے ولی اس درد سوں ہرگز
جلتا ہوں ترے درد میں درماں سوں کہوں گا

Wali Mohammed Wali

I'll compare thy lips to the ruby of Badakhshan,
Your enchanting eyes to those of the deer.

Sovereign you are o'er the realm of beauty,
Like Suleman, the sovereign of Iran.

The praise of your stature, O Alph-like love,
I'll sing to the cypress, like tuneful birds.

Be not cruel, O Laila, among the beauties!
Thy Majnun will tell his tale to the wilds.

You came in my dreams, with beauty so rare,
To be envied of Yousaf, should he but know.

Your grief consumes me day and night,
I'll share my pang with the burning brand.

Not a mark on your face is out of place,
Impeccable it is like the page of Quran.

Bear with this pain, Wali, keep your calm,
I'll confide in my healer the depth of my pain.

Tujh lab ki sift-lal-e-Badakhshan son kahunga,
Jadu hain tere nain ghazalaan so kahunga.

Di badshahi haq ne tujhe husn nagar ki,
Yun kishwar-e-Iran men Suleman son kahunga.

Tarif tere kad ki alif-waar srijan
Ja sarv-o-gulistan ko khush-ilhan son kahunga.

Mujh par na karo zulm tum ai Laila-e-khubaan,
Majnun hun tere gham ko biaban son kahunga.

Dekha hun tujhe khwaab mein ai maya-e-khubi
Is khwaab ko ja Yousaf-e-Kinaan se kahunga.

Jalta hun shab-o-roz tere gham mein ai saajan
Yeh soz tera mashal-e-sozan son kahunga.

Yak nuqta tere safa-e-rukh par nahin be-ja,
Is mukh ko tere safa-e-Qoran son kahunga.

Be sabar na ho ai Wali is dard son hargiz
Jalta hun tere dard mein darmaan son kahunga.

مدّت ہوئی سجن نے دکھایا نہیں جمال
دِکھلا اپس کے قد کوں کیا نئیں مجھے نہال
یک بار دیکھ مجھ طرف اے عیدِ عاشقاں
تجھ ابرواں کی یاد سوں لاغر ہوں جیوں ہلال
وہ دِل کہ تھا جو سوختۂ آتشِ فراق
پہنچا ہے جا کے رُخ کوں صنم کے بزنگِ خال
ممکن نہیں کہ بدر ہو نقصاں سوں آشنا
لاوے اگر خیال میں تجھ حُسن کا کمال
گر مضطرب ہے عاشقِ بے دِل عجب نہیں
وحشی ہوئے ہیں تیری انکھاں دیکھ کر غزال
فیضِ نسیمِ مہر و وفا سوں جہان میں
گلزار تجھ بہار کا ہے اب تلک بحال
کھویا ہے گُل رخاں نے رعونت سوں آب و رنگ
گردن کشی ہے شمع کی گردن اُپر وبال

Wali Mohammed Wali

For long hasn't my love shown her beauteous face,
Nor with her stately presence uplifted my state.

Glance at me for once at least, O thou lovers' Eid,
Remembering your eyebrows has thinned me like new moon.

Lo, my heart, severance-singed,
Has reached her face transformed to a mole.

The moon shall neither wane nor fade,
Could it but emulate thy face.

If the heart-sick lover restless roams,'tis no surprise,
The deer too have gone berserk looking at your eyes.

Thanks to the breeze of steadfast love,
The spring of your garden is still abloom.

Haughtiness doth rob the beauties of their glow and grace,
The wick that dares raise its head sure invites its doom.

Muddat hui sajan ne dikhaya nahin jamaal
Dikhla apas ke kad kon kiya nahin nihaal.

Yak bar dekh mujh tarf ai Eid-e-aashaqaan,
Tujh abruon ki yaad son laaghir hun jeon halaal.

Woh dil ke tha jo sokhta-e-aatish-e-firaq
Pahuncha hai ja ke rukh kon sanam ke barang-e-khaal.

Mumkin nahin ke badar ho nuksan se ashna,
Laave agar khayal mein tujh husn ka kamaal.

Gar muztrib hai aashq-e-be dil ajab nahin,
Wahshi hue hain teri ankhaan dekh kar ghazaal.

Faiz-e- nasim-e-mehr-o-wafa son jahan mein
Gulzar tujh bahaar ka hai ab talik bahaal.

Khoya hai gulrukhan ne raoonat son aab-o-rang
Gardan-kashi hai shama ki gardan upar wabaal.

ولی

غفلت میں وقت اپنا نہ کھو، ہشیار ہو ہوشیار ہو
کب لگ رہے گا خواب میں، بیدار ہو بیدار ہو

گر دیکھنا ہے مدعا، اس شاہدِ معنی کا رو
ظاہر پرستاں سوں سدا، بیزار ہو بیزار ہو

جیوں چترداغِ عشق کوں رکھ سر پر اپنے اوّلاً
تب فوجِ اہلِ درد کا، سردار ہو سردار ہو

وہ نو بہارِ عاشقاں، ہے جیوں سحر جگ میں عیاں
اے دیدۂ وقتِ خواب نئیں، بیدار ہو، بیدار ہو

مطلع کا مصرع اے ولی وردِ زباں کر رات دن
غفلت میں وقت اپنا نہ کھو، ہشیار ہو ہوشیار ہو

Wali Mohammed Wali

Waste not your time in sloth, awake, awake!
How long will you lie asleep, awake, awake!

If thou seekest the face divine,
Shun the slaves of ritual, beware!

Canopy-like wear thy scar right on your head,
Before the hordes of suffering souls you may guide and lead!

That nascent spring of lovers is manifest like the morn,
'Tis not the time to dream, O eye, awake, awake!

Learn by heart this opening line, O Wali,
"Waste not your time in sloth, awake, awake!"

Ghaflat mein waqt apna na kho, hushiar ho, hoshiar ho,
Kab lag rahega khwaab mein, bedaar ho, bedaar ho.

Gar dekhna hai mudda us shahid-e-maani ka roo,
Zahir prastaan son sada, bezaar ho, bezaar ho.

Jion chatar dagh-e-ishq kon rakh sar par apne awallaan,
Tab fauj-e-ahl-e-dard ka sardaar ho, sardaar ho.

Woh nau bahar-e-aashqan, hai jion sahar jag mein ayaan,
Ai Dida waqt-e-khwaab nahin, bedaar ho, bedaar ho.

Matla ka misra ai Wali, vird-e-zabaan kar raat din,
Ghaflat men waqt apna na kho, hushiar ho, hoshiar ho.

ولی

کیا مجھ عشق نے ظالم کوں اب آہستہ آہستہ
کہ آتش گل کو کرتی ہے گلاب آہستہ آہستہ

وفاداری نے دلبر کی بجھایا آتشِ غم کوں!
کہ گرمی دفع کرتا ہے گلاب آہستہ آہستہ

عجب کچھ لطف رکھتا ہے شبِ خلوت میں گل رو سوں
خطاب آہستہ آہستہ، جواب آہستہ آہستہ

مرے دل کوں کیا بے خود تری انکھیاں نے آخر کوں
کہ جیوں بے ہوش کرتی ہے شراب آہستہ آہستہ

ہوا تجھ عشق سوں اے آتش رو دل مرا پانی!
کہ جیوں گلتا ہے آتش سوں گلاب آہستہ آہستہ

ادا و ناز سوں آتا ہے وہ روشن جبیں گھر سوں
کہ جیوں مشرق سے نکلے آفتاب آہستہ آہستہ

ولی مجھ دل میں آتا ہے خیالِ یارِ بے پروا
کہ جیوں انکھیاں میں آتا ہے خواب آہستہ آہستہ

Wali Mohammed Wali

My love has melted that despot, step by step,
As fire distils the essence of rose, step by step.

My faithful love has quenched the fire of my grief,
As rose dispels the effect of heat, step by step.

There is a rare delight in lonely nights,
To address one's love and hear replies, step by step.

Your eyes, at last, have entranced my heart,
As wine benumbs our wits, step by step.

Your love has melted my heart, O blazing face,
As fire dissolves the rose, step by step.

There comes that radiant face, decked in pride and grace,
Like the Eastern sun springing, step by step.

The thought of my mindless love thus visits my heart,
As a dream visits our eyes, step by step.

Kiya mujh ishq ne zaalim kon aab aahista, aahista,
Ke aatish gul ko karti hai gulab aahista, aahista.

Wafadari ne dilbar ki bujhaya aatish-e-gham kon,
Ke garmi dafa karta hai gulab aahista, aahista.

Ajab kuch lutf rakhta hai shab-e-khilwat mein gulroo son,
Khitab aahista aahista, jawab aahista, aahista.

Mere dil kon kiya be-khud teri ankhian ne aakhir kon,
Ke jion be-hosh karti hai sharaab aahista, aahista.

Hua tujh ishq son ai aatshin roo dil mera paani,
Ke jion galta hai aatish son gulab aahista, aahista.

Ada-o-naaz son aata hai woh roshan -jabeen ghar son,
Ke jion mashriq se nikle aaftaab aahista, aahista.

Wali mujh dil mein aata hai khayal-e-yaar-be-parwaah,
Ke jion ankhian mein aata hai, khwab aahista, aahista.

ولی

اُس کوں حاصل کیونکر ہوئے جگ میں فراغِ زندگی
گردشِ افلاک ہے جگ کوں ایاغِ زندگی

اے عزیزاں سیرِ گلشن ہے گلِ داغِ اَلم!
صحبتِ احباب ہے معنی میں باغِ زندگی

لب ہیں تیرے فی الحقیقت چشمۂ آبِ حیات
خضرِ خط نے اس سوں پایا ہے سُراغِ زندگی

جب سوں دیکھا میں نظر بھر کاکلِ مشکینِ یار
تب سوں جوں سنبل پریشاں ہے دماغِ زندگی

آسماں میری نظر میں کنجِ تاریک ہے
گر نہ دیکھوں تجکوں اے چشم و چراغِ زندگی

لالۂ خونیں کفن کے حال سوں ظاہر ہُوا
بستگی ہے خال سوں خوباں کے داغِ زندگی

کیوں نہ ہووے اے ولی روشن شبِ قدرِ حیات
ہے نگاہِ گرمِ گُل رویاں چراغِ زندگی

Wali Mohammed Wali

How can he find respite on earth, for whom
The whirling Time doles the cup of life?

In this earthly garden, dear, you'll gather but scars,
Friends alone comprise the real garden of life.

Your lips are a fount of nectar indeed,
The source of life for your flowering face.

Restless has been my mind like the thistle-down,
Since the time I haven't had the sight of her scented locks.

The sky to me a dungeon seems,
If I see thee not, O light of life!

The ruddy-coffined poppy has proved this to me,
The scar of life derives from the Beauty's mole.

Why shouldn't, Wali, the wakeful night resplendent shine,
Warm glances of blooming beauties fan my life's flame.

Uskon haasil kyonke hoe jag mein faraagh-e-zindagi,
Gardash-e-iflaak hai jis kon ayaag-e-zindagi.

Ai azizaan sair-e-gulshan hai gul-e-daagh-e-alam,
Suhbat-e-ahabaab hai maani mein baagh-e-zindagi.

Lab hain tere filhaqiqat chashma-e-aab-e-hayaat,
Khizr-e-khat ne us son paaya hai suraagh-e-zindagi.

Jab son dekha nain nazarbhar kaakul-e-mushkin-e-yaar,
Tab son jion sumble pareshaan hai dimaagh-e-zindagi.

Aasmaan meri nazar mein kuba-e-taarik hai,
Gar na dekhun tujkon ai chashm-o-chiraagh-e-zindagi.

Lala-e-khunin kaffin ke haal son zaahir hua,
Bastgi hai khaal son khubaan ke daagh-e-zindagi.

Kyon na howe ai Wali roshan shab-e-qadar-e-hayaat,
Hai nigah-e-garam-e-gul ruan chiraagh-e-zindagi.

ولی

جسے عشق کا تیر کاری لگے
اسے زندگی کیوں نہ بھاری لگے

نہ چھوڑے محبت دمِ مرگ لگ
جسے یارِ جانی سوں یاری لگے

نہ ہوئے اُسے جگ میں ہرگز قرار
جسے عشق کی بے قراری لگے

ہر اک وقت مجھ عاشقِ پاک کوں
پیارے تری بات پیاری لگے

ولی کوں کہے تو اگر ایک بچن
رقیباں کے دل میں کٹاری لگے

Wali Mohammed Wali

Why shouldn't he feel aweary of life,
He who is struck by the love's deadly dart?

Love will hold him right till death,
He who falls in love but once.

Not for him the peace of mind,
Who once catches the ague of love.

O dear, to me, your lover true,
All you say is always dear.

If you speak but one word to me,
The rivals feel cut to the quick.

Jise ishq ka tir kaari lage,
Use zindagi kyon na bhaari lage.

Na chhore mahabbat dam-e-marg lag,
Jise yaar jaani son yaari lage.

Na hoe use jag mein hargiz qaraar,
Jise ishq ki beqaraari lage.

Har ik waqt mujh aashq-e-paak kon,
Piare teri baat piari lage.

Wali kon kahe tu agar ek bachan,
Raqibaan ke dil mein kataari lage.

Khwaja Mir Dard (1720-1784)

KHWAJA MIR DARD (1720-1784)

Khwaja Mir Dard is one of the three major poets of the Delhi School— the other two being Mir Taqi Mir and Mirza Sauda— who could be called the pillars of the classical Urdu *ghazal*. While Mir Taqi Mir, the greatest of them all, is remembered as a poet of love and pathos, and Sauda as a specialist in satire and panegyric, Dard is first and foremost a mystic, who regards the phenomenal world as a veil of the eternal Reality, and this life as a term of exile from our real home. Dard inherited his mystical temperament from his father, Khwaja Mohd. Nasir Andlib, who was a mystic saint and a poet. Dard received his education in an informal way at home, and in the company of the learned, acquiring, in due course, a command of Arabic and Persian, as also of the Sufi lore. He also developed a deep love of music, possibly, through his association with the singers and *qawaals* who frequented his father's house. He renounced earthly pleasures at the young age of 28, and led a life of piety and humility.

Dard's mysticism, though it was an inherited trait deeply ingrained in his nature, could also be explained as a reaction to the harsh realities of the outside world. Dard lived in a turbulent social and political milieu, when Delhi was subjected to the repeated assaults of marauders like Ahmed Shah and Nadir Shah, and the people of Delhi were forced to migrate to safer places. Unlike Mir, and Sauda, both of whom had moved to Lucknow under pressure, Dard stuck to Delhi and sought strength in the tenets of the Sufi creed, which stressed the virtues of faith and fortitude, and taught a happy submission to the will of God. It is this faith which lends an element of courage and restraint to Dard's poetry and sets it apart from the plaintive manner of Mir.

However, the secret of Dard's appeal as a poet lies not in his mysticism, but in his ability to transmute this mysticism into poetry, and to present transcendental love in terms of human and earthly love. Although he has written *ghazals* which are unambiguously mystical in their intent, his best couplets can be read at both the secular and spiritual levels, and are, for this reason, acceptable to all and sundry. In addition, Dard had also written *ghazals* which deal with a patently sensuous and earthly love, and deserve to be classed with the best poetry of this kind. Dard generally excels in short *ghazals* of about seven to nine verses, written in comparatively short measures. His style is simple, natural and muscial; his content, thoughtful and

thought-provoking. He is not a voluminous writer. His publications include a collection of Urdu *ghazals,* a *divan* in Persian, and some articles in Urdu and Persian prose.

خواجہ میر درد

کبھی خوش بھی کیا ہے دِل کسی رندِ شرابی کا
بھڑادے مُنہ سے مُنہ ساقی ہمارا اور گلابی کا

چھُپے ہرگز نہ مثلِ بُو وہ پردوں کے چھپائے سے
مزہ پڑتا ہے جس گُل پیرہن کو بے حجابی کا

شرار و برق کی سی بھی نہیں یاں فرصتِ ہستی
فلک نے ہم کو سونپا کام جو کچھ تھا شتابی کا

مَیں اپنا دردِ دل چاہا کہوں جس پاس عالم میں
بیاں کرنے لگا قصّہ وہ اپنی ہی خرابی کا

زمانے کی نہ دیکھی جرعہ ریزی درد کچھ تُو نے
ملا یا مثلِ مینا خاک میں خوں ہر شرابی کا

Khwaja Mir Dard

Did you ever surfeit a drinker to his heart?
Bring to my lips, Saqi, lips of the purple flask.

Scent-like, it cannot lie concealed behind the veil,
The beauty which has tasted the delight of being unveiled.

Brief is our span of life, fleeter than the lightning flash,
Fated are we to finish in haste each assigned task.

Whosoever I approach to unfold my heart,
Comes forth at once with his own tale of woe.

You haven't seen, O Dard, the world's destructive might,
Flask-like it mingles in dust each drinker's blood.

Kabhi khush bhi kiya hai dil kisi rind-e-sharaabi ka,
Bhira de munh se munh saqi hamaara aur gulaabi ka.

Chhipe hargiz na masl-e-bu woh pardon mein chhipae se
Maza parta hai jis gul parahan ko be-hijaabi ka.

Sharaar-o-barq ki si bhi nahin yaan fursat-e-hasti,
Falak ne ham ko saunpa kaam jo kuchh tha shataabi ka.

Main apna dard-e-dil chaha kahun jis paas aalam mein,
Bayan karne laga kissa woh apni hi kharaabi ka.

Zamaane ki na dekhi jurra rezi Dard kuchh tu ne,
Milaya masl-e-meena khaak mein khun har sharaabi ka.

قتلِ عاشق کسی معشوق سے کچھ دُور نہ تھا
پر ترے عہد کے آگے تو یہ دستور نہ تھا

رات مجلس میں ترے حسن کے شعلے کے حضور
سمع کے مُنہ پہ جو دیکھا تو کہیں نور نہ تھا

ذکر میرا ہی وہ کرتا تھا صریحاً لیکن
مَیں جو پہنچا تو کہا حیف، یہ مذکور نہ تھا

بارِ جودے کہ پرو بال نہ تھے آدم کے
وہاں پہنچا کہ فرشتے کا بھی مقدور نہ تھا

محتسب آج تو مے خانے میں تیرے ہاتھوں
دل نہ تھا کوئی کہ شیشے کی طرح چُور نہ تھا

دردِ کے ملنے سے اے یار بُرا کیوں مانا!
اُس کو کچھ اور سوا دید کے منظور نہ تھا

Khwaja Mir Dard

Killing their lovers has never been beyond the beauties' thoughts,
But this was not the practice ere you set the trend.

Beside your gleaming face, at night,
The taper stood bereft of glow.

I alone was, in fact, the topic of his prate,
But seeing me he feigned, "Such was not the case."

Though man is not endowed with wings,
He has soared beyond the angels' reach.

Not a single heart in the tavern to-day,
Could escape, O moralist, your shattering knocks.

Why, O friend, take offence at Dard meeting you,
Just to see you was his aim, nothing else besides.

Qatl-e-aashiq kisi maashuq se kuchh dur na tha,
Par tere ahad ke aage to yeh dastur na tha.

Raat majlis mein tere husn ke shole ke hazur
Shama ke munh pe jo dekha to kahin nur na tha.

Zikar mera hi woh karta tha sarihan lekin,
Main jo pohncha to kaha khair, yeh mazkur na tha.

Bawajud-e-ke par-o-baal na the adam ke,
Wahan pohncha ke farishte ka bhi maqdur na tha.

Muhtsib aj to mai khane mein tere haathon,
Dil na the koi ke sheeshe ki tara chur na tha.

Dard ke milne se ai yaar bura kyon maana,
Usko kuchh aur siwa deed ke manzur na tha.

دُنیا میں کَون کَون نہ یک بار ہو گیا
پَر مُنہ پھرا اس طرف نہ کیا اس نے جو گیا

پھرتی ہے میری خاک صبا دَر بہ دَر لیے
اے چشمِ اشکبار یہ کیا تجھ کو ہو گیا

آگاہ اس جہاں میں نہیں غیر بے خودال
جاگا وہی اِدھر سے جو موند آنکھ سو گیا

طوفانِ نوح نے تو ڈبائی زمیں فقط!
یہ ننگِ خلق ساری خدائی ڈبو گیا

برہم کہیں نہ ہو گُل و بلبُل کی آشتی
ڈرتا ہوں آج باغ میں وہ تُند خو گیا

واعظ کِسے ڈرادے ہے یومُ الحساب سے
گِریہ مِرا تو نامۂ اعمال دھو گیا

پھُولیں گے اس زباں میں بھی گلزارِ معرفت
یاں میں زمینِ شعر میں یہ تخم بو گیا

Khwaja Mir Dard

Countless folks have come for once to this world,
But none has ever looked back, once he is gone.

The breeze is blowing about my dust from door to door,
O my tearful eye, what obstructs your flow?

None but the self-oblivious really know this world,
He alone is here awake, who keeps his eyes closed.

The earth was all that was drowned by Noah's flood,
I, a shame of mankind, have wrecked the heavens too.

Save, O Lord, the love of the bulbul and the rose,
That sharp-tongued beauty, I fear, is visiting the grove to-day.

Whom, O preacher, frighten thou with the day of doom?
My tears have washed clean the scroll of my deeds.

This tongue too will one day blossom with mystic lore,
I've sown the seed of verse in this soil to-day.

Duniya mein kaun kaun na yak baar ho gaya,
Par munh phir is tarf na kiya us ne jo gaya.

Phirti hai meri khaak saba dar-b-dar liye,
Ai chashm-e-ashkbaar yeh kya tujh ko ho gaya.

Aagah is jahaan mein nahin ghair be khudaan,
Jaaga wahi idhar se jo mund ankh so gaya.

Tufaan-e-Noah ne to dubai zamin faqt,
Main nang-e-khalq saari khudaai dabo gaya.

Barham kahin na ho gul-o-bulbul ki asshti,
Darta hun aaj baagh mein woh tund khu gaya.

Waiz kise darawe hai yom-ulhisab se,
Giriya mera to naama-e-aamal dho gaya.

Phulenge is zabaan mein bhi gulzar-e-maarfat,
Yaan main zamin-e-sheir mein yeh tukhm bo gaya.

درد

آیا نہ اعتدال پہ ہرگز مزاجِ دہر
میں گرچہ گرم و سردِ زمانہ سمو گیا!

اے دردؔ جس کی آنکھ کھلی اس جہان میں
شبنم کی طرح جان کو اپنی وہ رو گیا

Khwaja Mir Dard

Temperate it never grew, the temper of this world,
Though I absorbed within, the hot and cold of times.

Whosoever has seen, Dard, into the heart of things,
Needs must he rue his fate like the weeping dew.

Aya na aitdaal par hargiz mazaaj-e-dahar,
Main garche garm-o-sard-e-zamana samo gaya.

Ai Dard jis ki ankh khuli is jahan mein,
Shabnam ki tara jaan ko apni woh ro gaya.

درد

تجھی کو جو یاں جلوہ فرما نہ دیکھا
برابر ہے دنیا کو دیکھا نہ دیکھا
مرا غنچۂ دل ہے وہ دل گرفتہ
کہ جس کو کسی نے کبھی وا نہ دیکھا
اذیت، مصیبت، ملامت، بلائیں
ترے عشق میں ہم نے کیا کیا نہ دیکھا
کیا مجھ کو داغوں نے سرو چراغاں
کبھو تو نے آ کر تماشا نہ دیکھا
تغافل نے تیرے یہ کچھ دن دکھائے
ادھر تو نے لیکن نہ دیکھا نہ دیکھا
حجاب رخِ یار تھے آپ ہی ہم
کھلی آنکھ جب، کوئی پردا نہ دیکھا
شب و روز اے درد در پہ ہوں اُس کے
کسو نے جسے یاں نہ سمجھا نہ دیکھا

Khwaja Mir Dard

If here we see Thee not immanent in Thy grace,
What use, then, our earthly pilgrimage?

My heart is such a crumpled bud,
None has ever seen it bloom.

Trouble, torture, reproach, disaster,
What all haven't I suffered in love?

The scars within have set me ablaze,
Alas, you haven't seen this sight.

Your indifference has wrought my ruin,
You never, never looked this way.

I was the veil that hid my love's face,
As I awoke, the curtain arose.

Him I pursue day and night, Dard,
Whom none has ever seen or known.

Tujhi ko jo yaan jalwa farma na dekha,
Baraabar hai duniya ko dekha na dekha.

Mera ghuncha-e-dil hai woh dil-grifta,
Ke jis ko kaso ne kabhi wa na dekha.

Aziat, musibat, malaamat, balaaen.
Tere ishq mein ham ne kya kya na dekha.

Kiya mujh ko daghon ne sarv-e-chiraghan,
Kabho tu ne aakar tamaasha na dekha.

Taghaful ne tere yeh kuchh din dikhae,
Idhar tu ne lekin na dekha, na dekha.

Hijaab-e-rukh-e-yaar the aap hi ham,
Khuli aankh jab, koi parda na dekha.

Shab-o-roz ai Dard darpai hun uske,
Kaso ne jise yaan samjha na dekha.

درد

چمن میں صبح یہ کہتی تھی ہو کر چشمِ تر شبنم
بہارِ باغ تو یوں ہی رہی لیکن کدھر شبنم

عرق کی بوند اس کی زلف سے رخسار پر ٹپکی
تعجب کی ہے جاگہ یہ پڑی خورشید پر شبنم

ہمیں تو باغ تجھ بن خانۂ ماتم نظر آیا
اِدھر گل پھاڑتے تھے جیب روتی تھی اُدھر شبنم

کرے ہے کچھ نہ کچھ تاثیر صحبت صاف طبعوں کی
ہوئی آتش سے گل کے بیٹھتے رشکِ شرر شبنم

بھلا ٹک صبح ہونے دو اسے بھی دیکھ لیویں گے
کسی عاشق کے رونے سے نہیں رکھتی خبر شبنم

نہیں اسباب کچھ لازم سبک ساروں کے اُٹھنے کو
گئی اڑ دیکھتے اپنے بغیر از بال و پر شبنم

نہ پایا جو گیا اس باغ سے ہرگز سُراغ اس کا
نہ پلٹی پھر صبا ادھر نہ پھر آئی نظر شبنم

نہ سمجھا درد ہم نے بھید یاں کی شادی و غم کا
سحر خنداں ہے کیوں روتی ہے کس کو یاد کر شبنم

Khwaja Mir Dard

Thus spoke the weeping dew in the grove to-day:
"The garden keeps blooming, whither goes the dew?"

A drop of sweat from her tresses trickled on her cheek,
How wondrous to see the sun splashed o'er with dew!

Without you the garden seems a mournful place,
Where the dew sheds tears, flowers rend their cloaks.

The company of the pure-hearted some effect doth have,
Perched on the flaming rose, the dew outshines the spark.

Let but the morning come, we'll see its fate,
Unconcerned is the dew about the weeping lovers.

Creatures light and frail need no aids to fly,
I have seen before me the wingless dew take wing.

Not a trace of him is found who once leaves this grove,
Neither has the breeze come back, nor returned the dew.

We haven't grasped, O Dard, the secret of joy and pain,
Why doth the morn smile, why weepeth the dew?

Chaman mein subah yeh kahti thi ho kar chashm-e-tar shabnam,
Bahaar-e-baagh to yun hi rahi, lekin kidhar shabanam.

Arq ki bund us ki zulf se rukhsaar par tapki,
Taajjub ki hai jaage yeh pari khurshid par shabnam.

Hamen to baagh tujh bin khaana-e-maatam nazar aya,
Idhar gul phaarte the jeb, roti thi udhar shabnam.

Kare hai kuchh na kuchh taasir suhbat saaf tabon ki,
Hui aatish se gul ke baithte rashk-e-sharar shabnam.

Bhala tuk subah hone do ise bhi dekh levenge,
Kisi ashiq ke rone se nahin rakhti khabar shabnam.

Nahin asbaab kuchh laazim subak saaron ke uthne ko,
Gayi ur dekhte apne baghair az baal-o-par shabnam.

Na paaya jo gaya is baagh se hargiz suraagh uska,
Na palti phir saba idhar, na phir aai nazar shabnam.

Na samjha Dard ham ne bhed yaan ki shadi-o-gham ka,
Sahr khandaan hai kyon, roti hai kis ko yaad kar shabnam.

درد

ہم تجھ سے کس ہوس کی فلک جستجو کریں
دل ہی نہیں رہا جو کچھ آرزو کریں

مٹ جائیں ایک آن میں کثرت نمائیاں
ہم آئینے کے سامنے آکر جو ہو کریں

تر دامنی پہ شیخ ہماری نہ جائیو
دامن نچوڑ دیں تو فرشتے وضو کریں

سر تا قدم زبان ہیں جوں شمع گو کہ ہم
پر یہ کہاں مجال جو کچھ گفتگو کریں

ہر چند آئینہ ہوں پر اتنا ہوں ناقبول
منہ پھیر لے وہ جس کے مجھے رو برو کریں

نے گل کو ہے ثبات نہ ہم کو ہے اعتبار
کس بات پر چمن ہوسِ رنگ و بو کریں

ہے اپنی یہ صلاح کہ سب زاہدانِ شہر
اے درد آ کے بیعتِ دستِ سبو کریں

Khwaja Mir Dard

What should I desire, O heavens, what for implore,
The desire-nurturing heart is now with me no more.

The forms manifold will instantly dissolve,
If before the glass I breathe: "O God!"

Judge me not, O Sheikh, by my drenched hem,
Angels will ablution seek if I wring my cloak.

Taper-like though I am a tongue from head to heel,
Yet I cannot dare to ope my lips for speech.

A mirror I am, no doubt, but so much out of grace,
That whoso I confront, withdraws his face.

Short our span of life, transient too the rose,
Wherefore should we harbour a love of hue and scent?

This is my counsel, Dard, to the pious of the town,
They should come and kneel to the wine-flask.

Ham tujh se kis havas ki falak justju karen,
Dil hi nahin raha jo kuchh aarzoo karen.

Mit jaen ek aan mein kasrat namayaan,
Ham aine ke samne aakar jo hoo karen.

Tar daamni pe sheikh hamaari na jaiyo,
Daaman nachor dein to farishte wazoo karen.

Sar ta qadam zabaan hain jun shama go ke ham,
Par yeh kahaan majaal jo kuchh guftgoo karen.

Har chand aaina hun par itna na qabool,
Munh pher le woh jiske mujhe rubroo karen.

Ne gul ko hai sabaat, ne ham ko atbaar,
Kis baat par chaman havas-e-rang-o-bu karen.

Hai apni yeh salaah ke sab zahidaan-e-shahar,
Ai Dard a ke bet-e-dast-e-sabu karen.

درد

رَوندے ہے نقشِ پا کی طرح خلق یاں مجھے
اے عمرِ رفتہ چھوڑ گئی تو کہاں مجھے

اے گُل تو رخت باندھ اُٹھاؤں میں آشیاں
گُل چیں تجھے نہ دیکھ سکے باغباں مجھے

رہتی ہے کوئی بن کیے میرے تئیں تمام!
جُوں شمع چھوڑنے کی نہیں یہ زباں مجھے

پتھر تلے کا ہاتھ ہے غفلت کے ہاتھ دل
سنگِ گراں ہوا ہے یہ خوابِ گراں مجھے

کچھ اور کنجِ غم کے سوا سُوجھتا نہیں
آتا ہے یاد جب کہ وہ کنج دہاں مجھے

جاتا ہوں خوش دماغ جو سُن کر اسے کبھو
بدلے ہے وہ ہیں نظریں وہ دیکھا جہاں مجھے

جاتا ہوں بس کہ دم بدم اب خاک میں ملا
ہے خضرِ راہ درد یہ ریگِ رواں مجھے

Khwaja Mir Dard

They tread me down like footprints on ground,
At what juncture you have left me, O life bygone?

Fold your petals, ye rose, I'll wind up my nest,
The florist won't spare you, nor the gardener me.

It won't stop short of bringing me to ruin,
My tongue, like a taper, just will not let me be.

My heart is like a stone-crushed hand at the hands of sloth,
Heavy slumber has proved a heavy stone to me.

Whenever I remember her sweet-cornered mouth,
I cannot but seek a corner to weep.

Sometimes I call on him hearing his mood is suave,
But he stiffens at once, seeing me approach.

Minute by minute, Dard, I am crumbling into dust,
Khizr-like the sands of time conduct me to my goal.

Raunde hai naqsh-e-pa ki tara khalq yaan mujhe,
Ai umr-e-rafta chhor gayi tu kahan mujhe?

Ai gul tu rakht baandh uthaaun main aashian,
Gulchin tujhe na dekh sake, baagh baan mujhe.

Rahti hai koi bin kiye mere taeen tamaam,
Jun shama chhorne ki nahin yeh zaban mujhe.

Pathhar tale ka haath hai gaflat ke haath dil,
Sang-e-giran hua hai yeh khwaab-e-giraan mujhe.

Kuchh aur kunj-e-gham ke siwa sujhta nahin,
Aata hai yaad jab ke woh kunj-e-dihaan mujhe.

Jata hun khush dimaagh jo sun kar use kabho,
Badle hai wohin nazren woh dekha jahaan mujhe.

Jata hun baske dam-b-dam ab khaak mein mila,
Hai khizr-e-rah Dard yeh reg-e-rawaan mujhe.

دَرد

ارض و سما کہاں تری وُسعت کو پا سکے
میرا ہی دل ہے وہ کہ جہاں تو سما سکے

وحدت میں تیری حرف دُوئی کا نہ آسکے
آئینہ کیا مجال تجھے مُنہ دکھا سکے

مَیں وہ فتادہ ہوں کہ بغیر از فنا مجھے
نقشِ قدم کی طرح نہ کوئی اُٹھا سکے

قاصد نہیں یہ کام ترا اپنی راہ لے
اُس کا پیام دل کے سوا کون لا سکے

غافل خُدا کی یاد پہ مت بھول زینہار
اپنے تئیں بھُلا دے اگر تو بھُلا سکے

یارب یہ کیا طِلسم ہے ادراک و فہم یاں
دوڑے ہزار آپ سے باہر نہ جا سکے

مستِ شرابِ عشق وہ بے خود ہے جسکو حشر
اے دَرد چاہے لائے بخود، پھر نہ لا سکے

Khwaja Mir Dard

Nor earth nor heaven can Thy expanse contain,
'Tis but my heart that can enfold Thy grace.

Not a trace of duality can your oneness brook,
How dare a mirror then look you in the face?

I am fallen so low, like a footprint on earth,
None but the doom can lift me up.

Messenger, go your way, 'tis not your task,
Who but my heart can His missive bring?

Never forget the Lord, O ye sluggard,
Rather forget yourself, forget if you must.

What, O Lord, is this spell cast by reason and sense?
Despite running hard and wide, we couldn't transcend the self.

Even the doom cannot shake him into sense,
He who lies swooned at the fount of love.

Arz-o-sama kahan teri wusat ko pa sake,
Mera hi dil hai woh ke jahaan tu sama sake.

Wahdat mein teri harf dui ka na aa sake,
Aaina kya majaal tujhe munh dikha sake.

Main woh fataada hun ke baghair az fana mujhe,
Naqsh-e-qadam ki tara na koi utha sake.

Qaasid nahin yeh kaam tera apni rah le,
Us ka payaam dil ke siwa kaun la sake.

Ghaafil khuda ki yaad pe mat bhul zinhaar,
Apne taeen bhula de agar tu bhula sake.

Yaarab yeh kya talism hai idraak-o-fahm ka,
Daure hazaar aap se baahar na ja sake.

Mast-e-sharaab-e-ishq woh be-khud hai jisko hashar,
Ai Dard chahe laae bkhud phir na la sake.

درد

اپنے تئیں تو ہر گھڑی غم ہے الم ہے داغ ہے
یاد کرے ہمیں کبھی کب یہ تجھے دماغ ہے

جی کی خوشی نہیں مگر دیکھ کے سبزہ و گل کے ہاتھ کچھ
دل ہو شگفتہ جس جگہ وہ ہی چمن ہے باغ ہے

کس کی یہ چشمِ مست نے بزم کو یوں چھکا دیا
مثلِ حباب سرنگوں شرم سے ہر ایاغ ہے

جلتے ہی جلتے صبح تک گزری اسے تمام شب
دل ہے کہ شعلہ ہے کوئی شمع ہے یا چراغ ہے

پائیے کس جگہ بنا اے بُتِ بے وفا تجھے
عمرِ گزشتہ کی طرح گم ہی سدا سُراغ ہے

سیرِ بہار و باغ سے ہم کو معاف کیجیے
اُس کے خیالِ زلف سے درد کسے فراغ ہے

Khwaja Mir Dard

Suffering, sorrows, scars—this is my daily fare,
Have you ever cared even to think of me?

Verdure and bloom have nothing to do with the joy within,
That place is garden or grove, which gladdens the heart.

Whose inebriate eye has feted the festive souls?
Every cup, bubble-like, bare-headed stands in shame.

It kept on burning throughout the night,
What stuff is my heart? a taper, a lamp, a flame?

Tell me, O faithless love, where should ye be sought?
Trackless thou art, like the bygone days.

Exempt me from a stroll in the vernal grove,
Who has time to spare, engrossed in her locks?

Apne taeen to har ghari gham hai, alam hai, daagh hai,
Yaad kare hamen kabhi kab yeh tujhe dimagh hai.

Ji ki khushi nahin giro sabzaa-o-gul ke haath kuchh,
Dil ho shagufta jis jagah woh hi chaman hai baagh hai.

Kis ki yeh chashm-e-mast ne bazm ko yun chhaka diya,
Masl-e-habaab sar nagun sharam se har ayaagh hai.

Jalte hi jalte subah tak guzri use tamaam shab,
Dil hai ke shola hai koi, shama hai ya chiragh hai.

Paiye kis jagah bata ai but-e-bewafa tujhe,
Umr-e-guzashta ki tara gum hi sada suraagh hai.

Sair-e-bahaar-o-baagh se ham ko maaf kijiye,
Us ke khayaal-e-zulf se Dard kise faraagh hai?

تہمتیں چند اپنے ذمّے دھر چلے
کس لیے آئے تھے ہم کیا کر چلے

زندگی ہے یا کوئی طوفان ہے!
ہم تو اس جینے کے ہاتھوں مر چلے

کیا ہمیں کام ان گلوں سے اے صبا
ایک دم آئے ادھر اُدھر چلے

دوستو دیکھا تماشا یاں کا بس
تم رہو اب ہم تو اپنے گھر چلے

آہ! بس جی مت جلا تب جانیے
جب کوئی افسوں ترا اس پر چلے

شمع کی مانند ہم اس بزم میں
چشم نم آئے تھے دامن تر چلے

ڈھونڈتے ہیں آپ سے اس کو پرے
شیخ صاحب چھوڑ گھر باہر چلے

ہم جہاں میں آئے تھے تنہا ولے
ساتھ اپنے اب اُسے لے کر چلے

Khwaja Mir Dard

Nothing but blame and blemish have we earned in life,
What, alas, we came to do, what achieved in life?

Is it life, or a tempest wild?
Such a life is a living death.

What liaison can we have with flowers?
One moment we come, O breeze, the next we depart.

Enough have I seen of this earthly show,
Prosper thou here my friends, I depart for home.

No use consuming your heart in grief
Unless you can melt his heart?

Taper-like was our life on this earthly stage,
With moistened eyes here we came, with drenched hem depart.

To seek Him outside of himself,
Lo, the Sheikh is setting out from home.

Alone had I come to the world,
I carry him along as now I go.

Tuhmaten chand apne zimme dhar chale,
Kis liye aae the ham kya kar chale.

Zindagi hai ya koi tufaan hai,
Ham to is jeene ke haathon mar chale.

Kya hamen kaam in gulon se ai saba,
Ek dam aae idhar, udhar chale.

Dosto dekha tamaasha yan ka bas,
Tum raho ab ham to apne ghar chale.

Ah! bas ji mat jala, tab janiye,
Jab koi afsun tera us par chale.

Shama ki maanind ham is bazm mein,
Chashm nam aae the, daaman tar chale.

Dhundte hain aap se usko pare,
Sheikh sahib chhor ghar baahar chale.

Ham jahaan mein aae the tanha wale,
Saath apne ab use le kar chale.

جوں شرر اے ہستیِ بے بُود یاں
بارے ہم بھی اپنی باری بھر چلے
ساقیا یاں لگ رہا ہے چل چلاؤ
جب تلک بس چل سکے ساغر چلے
درد کچھ معلوم ہے یہ لوگ سب
کس طرف سے آئے تھے کِدھر چلے

Khwaja Mir Dard

Spark-like, O phantom life, we too
Have had our turn, and go.

All things here are changing, perishing,
Whirl the cup around, Saqi, as long as you can.

Do you know, O Dard, all these folks,
Whence they came, whither they go?

Jun sharar ai hasti-e-bebud yaan,
Baare ham bhi apni baari bhar chale.

Saqia yaan lag raha hai chal chalao,
Jab talak bas chal sake saaghar chale.

Dard kuchh malum hai yeh log sab,
Kis taraf se aae the kidhar chale.

درد

مرا جی ہے جب تک تری جستجو ہے
زباں جب تلک ہے یہی گفتگو ہے
خدا جانے کیا ہو گا انجام اس کا
مئیں بے صبر اتنا ہوں وہ تند خو ہے
تمنّا ہے تیری اگر ہے تمنّا!
تری آرزو ہے اگر آرزو ہے
کیا سیر سب ہم نے گلزارِ دُنیا
گلِ دوستی میں عجب رنگ و بُو ہے
غنیمت ہے یہ دید و ادیدِ یاروں
جہاں مُند لی آنکھ، مئیں ہوں نہ تو ہے
نظر میرے دل کی پڑی درد کس پر
جدھر دیکھتا ہوں وہی رُو برو ہے

Khwaja Mir Dard

Your quest is my objective, as long as I live,
Of you alone I talk, while I have a tongue.

God knows how it all may end,
Impatient am I, intemperate he.

For you alone I yearn, if yearn at all,
You are my desire, if I harbour one.

Much have I travelled in the garden of this world,
Peerless is the flower of friendship in its scent and hue.

A blessing is the sense of sight, the sight of friends a boon,
You and I will cease to be, once our eyes are shut.

Who else, O Dard, should my eyes accost?
He alone is present wheresoever I look.

Mera ji hai jab tak teri justju hai,
Zabaan jab talak hai yehi guftgoo hai.

Khuda jane kya hoga anjaam is ka,
Main besabar itna hun woh tund khu hai.

Tamanna hai teri agar hai tamanna,
Teri aarzoo hai, agar aarzoo hai.

Kiya sair ham ne gulzaar-e-duniya,
Gul-e-dosti mein ajab rang-o-boo hai.

Ghanimat hai yeh deed wa deed-e-yaarraan,
Jahan mund gayi aankh, mein hun na tu hai,

Nazar mere dil ki pari Dard kis par,
Jidhar dekhta hun wohi rubroo hai.

Mir Taqi Mir (1722-1808)

MIR TAQI MIR (1722-1808)

Mir Taqi Mir is one of the immortals among Urdu poets. He is a perfect artist of the *ghazal*, which makes its peculiar appeal through compression, suggestion, imagery, and musicality. He builds his poetry on the foundations of his personal experience. His favourite theme is love—love unfulfilled—and his favourite manner is conversational. Mir lived at a time when Urdu poetry was yet at a formative stage—its language was getting reformed and purged of native crudities, and its texture was being enriched with borrowings from Persian imagery and idiom. Aided by his aesthetic instincts, Mir struck a fine balance between the old and the new, the indigenous and the imported elements. Knowing that Urdu is essentially an Indian language, he retained the best in native Hindi speech and leavened it with a sprinkling of Persian diction and phraseology, so as to create a poetic language at once simple, natural and elegant, acceptable alike to the elite and the common folk. Consequently he developed a style which has been the envy of all succeeding poets. Zauq, the laureate of Bahadur Shah Zafar's court, speaks for every one when he says:

نہ ہُوا پَر نہ ہوا مِیر کا انداز نصیب
ذوقؔ یاروں نے بہت زور غزل میں مارا

Never, never could I attain the grace of Mir's style,
Though I strained every nerve to cultivate the *ghazal*.

It is a commonplace of criticism that Mir is a poet of pathos and melancholy moods. His pathos, it should be remembered, is compounded of personal and public causes. His life was a long struggle against unfavourable circumstances. He lost his father, Mohd. Ali Matqi, at the age of 10, and his godfather, Aman Allah, at about the same age. Thus orphaned, he moved from Agra to Delhi and went from pillar to post in search of financial and emotional support. By a happy chance, he got into the good books of Nawab Samsam-ul-Daula who granted him a stipend of one rupee a day. But the Nawab got killed during the raid of Nadir Shah, and Mir was thrown back on his own resources, which were non-existent. Later, for some time, his education and upbringing was taken care of by his uncle Khan Arzu, who, being a poet himself, must also have stimulated Mir's interest in poetry. But due to the machinations of Mir's step-brother, Khan Arzu got estranged from Mir, who was once again left friendless and

forlorn. Repeated shocks broke his heart and aggravated his temperamental melancholy. At about the age of 17 Mir got infatuated with a faery-faced apparition who would descend from the moon every night and disappear with the dawn. This anecdote is the basis of Mir's poem, "Khwaab-o-khayal." Such an ethereal love — better called "hallucination"— could not but end in frustration. Add to these personal sorrows, the general sense of loss and chaos which had gripped the entire age. It was the time of the devastating raids of Nadir Shah and Ahmed Shah Durrani. These marauders from the North-West looted the wealth of Delhi, wrecked its property, persecuted its rulers, and fled away with whatever they could lay their hands on, including the famous Peacock Throne made by Shah Jehan. Mir was a helpless witness to these traumatic events, which have left a deep imprint on his mind and art. However, notwithstanding the circumstances of his life and times, Mir always held his head high, and never lost his sense of self-respect and his faith in the greatness of man.

When life became unbearable in Delhi Mir, like many other decent folk, migrated to Lucknow where he lived in comparative peace under the patronage of Nawab Asaf-ul-Daula. His poetry received due appreciation from the Nawab and at public *mushairas*. But so sensitive was he to his personal honour, and so attached to the streets of Delhi, that he felt ill at ease in the new dispensation. He always looked back nostalgically to his days in Delhi which to him was a place of matchless beauty:

کوچے نہیں دِلّی کے اوراقِ مصوّر تھے
جو شکل نظر آئی تصویر نظر آئی

The streets of Delhi were, in fact, the pages of a painter's book,
Every figure that I saw, seemed a work of art.

During the time of his stay in Lucknow, Mir also suffered the shock of three successive deaths in his family, which so depressed his mind that he spent the rest of his life in seclusion. He died in Lucknow in 1808 at the age of 86.

میر تقی میر

تھا مُستعار حسُن کے اس کے جو نُور تھا
خورشید میں بھی اس ہی کا ذرّہ ظہور تھا

ہنگامہ گرم کن جو دلِ ناصبور تھا
پیدا ہر ایک نالے سے شورِ نشور تھا

پہنچا جو آپ کو تو مَیں پہنچا خدا کے تئیں
معلوم اب ہوا کہ بہت مَیں بھی دُور تھا

آتش بلند دل کی نہ تھی ورنہ اے کلیم
یک شعلہ برقِ خرمنِ صد کوہِ طور تھا

مجلس میں رات اک تیرے پرتو بغیر
کیا شمع کیا پتنگ ہر اک بے حضور تھا

ہم خاک میں مِلے تو مِلے لیکن اے سپہر
اس شوخ کو بھی راہ پر لانا ضرور تھا

منعم کے پاس قاقم و سنجاب تھا تو کیا
اُس رندکی بھی رات کٹی جو کہ عُور تھا

Mir Taqi Mir

All beauty on earth derives from His grace,
It's but His spark divine that sets the sun ablaze.

My restless heart unleashed a storm,
Its wailing raised a doom-like din.

By knowing myself I've known the Lord,
How removed from me, I see, I was.

Dull was your inward flame, or else, my friend,
A thousand Sinais lay concealed in the lightning stroke.

Without your glowing presence at the nightly meet,
Orphaned stood the candle, destitute the moth.

It matters not, O Welkin, if I am undone,
How else my cute love could have been tamed?

What matters if the rich had velvet and brocade to wear,
That vagrant too spent his night, who did not have a rag.

Tha mustaar husn se uske jo nur tha,
Khurshid mein bhi usi ka zarra zahur tha.

Hangaama garam kun jo dil-e-nasabur tha,
Paida har ek nala se shor-e-nashur tha.

Pohuncha jo aap ko to pohuncha Khuda ke taeen,
Maalum ab hua ke bahut main bhi dur tha.

Aatish buland dil ki na thi warna ai kalim,
Yak shola barq-e-khriman-e-sad koh-e-Tur tha.

Majlis mein raat ek tere partawe baghair,
Kya shama kya patang har ek be hazur tha.

Ham khaak mein mile to mile lekin ai sapehr,
Us shokh ko bhi rah par laana zarur tha.

Munim ke paas qaaqim-o-sinjaab tha to kya,
Us rind ki bhi raat kati jo ke oor tha.

میر

کل پانوں ایک کاسۂ سر پر جو آگیا
یکسر وہ استخواں شکستوں سے چور تھا
کہنے لگا کہ دیکھ کے چل راہ بے خبر
مَیں بھی کبھو کسی کا سرِ پُر غرور تھا
تھا وہ تو رشکِ حورِ بہشتی ہمیں میں میر
سمجھے نہ ہم تو فہم کا اپنی قصور تھا

Mir Taqi Mir

When yesterday by chance I stepped on a skull,
Shattered it lay with a thousand knocks.
"Walk warily, thou heedless," thus spoke the skull,
"I, too, was once someone's head, drunk deep with pride."
The Beauty envied of houris, Mir, resides but within,
If we can't see this truth, ours is the fault.

Kal paon ek kaasa-e-sar par jo aa gaya,
Yaksar woh ustkhwan shikaston se chur tha,
Kahne laga ke dekh ke chal raah be khabar,
Main bhi kabho kisi ka sar-e-pur gharur tha.
Tha woh to rashk-e-hur-e-bahishti hamin mein Mir,
Samjhe na ham to fahm ka apni kasur tha.

میر

اُلٹی ہو گئیں سب تدبیریں کچھ نہ دَوا نے کام کیا
دیکھا اس بیماریِ دل نے آخر کام تمام کیا

عہدِ جوانی رو رو کاٹا پیری میں لیں آنکھیں موند
یعنی رات بہت تھے جاگے صُبح ہوئی آرام کیا

ناحق ہم مجبوروں پر یہ تہمت ہے مختاری کی
چاہتے ہیں سو آپ کرے ہیں ہم کو عبث بدنام کیا

سارے رند و باش جہاں کے تجھ سے سجود میں رہتے ہیں
بانکے ٹیڑھے ترچھے تیکھے سب کا تجھ کو امام کیا

سرزد ہم سے بے ادبی تو وحشت میں بھی کم ہی ہوئی
کوسوں، اُس کے اور گئے پر سجدہ ہر ہر گام کیا

کس کا قبلہ کیسا کعبہ کون حرم ہے کیا احرام
کوچے کے اُس کے باشندوں نے سب کو یہیں سے سلام کیا

یاں کے سپید و سیہ میں ہم کو دخل جو ہے سو اتنا ہے
رات کو رو رو صبح کیا، اور دن کو جوں توں شام کیا

ساعدِ سیمیں دونوں اُس کے ہاتھ میں لا کر چھوڑ دیے
بھولے اُس کے قول و قسم پر ہائے خیالِ خام کیا

Mir Taqi Mir

All plans have gone amiss, all recipes have failed,
This ailing heart, you see, has undone me at last.

Groaning, grieving I spent my youth, as age arrived I closed my eyes,
Having passed a sleepless night, I dozed off at dawn.

Unjustly we helpless mortals are charged with having sovereign wills,
He doth what He wills, we are to blame in vain.

All revellers and drinkers hold Thee in respect,
Crooked and clever, sharp and sly, all kneel to Thee.

Even in my frenzied state seldom did I misbehave,
For miles after him I went, but knelt at every stage.

Why talk of Mecca or Kaaba, who cares for pilgrimage?
Dwellers of the street of love, greet these places from afar.

In the light and shade of life, this is our only role,
Wailing we move from night to morn, from morn, somehow, to eve.

I had grasped her silver arms, but then I let them go,
A fool I was to trust her word, to harbour wishful thoughts.

Ulti ho gayin sab tadbiren kuchh na dawa ne kaam kiya,
Dekha? Is bimari-e-dil ne aakhir kaam tamaam kiya.

Ahd-e-jawani ro ro kaata piri mein lin ankhen mund,
Yaani raat bahut the jage, subah hui araam kiya.

Naahaq ham majburon par yeh tuhmat hai mukhtaari ki,
Chahte hain so aap karen hain, ham ko abas badnaam kiya.

Saare rind-o-baash jahaan ke tujh se sajud mein rahte hain,
Baanke, terhe, tirchhe, teekhe sab ka tujh ko amaam kiya.

Sar zad ham se be adbi to wahshat mein bhi kam hi hui,
Koson us ki oar gaye, par sijda har har gaam kiya.

Kis ka kibla, kaisa Kaaba, kaun haram hai, kya ahraam,
Kuche ke uske baashindon ne sab ko yehin se salaam kiya.

Yaan ke saped-o-siah mein ham ko dakhal jo hai so itna hai,
Raat ko ro ro subah kiya, aur din ko jun tun shaam kiya.

Saaid-e-seemin donon uske haath mein lekar chhor diye,
Bhule uske qaul-o-qasam par, hai khayaal-e-khaam kiya.

میر

ایسے آہوئے رم خوردہ کی وحشت کھونی مشکل تھی
سحر کیا اعجاز کیا جن لوگوں نے تجھ کو رام کیا

میر کے دین و مذہب کا اب پوچھتے کیا ہو اُن نے تو
قشقہ کھینچا دیر میں بیٹھا کب کا ترک اِسلام کیا

Mir Taqi Mir

It's hard indeed to subdue a deer run amuck,
Those who controlled your frenzy did a miraculous feat.

Why ask of Mir's sect or faith, long since he abjured Islam,
A sacred mark on his brow, he kneels in the temple now.

Aise aahu-e-ram-khurda ki wahshat khoni mushkil thi
Sihr kiya aijaaz kiya jin logon ne tujh ko raam kiya.

Mir ke deen-o-mazhab ka ab puchhte kya ho un ne to
Qashqa kheincha, der mein baitha, kab ka tarak islaam kiya.

میر

جس سر کو غرور آج ہے یاں تاجوری کا
کل اس پہ یہیں شور ہے پھر نوحہ گری کا

آفاق کی منزل سے گیا کون سلامت
اسباب لٹا راہ میں یاں ہر سفری کا

زنداں میں بھی شورش نہ گئی اپنے جنوں کی
اب سنگ مداوا ہے اس آشفتہ سری کا

اس رنگ سے جھمکے ہے پلک پر کہ کہے تو
ٹکڑا ہے مرا اشک عقیق جگری کا

لے سانس بھی آہستہ کہ نازک ہے بہت کام
آفاق کی اس کارگہِ شیشہ گری کا

ٹک میرِ جگر سوختہ کی جلد خبر لے
کیا یار بھروسا ہے چراغِ سحری کا

Mir Taqi Mir

The head that feels proud to-day because it wears a crown,
In the din of lamentation to-morrow will be drowned.

Whoever finished safe the voyage of his life?
Every traveller on this road has been waylaid.

Even the prison could not subdue my manic state,
Stoning alone may now suppress my wild unrest.

So glistens the tear on the eye-lid perched,
A fragment of my diamond heart, it may seem to you.

Breathe gently, tread softly, friend!
Highly fragile is the glassware of this world.

Come sharp and attend to the heart-consumed Mir,
Who knows when this morning lamp suddenly expires.

Jis sar ko gharur aaj hai yaan taajwari ka,
Kal us pe yehin shor hai phir noha gari ka.

Aafaaq ki manzil se gaya kaun salaamat,
Asbaab luta raah mein yaan har safri ka.

Zindaan mein bhi shorish na gayi apne janun ki,
Ab sang madaawa hai is ashufta sari ka.

Is rang se jhamke hai palak par ke kahe tu,
Tukra hai mera ashk aqiq-e-jigari ka.

Le saans bhi aahista ke naazuk hai bahut kaam,
Aafaaq ki is kaargah-e-shisha gari ka.

Tuk Mir-e-jigar sokhta ki jald khabar le,
Kya yaar bharosa hai chiragh-e-sahri ka.

میر

مہر کی تجھ سے توقع تھی، ستمگر نکلا
موم سمجھے تھے ترے دل کو سو پتھر نکلا

داغ ہوں رشکِ محبت سے کہ اتنا بیتاب
کس کی تسکیں کے لیے گھر سے تو باہر نکلا

جیتے جی آہ ترے کوچے سے کوئی نہ پھرا
جو ستم دیدہ رہا جا کے سو مر کر نکلا

دل کی آبادی کی اس حد ہے خرابی کہ نہ پوچھ
جانا جاتا ہے کہ اس راہ سے لشکر نکلا

اشکِ تر، قطرۂ خوں، لختِ جگر، پارۂ دل
ایک سے ایک عدو آنکھ سے بہتر نکلا

ہم نے جانا تھا لکھے گا تو کوئی حرف اے میر
پر ترا نامہ تو اک شوق کا دفتر نکلا

Mir Taqi Mir

I craved compassion from you, got only reproach,
I hoped your heart was wax, it really was a stone.

Singed by jealous love, I stand and speculate,
For whose dear sake you are setting out bedecked!

None, alas, has returned alive from thy street,
The wretch who dared entrance, came out deceased.

So badly wrecked is the habitat of my heart,
A marauding host, it seems, this way has passed.

The drop of tear, globule of blood, a fragment of my heart and guts,
Each one a deadly foe, good, they quit my eyes.

I thought you would write, O Mir, at most a word or two,
But your epistle was a long discourse on love.

Mehr ki tujh se tawaqqu thi sitamgar nikla,
Mom samjhe the tere dil ko so pathhar nikla.

Daagh hun rashk-e-mahabbat se ke itna betaab,
Kis ki taskin ke liye ghar se tu baahar nikla.

Jeete ji ah tere kuche se koi na phira,
Jo sitamdida raha jaake so mar kar nikla.

Dil ki aabadi ki is had hai kharaabi ke na puchh,
Jana jata hai ke is raah se lashkar nikla.

Ashk-e-tar, qatra-e-khun, lakht-e-jigar, para-e-dil,
Ek se ek adu aankh se behtar nikla.

Ham ne jana tha likhega tu koi harf ai Mir,
Par tera naama to ek shauq ka daftar nikla.

میر

ابتدائے عشق ہے روتا ہے کیا
آگے آگے دیکھیے ہوتا ہے کیا

قافلے میں صبح کے اک شور ہے
یعنی غافل ہم چلے سوتا ہے کیا

سبز ہوتی ہی نہیں یہ سرزمیں
تخمِ خواہش دل میں تو بوتا ہے کیا

یہ نشانِ عشق ہیں جاتے نہیں
داغ چھاتی کے عبث دھوتا ہے کیا

غیرتِ یوسف ہے یہ وقتِ عزیز
میرؔ اس کو رائگاں کھوتا ہے کیا

Mir Taqi Mir

It's only the beginning of love, why dost thou groan?
O, wait and see what happens as you onward move.

The clamour of the morning caravan gives a clarion call:
"Here we go, you sluggard, high time you woke!"

Never shall it sprout, the valley of the heart,
Why sow the seed of desire in this barren soil?

These are the stains of love, indelible, ingrained,
In vain dost thou labour to wash your breast clean.

Dearer than beauteous Yousaf, each hour of life,
Why do you, O Mir, let it slip in vain?

Ibtadaae ishq hai rota hai kya,
Aage aage dekhiye hota hai kya.

Qafile mein subah ke ek shor hai,
Yaani ghaafil ham chale sota hai kya.

Sabz hoti hi nahin yeh sar zamin,
Tukhm-e-khwahish dil mein tu bota hai kya.

Yeh nishaan-e-ishq hain jaate nahin,
Daagh chhaati ke abas dhota hai kya.

Ghairat-e-Yousaf hai yeh waqt-e-aziz,
Mir isko raigaan khota hai kya.

میر

بارہا گورِ دِل جُھکا لایا
اب کے شرطِ وفا بجا لایا

قدر رکھتی نہ تھی متاعِ دل
سارے عالم میں مَیں دکھا لایا

دل کہ یک قطرۂ خوں نہیں ہے بیش
ایک عالم کے سر بَلا لایا

سب پہ جس بار نے گرانی کی
اس کو یہ ناتواں اُٹھا لایا

دل مجھے اس گلی میں لے جا کر
اور بھی خاک میں مِلا لایا

اب تو جاتے ہیں بتکدے اے میر
پھر ملیں گے اگر خُدا لایا

Mir Taqi Mir

Many a time did my heart show me to the grave,
This time it fulfilled the pledge of perfect faith.

Of little worth is the coin of heart,
I have shown it all around the world.

The heart, a mere drop of blood,
Has wrought havoc o'er all the world.

The weight that none could bear to lift,
Was borne by this, my weakling heart.

Taking me to the street of love,
My heart has humbled me still more.

To the shrine of idols now, Mir, I go,
Shall meet again if God so wills.

Baarha gor dil jhuka laaya,
Ab ke shart-e-wafa baja laaya.

Qadar rakhti na thi mitaa-e-dil,
Saare aalam ko main dikha laaya.

Dil ke yak qatra-e-khun nahin hai besh,
Ek aalam ke sar bala laaya.

Sab pe jis baar ne giraani ki,
Usko ye naatwaan utha laaya.

Dil mujhe us gali mein le ja kar,
Aur bhi khaak mein mila laaya.

Ab to jaate hain butkade ai Mir,
Phir milenge agar Khuda laaya.

میر

غم رہا جب تک کہ دم میں دم رہا
دل کے جانے کا نہایت غم رہا

دل نہ پہنچا گوشۂ داماں تلک
قطرۂ خوں تھا مژہ پر جم رہا

جامۂ احرام زاہد پر نہ جا
تھا حرم میں لیک نامحرم رہا

زلفیں کھولے تو تو ٹک آیا نظر
عمر بھر یاں کام دل برہم رہا

اُس کے لب سے تلخ ہم سنتے رہے
اپنے حق میں آبِ حیواں سم رہا

میرے رونے کی حقیقت جس میں تھی
ایک مدت تک وہ کاغذ نم رہا

صبح پیری شام ہونے آئی میرؔ
تو نہ جیتا، یاں بہت دن کم رہا

Mir Taqi Mir

Griefs gripped my heart as long as I breathed,
The loss of my heart was the gravest grief.

My heart could not make it to the edge of my hem,
On my eyelash it froze, being a drop of blood.

Be not beguiled by his holy robes,
The Sheikh remained in dark even in the mosque.

You appeared a fleeting while with your locks spread,
My heart remained in disarray all through my life.

Nothing but reproach did I hear from her lips,
The fount of nectar spouted only gall for me.

The page that bore my tearful tale,
Moist remained for years on end.

The eve of life turns to night, Mir,
Too short was your term for a fruitful close.

Gham raha jab tak ke dam mein dam raha,
Dil ke jaane ka nihaait gham raha.

Dil na pohuncha gosha-e-daaman talak,
Qatra-e-khun tha mizha pe jam raha.

Jama-e-ahraam-e-zahid par na ja,
Tha haram mein lek na mahram raha.

Zulfen khole tu to tuk aya nazar,
Umar bhar yaan kaam-e-dil barham raha.

Us ke lab se talakh ham sunte rahe,
Apne haq mein aab-e-haiwaan sam raha.

Mere rone ki haqiqat jis mein thi,
Ek muddat tak woh kaaghaz nam raha.

Subah piri sham hone ai Mir,
Tu na jeeta, yaan bahut din kam raha.

میر

جو اس شور سے میر روتا رہے گا
تو ہمسایہ کاہے کو سوتا رہے گا

مَیں وہ رونے والا جہاں سے چلا ہوں
جسے ابر ہر سال روتا رہے گا

مجھے کام رونے سے ہر دم ہے ناصح
تو کب تک مرے مُنہ کو دھوتا رہے گا

مرے دل نے وہ نالہ پیدا کیا ہے
جرس کے بھی جو ہوش کھوتا رہے گا

تو یوں غیر کو گالیاں شوق سے دے
ہمیں کچھ کہے گا تو ہوتا رہے گا

بس اے میر مژگاں سے پونچھ آنسوؤں کو
تو کب تک یہ موتی پروتا رہے گا

Mir Taqi Mir

Should Mir so loudly wail and weep,
How can then his neighbour sleep?

A long-lamenting man, I pass,
Each year the clouds for me shall weep.

Nothing but weeping do I know,
How long, O friend, can you wash my cheeks?

My heart has wailed so loud and deep,
The caravan bells have lost their speech.

Abuse my rival thus with pleasure,
Abuse me once, and then you see!

Hold, O Mir, wipe your tears,
How long will you thread these beads?

Jo is shor se Mir rota rahega,
To hamsaaya kahe ko sota rahega.

Main woh rone wala jahaan se chala hun,
Jise abar har saal rota rahega.

Mujhe kaam rone se har dam hai naasih,
Tu kab tak mere munh ko dhota rahega.

Mere dil ne woh naala paida kiya hai,
Jaras ke bhi jo hosh khota rahega.

Tu yun ghair ko gaalian shauq se de,
Hamen kuchh kahega to hota rahega.

Bas ai Mir mizhgaan se punchh aansuon ko,
Tu kab tak yeh moti parota rahega.

میر

آجائیں ہم نظر جو کوئی دَم بہت ہے یاں
مہلت بسانِ برق و شرر کم بہت ہے یاں

یک لحظہ سینہ کوبی سے فرصت ہمیں نہیں
یعنی کہ دل کے جانے کا ماتم بہت ہے یاں

ہم رہروانِ راہِ فنا دیر رہ چکے
وقفہ بسانِ صبح کوئی دم بہت ہے یاں

حاصل ہے کیا سوائے ترائی کے دہر میں
اُٹھ آسماں تلے سے کہ شبنم بہت ہے یاں

اِس بتکدے میں معنی کا کس سے کریں سوال
آدم نہیں ہے صورتِ آدم بہت ہے یاں

اعجازِ عیسوی سے نہیں بحث عشق میں
تیری ہی بات جانِ مجسّم بہت ہے یاں

میرے ہلاک کرنے کا غم ہے عبث تمھیں
تم شاد زندگانی کرو غم بہت ہے یاں

شاید کہ کام صبح تک اپنا کھنچے نہ میر
احوال آج شام سے درہم بہت ہے یاں

Mir Taqi Mir

Enough if you see us here for a fleeting while,
Brief as spark or lightning is our lease of life.

Without relenting I beat my breast,
My heart is gone, inconsolable my state!

We travellers on the road of death have tarried too long,
A brief respite, like vanishing dawn, is enough of a boon.

The world allows us nothing but tears,
Get up from under the sky, thick falls the dew.

What idol in this synagogue can my sense grasp?
No dearth here of human form, but human kind is rare.

Love has no quarrel with the miracles of Christ,
Your writ alone reigns here, O life incarnate!

Why do you regret for having me destroyed?
Preserve thy cheer, my love, the world abounds in grief.

I fear, Mir, I may not survive till the morn,
Critical is my state, since the very eve.

Aajaaen ham nazar jo koi dam bahut hai yaan,
Muhlat basaan-e-barq-o-sharar kam bahut hai yaan.

Yak lahza sina kobi se fursat hamen nahin,
Yaani ke dil ke jaane ka maatam bahut hai yaan.

Ham rahrawaan-e-raah-e-fana der rah chuke,
Waqfa basaan-e-subah koi dam bahut hai yaan.

Hasil hai kya siwae tarai ke daher mein,
Uth aasman tale se ke shabnam bahut hai yaan.

Is butkade mein maani ka kis se karen sawaal,
Adam nahin hai surat-e-adam bahut hai yaan.

Ajaaz-e-Iswi se nahin bahas ishq mein,
Teri hi baat jaan-e-mujassam bahut hai yaan.

Mere hilaak karne ka gham hai abas tumhen,
Tum shaad zindgaani karo gham bahut hai yaan.

Shaaid ke kaam subah tak apna khinche na Mir,
Ahwaal aaj shaam se darham bahut hai yaan.

میر

دیکھ تو دل کہ جاں سے اُٹھتا ہے
یہ دھواں سا کہاں سے اُٹھتا ہے

گور کس دل جلے کی ہے یہ فلک
شعلہ اک صبح یاں سے اُٹھتا ہے

خانۂ دل سے زینہار نہ جا
کوئی ایسے مکاں سے اُٹھتا ہے

لڑتی ہے اس کی چشمِ شوخ جہاں
ایک آشوب واں سے اُٹھتا ہے

بیٹھنے کون دے ہے پھر اس کو
جو ترے آستاں سے اُٹھتا ہے

یوں اُٹھے آہ اس گلی سے ہم
جیسے کوئی جہاں سے اُٹھتا ہے

عشق میر ایک بھاری پتھر ہے
کب یہ تجھ ناتواں سے اُٹھتا ہے

Mir Taqi Mir

Watch, whence it rises, from the heart or the soul,
Whence doth it spring, this streak of smoke?

What smouldering heart lies buried under the sky?
Every morn a flame from here seems to rise.

Never should you quit the chamber of my heart,
Whoever abandoned such a secure resort?

Wherever she casts her coquettish glance,
A tumult, a storm begins to blow.

Who will let him sit beside,
He who is banished from your door?

As I left that lane, I felt,
As if I am quitting the world.

Love, O Mir, is a heavy rock,
Beyond your meagre strength to lift.

Dekh to dil ke jaan se uthta hai,
Yeh dhuaan sa kahaan se uthta hai.

Gor kis dil jale ki hai yeh falak,
Shola ek subah yaan se uthta hai.

Khana-e-dil se zinhaar na ja,
Koi aise makaan se uthta hai.

Larti hai uski chashm-e-shokh jahan,
Ek aashob waan se uthta hai.

Bethne kaun de hai phir usko,
Jo tere aastaan se uthta hai.

Yun uthe ah us gali se ham,
Jaise koi jahaan se uthta hai.

Ishq Mir ek bhari pathhar hai,
Kab yeh tujh naatwaan se uthta hai.

میر

ہستی اپنی حباب کی سی ہے
یہ نمائش سراب کی سی ہے

نازکی اُس کے لب کی کیا کہیے
پنکھڑی اک گلاب کی سی ہے

بار بار اُس کے در پہ جاتا ہوں
حالت اب اضطراب کی سی ہے

میں جو بولا کہا کہ یہ آواز
اُسی خانہ خراب کی سی ہے

میر اِن نیم باز آنکھوں میں
ساری مستی شراب کی سی ہے

Mir Taqi Mir

Our life is but a water-bubble,
This pageant is a vast mirage.

Ah, her exquisitely tender lip!
Its grace a petal of rose recalls.

Time and again I visit her door,
My state of mind is deep-distraught.
The moment I spoke, my love remarked:
"Sounds like that homeless wretch."

Mir, those dreamy, half-shut eyes,
Seem to breathe the spirit of wine.

Hasti apni habaab ki si hai,
Yeh namaaish suraab ki si hai.

Nazuki us ke lab ki kya kahiye,.
Pankhari ek gulaab ki si hai.

Baar baar uske dar pe jaata hun,
Halaat ab iztraab ki si hai.

Main jo bola kaha ke yeh awaaz,
Usi khana-kharaab ki si hai.

Mir in neem baaz aankhon mein,
Saari masti sharaab ki si hai.

میر

فقیرانہ آئے صدا کر چلے
میاں خوش رہو ہم دُعا کر چلے

جو تجھ بِن نہ جینے کو کہتے تھے ہم
سو اس عہد کو اب وفا کر چلے

کوئی ناامیدانہ کرتے نگاہ
سو تم ہم سے مُنہ بھی چھپا کر چلے

بہت آرزو تھی گلی کی تری!
سو یاں سے لہو میں نہا کر چلے

دکھائی دیے یوں کہ بے خود کیا
ہمیں آپ سے بھی جُدا کر چلے

جبیں سجدہ کرتے ہی کرتے گئی
حقِ بندگی ہم ادا کر چلے

پرستش کی یاں تک کہ اے بُت تجھے
نظر میں سبھوں کی خدا کر چلے

Mir Taqi Mir

Mendicant-like I came and part
Praying that ye be blessed!

"Without you I will not live,"
Behold, this pledge I now redeem.

An unhopeful glance I could have cast,
But you hid your face walking me past.

To visit your street, I deeply wished,
Lo, I leave it bathed in blood.

With just a glimpse you left me entranced,
Estranged from self, I have been since.

A long obeisance was my life,
My debt of homage I have paid.

I adored you, love, so deep and true,
That people took you for a god.

Faqiraana aae sadaa kar chale,
Miyaan khush raho ham dua kar chale.

Jo tujh bin na jeene ko kahte the ham,
So is ahd ko ab wafa kar chale.

Koi naumidana karte nigah,
So tum ham se mu.ih bhi chhipa kar chale.

Bahut aarzoo thi gali ki teri,
So yaan se lahu mein naha kar chale.

Dikhai diye yun ke bekhud kiya,
Hamen aap se bhi juda kar chale.

Jabin sijda karte hi karte gayi,
Haq-e bandgi ham ada kar chale.

Prastash ki yaan taeen ke ai but tujhe,
Nazr mein sabhon ki Khuda kar chale.

میر

گئی عُمر دربندِ فکرِ غزل
سو اس فن کو ایسا بڑا کر چلے

کہیں کیا جو پوچھے کوئی ہم سے میر
جہاں میں تم آئے تھے کیا کر چلے

Mir Taqi Mir

I spent my life composing lyrics,
And raised the worth of poetic art.

What shall we say, Mir, if someone asks,
"Why were you hither sent, what did you achieve?"

Gayi umr dar band-e- fikr-e-ghazal,
So is fan ko aisa bara kar chale.

Kahen kya jo puchhe koi ham se Mir,
Jahaan mein tum ae the kya kar chale.

میر

کیا کہوں تم سے مَیں کہ کیا ہے عِشق
جان کا روگ ہے بَلا ہے عِشق

عِشق ہی عِشق ہے جہاں دیکھو
سارے عالم میں بھَر رہا ہے عِشق

عِشق معشوق، عِشق عاشق ہے
یعنی اپنا ہی مبتلا ہے عِشق

عِشق ہے طرز و طور عِشق کے تئیں
کہیں بندہ کہیں خدا ہے عِشق

کون مقصد کو عِشق بِن پہنچا
آرزو عِشق و مدّعا ہے عِشق

کوئی خواہاں نہیں محبت کا!
تو کہے جِنسِ نارَوا ہے عِشق

مِیر جی زرد ہوتے جاتے ہیں
کیا کہیں تم نے بھی کیا ہے عِشق

Mir Taqi Mir

What's love? 'tis hard to define,
A plague of life, a terror!

There is nothing but love wherever you look,
Love permeates from earth to sky.

Love is the lover, love the beloved,
Love, in short, is in love with love.

Love is law unto itself,
Here the creator, there the being.

Whoever attained his end without love?
Love the desire, love the goal.

Love is no longer in vogue,
Love, you see, is forbidden fare.

Your face, O Mir, is growing pale,
Have you, too, perchance, fallen in love?

Kya kahun tum se main ke kya hai ishq,
Jaan ka rog hai, bala hai ishq.

Ishq hi ishq hai jahaan dekho,
Saare aalam mein bhar raha hai ishq.

Ishq maashuq ishq aashiq hai,
Yaani apna hi mubtala hai ishq.

Ishq hai tarz-o-taur ishq ke taeen,
Kahin banda kahin Khuda hai ishq.

Kaun maqsad ko ishq bin pohuncha,
Aarzoo ishq wa mudda hai ishq.

Koi khwaahan nahin mahabbat ka,
Tu kahe jins-e-narawa hai ishq.

Mir ji zarad hote jaate hain,
Kya kahin tum ne bhi kiya hai ishq?

میر

بات کیا آدمی کی بَن آئی
آسماں سے زمین نیَوائی
چرخ زن اُس کے واسطے ہے مدام
ہوگیا دِن تمام رات آئی
ماہ و خورشید و ابر و باد سبھی
اس کی خاطر ہوئے ہیں سَودائی
کیسے کیسے کیے تردّد جب
رنگ رنگ اس کو چیز پہنچائی
اس کو ترجیح سب کے اوپر دے
لطفِ حق نے کی عزّت افزائی
حیرت آتی ہے اس کی باتیں دیکھ
خودسری، خودستائی، خودرائی
شکر کے سجدوں میں یہ واجب تھا
یہ بھی کرتا سدا جبیں سائی

Mir Taqi Mir

How favoured is man at whose behest,
The sky is made to measure the earth.

For him the heavens forever revolve,
And create the chain of day and night.

The sun, the moon, the wind, the clouds,
Run like mad to serve his needs.

What pain and toil it must have cost,
To provide him things of varied hue.

By naming him the crown of things,
God in His grace has honoured man.

But strange is man in word and deed,
Self-willed, self-loving, full of self-conceit.

Fitting it was in gratitude,
Obeisance to Him he should make.

Baat kya aadmi ki ban ai,
Aasman se zamin napwai.

Charakh zan uske waaste hai madaam,
Ho gaya din tamaam raat aai.

Maah-o-khurshid-o-baad sabhi,
Uski khaatir hue hain saudaai.

Kaise kaise kiye taraddad jab,
Rang rang usko chiz pohunchai.

Usko tarjih sab ke upar de,
Lutf-e-Haq ne ki izzat afzai.

Hairat aati hai uski baaten dekh,
Khud sari, khud sataai, khud raai.

Shukr ke sijdon mein yeh wajib tha,
Yeh bhi karta sada jabin sai.

میر

سو تو اس کی طبیعتِ سرکش
سر نہ لائی فرو، کہ ٹک لائی
میر ناچیز، مشتِ خاک، اللہ
اُن نے یہ کبریا کہاں پائی

Mir Taqi Mir

But man's defiant nature,
Will not let him bow.

Mir! a handful of dust, my God!
How did he attain such heights?

So to uski tabiat-e-sarkash,
Sar na laai faro ke tuk laai.

Mir naa chiz musht-e-khaak Allah,
Un ne yeh kibriya kahaan paai.

میر

کوفت سے جان لب پر آئی ہے
ہم نے کیا چوٹ دل پہ کھائی ہے

لکھتے رقعہ لکھ گئے دفتر
شوق نے بات کیا بڑھائی ہے

دیدنی ہے شکستگی دل کی
کیا عمارت غموں نے ڈھائی ہے

ہے تصنع کہ لعل میں وہ لب
یعنی اک بات سی بنائی ہے

دل سے نزدیک اور اتنا دور
کس سے اس کو کچھ آشنائی ہے

جس مرض میں کہ جان جاتی ہے
دلبروں ہی کی وہ جدائی ہے

یاں ہوئے خاک سے برابر ہم
واں وہی ناز خودنمائی ہے

مرگ مجنوں پہ عقل گم ہے میر
کیا دوانے نے موت پائی ہے

Mir Taqi Mir

Agony has brought me to the verge of death,
What a blow my heart has received!

What began as a note, ended as a tome,
See, how tales stretch out in love.

My broken heart is a sight to see,
What a mansion, wrecked by griefs!

To call those lips rubies is mere conceit,
Someone, it seems, has spun a tale.

So close to the heart, yet so far,
His intimacy, none can claim.

The malady that heralds sure death,
Is parting from those we dearly love.

Here we, reduced to mere dust!
There she, displaying herself in pride!

Majnun's death has left me stunned,
What an end that maniac met!

Koft se jaan lab pe aai hai,
Ham ne kya chot dil pe khaai hai.

Likhte ruqa, likh gaye dafter,
Shauq ne baat kya barhaai hai.

Didni hai shikasgi dil ki,
Kya imaarat ghamon ne dhaai hai.

Hai tasanna ke lal hain woh lab,
Yaani ek baat si babaai hai.

Dil se nazdik aur itna dur,
Kis se usko kuchh ashnaai hai.

Jis marz mein ke jaan jaati hai,
Dilbaron hi ki woh judaai hai.

Yaan hue khaak se baraabar ham,
Waan wohi naaz-e-khud numaai hai.

Marg-e-Majnun pe aql ghum hai Mir,
Kya diwane ne maut pai hai.

میر

پتّا پتّا بُوٹا بُوٹا حال ہمارا جانے ہے
جانے نہ جانے گُل ہی نہ جانے باغ تو سارا جانے ہے

آگے اُس متکبّر کے ہم خُدا خُدا کیا کرتے ہیں
کب موجود خُدا کو وہ مغرور خود آرا جانے ہے

عاشِق سا تو سادہ کوئی اور نہ ہوگا دُنیا میں
جی کے زیاں کو عشق میں اُس کے اپنا وارا جانے ہے

چارہ گری بیماریٔ دل کی رسمِ شہرِ حُسن نہیں
ورنہ دلبرِ ناداں بھی اس درد کا چارا جانے ہے

نہرِ وفا و لطف و عنایت ایک سے واقف ان میں نہیں
ورتو سب کچھ طنز و کنایہ رمز و اشارا جانے ہے

عاشِق تو مُردہ ہے ہمیشہ جی اُٹھتا ہے دیکھے اُسے
یار کے آجانے کو یکایک عمر دوبارا جانے ہے

تشنۂ خوں ہے اپنا کتنا میرؔ بھی ناداں تلخی کش
دمدار آبِ تیغ کو اُس کے آبِ گوارا جانے ہے

Mir Taqi Mir

Each and every leaf and plant my plight doth know,
The rose alone does not know what all the garden knows.

"Egad! egad!" I repeat 'fore that haughty being,
But my proud, self-adorning love has no faith in God.

The world cannot show a man naiver than a lover,
He can feel exultant, when undone in love.

Nursing the ailing hearts is alien to the Beauty's creed,
Else, even my witless love knows the remedy for this ache.

Love, largesse, care, compassion, never has she known such things,
Taunting, gesturing, coquettish ogling— all else she knows.

The lover remains lifeless till revived by love,
The sudden arrival of his friend resuscitates his heart.

For his own blood athirst, pain-relishing, stupid Mir!
The sharp, shining sword of his love, is to him a delicious drink.

Patta patta, boota boota, haal hamaaraa jaane hai,
Jaane na jaane gul hi na jaane, baagh to saaraa jaane hai.

Aage us mutkabbar ke ham Khuda Khuda kiya karte hain,
Kab maujud Khuda ko woh maghrur khud-aara jaane hai.

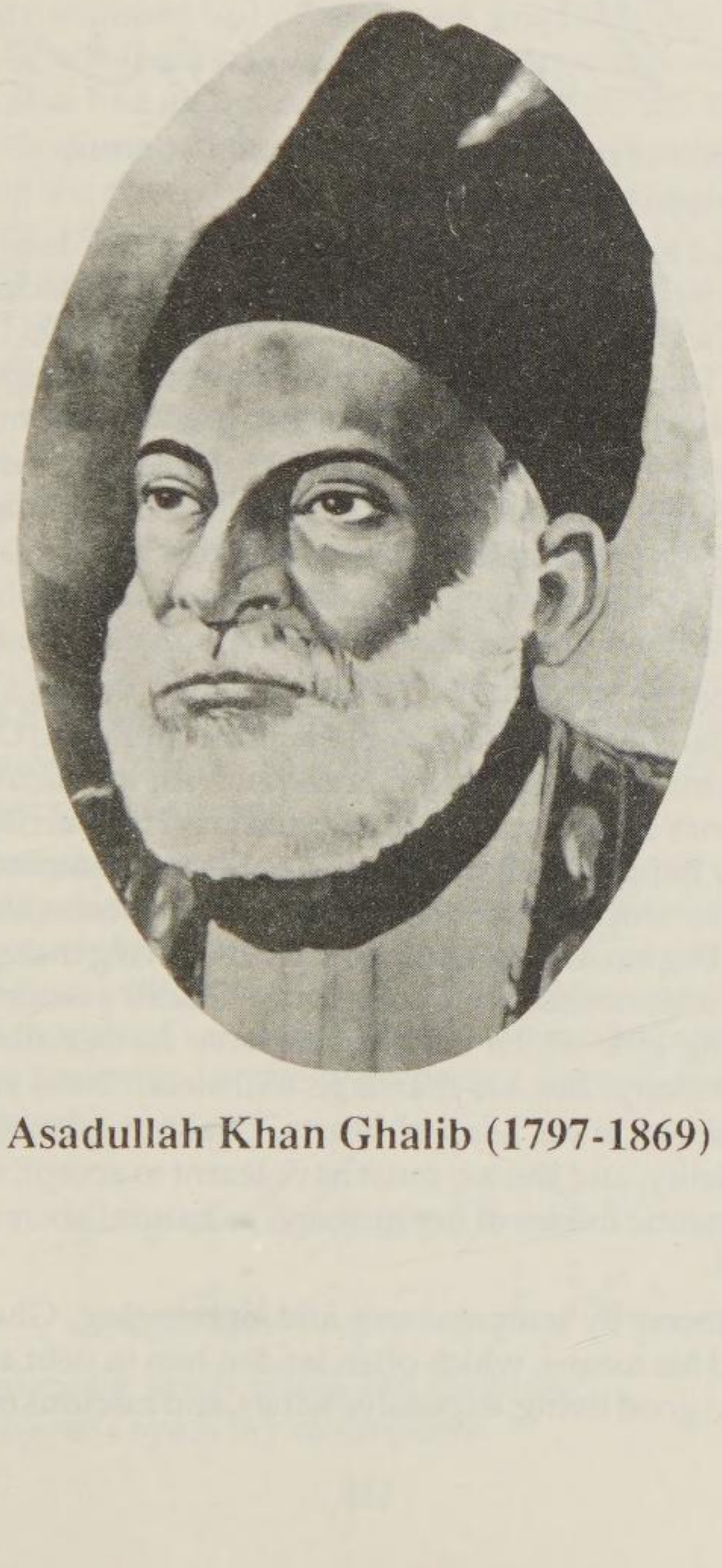
Aashiq saa to saada koi aur na hoga dunya mein,
Ji ke zian ko ishq mein uske apna waara jaane hai.

Chaaraa gari beemari-e-dil ki rasm-e-shahr-e-husn nahin,
Warna dilbar-e-naadaan bhi is dard kaa chaara jaane hai.

Mehr-o-wafa-o-lutaf-o-inait, ek se waqif in mein nahin,
Aur to sab kuchh tanz-o-kanaya, ramz-o-ishara jaane hai.

Aashiq to murdah hai hamesha ji uthta hai dekhe use,
Yaar ke aa jaane ko yakaayak umr do baara jaane hai.

Tashna-e-khun hai apna kitna, Mir bhi naadaan, talkhi-kash,
Damdaar aab-e-tegh ko uske aab-e-gawara jaane hai.



Asadullah Khan Ghalib (1797-1869)

ASADULLAH KHAN GHALIB (1797-1869)

Mirza Asadullah Khan Ghalib was born at Agra, the city of the Taj, in December 1797. His father and his grandfather had been soldiers by profession, and strangers to the art of poetry. In one of his couplets Ghalib alludes to his breaking away from the family's military tradition:

سو پُشت سے ہے پیشۂ آبا سپاہگری
کچھ شاعری ذریعۂ عزّت نہیں مجھے

Generations of my elders have been men-at-arms,
Poetry brings no honour to me.

But Ghalib had an inborn talent for poetry, which he displayed even in boyhood. His early poetry is fanciful and obscure, modelled on the style of Bedil, a 17th century Persian poet. When as a child Ghalib was taken to Mir Taqi Mir for the latter's advice and blessings, the older poet is said to have remarked: "If the boy gets an able mentor he'll become a good poet, otherwise he would drift into senseless prattling." Ghalib had no other mentor besides his sound judgment and poetic sensibility, which enabled him to outgrow his early infatuation for a deliberately difficult style, and develop into a true poet, notable for the profundity of thought and a distinct, sophisticated style.

Ghalib lost his father when he was only five. At the age of 13 he married the daughter of a Delhi nobleman and shifted to Delhi where he stayed permanently, barring a three-year visit to Calcutta made in connection with the restoration of his pension. His marriage was not a particularly happy affair due, mainly, to the temperamental incompatibility of the couple. Ghalib was romantic, sensuous and liberal; his wife, Umrao Begum, was a devout Muslim, believing in the sanctity of prayers and abstinence. We also learn of Ghalib's amorous liaison with a singing girl, which factor must have further disturbed the domestic harmony. But his marriage withstood these strains, presumably because, in his heart of hearts, Ghalib respected his wife's piety and fidelity, and she too must have learnt to accept, in course of time, the romantic foibles of her husband as natural aberrations of an artistic mind.

An aristocrat by temperament and upbringing, Ghalib always lived beyond his means, which often landed him in debt and difficulties. He loved good living, expensive wines, and luscious mangoes. At

the same time, he was deeply benevolent and hospitable, wanting to play host to the entire world. He was tolerant towards all religions, and his friends included Hindus, Muslims and Christians. But he was dogged by bad luck all his life. All his seven sons had died in infancy. His only brother had died a lunatic. His adopted children, and his one-time mistress, "domni," too had died before his eyes. Further, he had to suffer the ignominy of spending three months in jail on charges (presumably trumped up) of keeping a gambling den at his house. Moreover, Ghalib lived in times of social and political unrest when the Moghul power had all but collapsed, and the British authority was getting ruthlessly entrenched. He had seen death, disease and destruction stalking the streets of Delhi. But in spite of having a close brush with tragedy, both personal and public, Ghalib did not give way to melancholia as Mir had done before him. His creative imagination enabled him to transmute his suffering into song, and his indomitable will strengthened his commitment to life.

Ghalib is primarily a poet of love— love that is real, passionate and jealous. He has given us subtle insights into the mind of the lover torn by the conflicting forces of desire and frustration, love and jealousy, anguish and ecstasy, submission and self-respect. He is a master of the condensed style, and a specialist of the poetry of suggestion. He has a feel of the language and a complete command of rhyme, rhythm and metre. He is also remarkable for the brilliance of his wit and humour. Moreover, he is an adept in the use of imagery which, treated in the crucible of his imagination and experience, acquires ever new meanings.

His poetry has a vast compass. There is hardly any situation or a state of mind which he has not described in his individual, inimitable style. Consequently, he is the most quotable of all Urdu poets. He has written 235 *ghazals* in Urdu, containing 1,818 verses, most of which are considered models of excellence. Ghalib was a conscious artist, fully aware of the beauty and worth of his poetry. There is no exaggeration when he remarks:

سُرمۂ مفتِ نظر ہوں مری قیمت یہ ہے
کہ رہے چشمِ خریدار پہ احساں میرا

I am antimony, given gratis. The gratitude
Of the buyer's eye is my recompense.

اَسَدُ اللّٰہ خاں غالبؔ

یہ نہ تھی ہماری قسمت کہ وصالِ یار ہوتا
اگر اور جیتے رہتے یہی انتظار ہوتا

ترے وعدہ پر جیے ہم، تو یہ جان جھوٹ جانا
کہ خوشی سے مر نہ جاتے، اگر اعتبار ہوتا

کوئی مرے دل سے پوچھے ترے تیرِ نیم کش کو
یہ خلش کہاں سے ہوتی جو جگر کے پار ہوتا

یہ کہاں کی دوستی ہے کہ بنے ہیں دوست ناصح
کوئی چارہ ساز ہوتا، کوئی غم گسار ہوتا

غم اگرچہ جاں گسل ہے، پہ کہاں بچیں کہ دل ہے
غمِ عشق گر نہ ہوتا، غمِ روزگار ہوتا

کہوں کس سے میں کہ کیا ہے، شبِ غم بُری بلا ہے
مجھے کیا بُرا تھا مرنا، اگر ایک بار ہوتا

ہوئے مر کے ہم جو رسوا، ہوئے کیوں نہ غرقِ دریا
نہ کبھی جنازہ اٹھتا، نہ کہیں مزار ہوتا

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

To have met my friend was not my fate,
A longer life'd have entailed a longer wait.

Did I trust your word, indeed? What a wrong belief!
I sure had died of joy, had I believed it true.

My heart alone could tell about your half-drawn arrow,
Could it leave a sting behind, had it pierced the marrow?

What use this friendship which cannot but advise,
O for a friend! to physic my sorrow, to heal my heart.

Mortifying is sorrow, no doubt, but how can one escape?
If not to pangs of love, we are to pangs of living a prey.

Calamitous is the night of severance, terrible beyond words,
I'd die with pleasure, had I to die but once.

Why didn't I drown in a river ere this disgrace?
There couldn't have been a funeral, there wouldn't be a grave.

Yeh na thi hamaari kismat ke visaal-e-yaar hota,
Agar aur jeete rahte yehi intzaar hota.

Tere waade par jiye ham, to yeh jaan jhoot jaana,
Ke khushi se mar na jaate agar atbaar hota.

Koi mere dil se puchhe tere tir-e-nim kash ko,
Yeh khalish kahaan se hoti jo jigar ke paar hota.

Yeh kahaan ki dosti hai keh bane hain dost naasih,
Koi chaara saaz hota, koi ghamgusaar hota.

Gham agarche jaan gusal hai, pe kahaan bachen ke dil hai,
Gham-e-ishq gar na hota, gham-e-rozgaar hota.

Kahun kis se main ke kya hai, shab-e-gham buri bala hai,
Mujhe kya bura tha marna agar ek baar hota.

Hue mar ke ham jo ruswa, hue kyon na gharq-e-darya,
Na kabhi janaaza uthta, no kahin mazaar hota.

غالبؔ

اُسے کون دیکھ سکتا، کہ یگانہ ہے وہ یکتا
جو دُوئی کی بُو بھی ہوتی، تو کہیں دوچار ہوتا

یہ مسائلِ تصوّف، یہ ترا بیان غالبؔ
تجھے ہم ولی سمجھتے، جو نہ بادہ خوار ہوتا

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Who can behold him? He is singularly unique,
Had there been a shade of duality, Him you might have seen.
Your concerns so mystic, inimitable your style,
You would be a prophet, Ghalib, but for your wine.

Use kaun dekh sakta, ke yagaana hai woh yakta,
Jo dui ki bu bhi hoti to kahin do chaar hota.
Yeh masaail-e-tasawaf, yeh tera bayaan Ghalib,
Tujhe ham wali samjhte jo na baada khwaar hota.

غالب

دردِ منّت کشِ دوا نہ ہُوا
مَیں نہ اچھا ہُوا بُرا نہ ہوا

جمع کرتے ہو کیوں رقیبوں کو؟
اک تماشا ہُوا گِلا نہ ہوا

ہم کہاں قسمت آزمانے جائیں
تو ہی جب خنجر آزما نہ ہُوا

کتنے شیریں ہیں تیرے لب کہ رقیب
گالیاں کھا کے بے مزا نہ ہُوا

ہے خبر گرم ان کے آنے کی
آج ہی گھر میں بوریا نہ ہُوا

کیا وہ نمرود کی خدائی تھی
بندگی میں مرا بھلا نہ ہُوا

جان دی، دی ہوئی اسی کی تھی
حق تو یہ ہے کہ حق ادا نہ ہُوا

زخم گر دَب گیا لہُو نہ تھما!
کام گر رُک گیا روا نہ ہُوا

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

My pain would reckon no potion,
I didn't heal, I wasn't worse.

Why do you collect my rivals?
Why turn my complaint into a public show?

Where can I go to meet my fate,
When you refuse to draw your sword?

So sweet are your lips that my rival,
Was not repulsed by your reproach.

The word is afloat, he comes to-day,
Not a mat to offer do I have, to-day.

Was it the world of God or Nimrod?
Unrequited my worship lay.

My life was His trust, to Him I return it,
I haven't, in sooth, redeemed my trust.

The wound, though masked, continued to bleed,
The plan, when thwarted, revived not again.

Dard mannat kash-e-dawa na hua,
Main na achha hua bura na hua.

Jama karte ho kyon rakibon ko?
Ek tamasha hua gila na hua.

Ham kahaan kismat aazmaane jaaen,
Tu hi jab khanjar aazmaa na hua.

Kitne shirin hai tere lab ke raqib,
Gaaliyan khake be maza na hua.

Hai khabar garam unke aane ke,
Aaj hi ghar mein boria na hua.

Kya woh Namrod ki khudaai thi,
Bandgi mein mera bhala na hua.

Jaan di, di hui usi ki thi,
Haq to yeh hai ke haq ada na hua.

Zakhm gardab gaya, lahu na thama,
Kaam gar ruk gaya rawa na hua.

غالبؔ

رہزنی ہے کہ دلستانی ہے
لے کے دِل دلستاں رَوانہ ہُوا
کچھ تو کہیے کہ لوگ کہتے ہیں
آج غالبؔ غزل سَرا نہ ہُوا

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Is it heart-plagiary, or open waylaying?
My love has eloped with my heart.

Come out, come out, the people say,
Ghalib hasn't sung his *ghazal* to-day.

Rahzani hai ke dilstaani hai,
Le ke dil dilstaan rawaana hua.

Kuchh to kahiye ke log kahte hain,
Aaj Ghalib ghazalsara na hua.

غالب

پھر مجھے دیدۂ تر یاد آیا
دِل جگر تشنۂ فریاد آیا

دم لیا تھا نہ قیامت نے ہنوز
پھر ترا وقتِ سفر یاد آیا

سادگی ہائے تمنّا یعنی
پھر وہ نیرنگِ نظر یاد آیا

زندگی یوں بھی گذر ہی جاتی
کیوں ترا راہ گذر یاد آیا

کیا ہی رضواں سے لڑائی ہوگی
گھر ترا خُلد میں گر یاد آیا

پھر ترے کوچہ کو جاتا ہے خیال
دِلِ گم گشتہ مگر یاد آیا

کوئی ویرانی سی ویرانی ہے
دشت کو دیکھ کے گھر یاد آیا

مَیں نے مجنوں پہ لڑکپن میں اسد
سنگ اُٹھایا تھا کہ سر یاد آیا

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

I again recall those tearful eyes,
My complaining heart is brimming again.

Hardly had the doom receded,
When the thought of your parting rose again.

How naive is my desire!
I again crave that tantalizing face.

This life, somehow, would have passed,
Why did I seek your favoured path?

What a fight with Ruzwaan I'll pick,
If in Eden your house I miss.

My thought flies to your street again,
Again I remember my long-lost heart.

How bewildering the desolation!
Sight of the wilds reminds of home.

In boyhood, Asad, at Majnun's head,
I had aimed a stone, when I thought of my own.

Phir mujhe dida-e-tar yaad aaya,
Dil jigar tishna-e-faryaad aaya.

Dam liya tha na qayamat ne hanuz,
Phir tera waqt-e-safar yaad aaya.

Saadgi haae tamanna yaani,
Phir woh nairang-e-nazr yaad aaya.

Zindagi yun bhi guzar hi jaati,
Kyon tera rahguzar yaad aaya.

Kya hi Ruzwan se larai hogi,
Ghar tera khuld mein gar yaad aaya.

Phir tere kuche ko jata hai khayaal,
Dil-e-gum gashta magar yaad aaya.

Koi viraani si viraani hai,
Dasht ko dekh ke ghar yaad aaya.

Main ne majnun pe larkpan mein Asad,
Sang uthaaya tha ke sar yaad aaya.

غالبؔ

آہ کو چاہیے اک عمر اثر ہونے تک
کون جیتا ہے تری زلف کے سر ہونے تک

دام ہر موج میں ہے حلقۂ صد کامِ نہنگ
دیکھیں کیا گزرے ہے قطرہ پہ گہر ہونے تک

عاشقی صبر طلب اور تمنّا بے تاب
دِل کا کیا رنگ کروں خونِ جگر ہونے تک

ہم نے مانا کہ تغافل نہ کرو گے لیکن
خاک ہو جائیں گے ہم تم کو خبر ہونے تک

پرتوِ خور سے ہے شبنم کو فنا کی تعلیم
مَیں بھی ہوں اک عنایت کی نظر ہونے تک

یک نظر بیش نہیں فرصتِ ہستی غافل
گرمیِ بزم ہے اک رقصِ شرر ہونے تک

غمِ ہستی کا اسدؔ کس سے ہو جز مرگ علاج
شمع ہر رنگ میں جلتی ہے سحر ہونے تک

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

It takes an age for a sigh to bear fruit,
Who lives long enough to vanquish your locks?

A hundred crocodiles lie coiled in the web of every wave,
See what happens to the droplet ere it becomes a pearl.

Love demands patience, desire will not wait,
What hues should my heart reflect, till it bleeds to death?

True, you'd respond without least delay,
But ere you come to know, I'd be no more.

The reflection of the sun heralds the dew-drop's doom,
I too await your kindly glance.

Short is our span, as the twinkling of an eye,
The glamour of the court is but the glimmer of the spark.

Who but death can cure, Asad, the sorrows of this life,
A taper anyway shall burn, right till the dawn.

Aah ko chaahiye ek umr asar hone tak,
Kaun jeeta hai teri zulf ke sar hone tak.

Daam-e-har mauj mein hai halqa-e-sad kaam-e-nihang,
Dekheye kya guzre hai qatra pe guhar hone tak.

Aashqi sabar talab aur tamanna betaab,
Dil ka kya rang karun khun-e-jigar hone tak.

Ham ne maana ke taghaaful na karoge lekin,
Khak ho jaenge ham tum ko khabar hone tak.

Partawe khur se hai shabnam ko fana ki taalim,
Main bhi hun, ek inaait ki nazr hone tak.

Yak nazr besh nahin fursat-e-hasti ghafil,
Garmi-e-bazm hai ek raks-e-sharar hone tak.

Gham-e-hasti ka Asad kis se ho juz marg ilaaj,
Shama har rang mein jalti hai sahar hone tak.

غالب

حیراں ہوں، دل کو روؤں کہ پیٹوں جگر کو میں
مقدور ہو تو ساتھ رکھوں نوحہ گر کو میں
چھوڑا نہ رشک نے کہ ترے گھر کا نام لوں!
ہر اک سے پوچھتا ہوں کہ جاؤں کدھر کو میں؟
جانا پڑا رقیب کے در پر ہزار بار!
اے کاش! جانتا نہ تری رہگذر کو میں
لو وہ بھی کہتے ہیں کہ یہ بے ننگ و نام ہے
یہ جانتا اگر تو لٹاتا نہ گھر کو میں
چلتا ہوں تھوڑی دور ہر اک تیز رو کے ساتھ
پہچانتا نہیں ہوں ابھی راہبر کو میں
خواہش کو احمقوں نے پرستش دیا قرار
کیا پوجتا ہوں اُس بُتِ بیداد گر کو میں
پھر بے خودی میں بھول گیا راہِ کوئے یار
جاتا وگرنہ ایک دن اپنی خبر کو میں
اپنے پہ کر رہا ہوں قیاس اہلِ دہر کا
سمجھا ہوں دلپذیر متاعِ ہنر کو میں

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

To bewail my heart, or curse my innards, I know not what to do,
I fain would retain a mourner, could I but afford.

Forbidden by jealousy to divulge your name,
I merely ask everyone, "Which way should I go?"

A thousand times I had to visit my rival's door,
I wish I had never known your favourite path!

"You are bereft of name or fame," lo! he too thus proclaims,
If I knew, I wouldn't have squandered my assets away.

I go a little while with every running tide,
I do not, as yet, recognize my guide.

The silly folks have confused desire with devotion,
Who says that I adore that dear despot?

Self-engrossed I've again lost track of his lane,
Else I would have gone to inquire about my state.

By my own measure I judge the world when I opine:
Dear is the wealth of art to every human heart.

Hairaan hun dil ko roun ke peetun jigar ko main,
Maqdur ho to saath rakhun nohagar ko main.

Chhora na rashk ne ke tere ghar ka naam lun,
Har ek see puchhta hun ke jaaun kidhar ko main.

Jaana para raqib ke dar par hazaar baar,
Ai kash jaanta na teri rahguzar ko main.

Lo woh bhi kahte hain ke yeh be nang-o-naam hai,
Yeh jaanta agar to lutaata na ghar ko main.

Chalta hun thori dur har ek tez rau ke saath,
Pahchanta nahin hun abhi rahbar ko main.

Khwahish ko ahmqon ne prastish diya qaraar,
Kya pujta hun us but-e-bedaadgar ko main.

Phir be khudi mein bhul gaya raah-e-ku-e-yaar,
Jaata wagarna ek din apni khabar ko main.

Apne pe kar raha hun qayaas ahle-e-dahar ka,
Samjha hun dilpazir mitaa-e-hunar ko main.

غالب

دائم پڑا ہُوا ترے دَر پر نہیں ہوں مَیں
خاک ایسی زندگی پہ کہ پتھر نہیں ہوں مَیں
کیوں گردشِ مدام سے گھبرا نہ جائے دِل
انسان ہوں پیالہ و ساغر نہیں ہوں مَیں
یا رب زمانہ مجھ کو مِٹاتا ہے کس لیے
لوحِ جہاں پہ حرفِ مکرّر نہیں ہوں مَیں
حد چاہیے سزا میں عقوبت کے واسطے
آخر گناہگار ہوں کافر نہیں ہوں مَیں
کس واسطے عزیز نہیں جانتے مجھے
لعل و زمرّد و زر و گوہر نہیں ہوں مَیں
غالبِ وظیفہ خوار ہو دو شاہ کو دُعا
وہ دِن گئے کہ کہتے تھے نوکر نہیں ہوں مَیں

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

I'm not forever lying at your door,
Accursed be this life, I'm not a stone.

Perpetual whirl cannot but unnerve the heart,
A human I am, after all, not a cup or flask.

Why, O Lord, doth the world me obliterate?
I'm not a letter too many on the earthly slate.

The severity of punishment must have a limit,
I am a sinner, after all, not an infidel.

Why don't the folks hold me dear,
I'm not gold or pearl, emerald, or a ruby stone.

Ghalib, you are a pensioner now, bless thou the king,
Gone the days when you said: "I'm not employed."

Daayam para hua tere dar par nahin hun main,
Khaak aisi zindagi pe ke pathhar nahin hun main.

Kyon gardash-e-madaam se ghabra na jaae dil,
Insaan hun payala-o-saaghar nahin hun main.

Yaarab zamana mujhko mitaata hai kis liye,
Loh-e-jahaan pe harf-e-mukrarar nahin hun main.

Had chaahiye saza mein aqubat ke waaste,
Aakhir gunahgaar hun kaafir nahin hun main.

Kis waaste aziz nahin jaante mujhe,
Lal-o-zamuraad-o-zar-o-gohar nahin hun main.

Ghalib wazifa khwaar ho, do shah ko dua,
Woh din gaye ke kahte the "Naukar nahin hun main."

غالب

سب کہاں کچھ لالہ و گل میں نمایاں ہو گئیں
خاک میں کیا صورتیں ہوں گی کہ پنہاں ہو گئیں

یاد تھیں، ہم کو بھی رنگا رنگ بزم آرائیاں
لیکن اب نقش و نگارِ طاقِ نسیاں ہو گئیں

تھیں بنات النّعشِ گردوں دن کو پردے میں نہاں
شب کو اُن کے جی میں کیا آئی کہ عریاں ہو گئیں

سب رقیبوں سے ہے ناخوش پر زنانِ مصر سے
ہے زلیخا خوش کہ محوِ ماہِ کنعاں ہو گئیں

جوئے خوں آنکھوں سے بہنے دو کہ ہے شامِ فراق
میں یہ سمجھوں گا کہ شمعیں دو فروزاں ہو گئیں

ان پری زادوں سے لیں گے خلد میں ہم انتقام
قدرتِ حق سے اگر حوریں یہی واں ہو گئیں

نیند اس کی ہے دماغ اس کا ہے راتیں اس کی ہیں
تیری زلفیں جس کے بازو پر پریشاں ہو گئیں

مَیں چمن میں کیا گیا گویا دبستاں کھُل گیا
بلبلیں سُن کر مرے نالے غزل خواں ہو گئیں

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Some have emerged as tulips and roses, whither are the rest?
What beauteous forms lie concealed beneath the shroud of dust!

I too revelled in colourful sessions in days of yore,
But now they only emblazon oblivion's dim alcove.

The starry Pleiades in the sky lay hid during the day,
What came upon them at night, why stripped they lay?
Displeased with all her rivals, but with the Egyptian dames,
Who fell for her moon-like lover, Zuleikha is pleased amain.

Let blood stream down my eyes on this parting night,
I'll think that a pair of lamps have suddenly come alight.

In paradise we'll take revenge on these fairy dames,
If they change to houris, by the grace of God.

Enviable his sleep, his pride, enviable his nights,
On whose shoulder recline your dishevelled locks.

I stepped into the garden, and a choir burst forth,
My wails, methinks, set the nightingales atrill.

Sab kahaan kuchh lala-o-gul mein numaayan ho gayen,
Khak mein kya suraten hongi ke pinhaan ho gayen.

Yaad theen ham ko bhi ranga-rang bazm aaraayan,
Lekin ab naqsh-o-nigaar-e-taaq-e-nisian ho gayen.

Thi binaat-ul-naash-e-gardun din ko parde mein nihan,
Shab ko unke ji mein kya aai ke urian ho gayen.

Sab raqibon se hai na khush par zanaan-e-misar se
Hai Zuleikha khush ke mahw-e-maah-e-kinaan ho gayen.

Ju-e-khun aankhon se bahne do ke hai shaam-e-firaq,
Main yeh samjhunga ke shamen do farozaan ho gayen.

In parizaadon se lenge khuld mein ham intqaam,
Qudrat-e-haq se agar huren yehi waan ho gayen.

Neend uski hai, dimagh uska hai, raaten uski hain,
Teri zulfen jiske baazu par pareshaan ho gayen.

Main chaman mein kya gaya goya dabistaan khul gaya,
Bulbulen sun kar mere naale ghazalkhwaan ho gayen.

غالبِ

یَں گیا بھی واں تو اُن کی گالیوں کا کیا جواب
یاد تھیں جتنی دعائیں صرفِ درباں ہو گئیں

جانفزا ہے بادہ جس کے ہاتھ میں جام آ گیا
سب لکیریں ہاتھ کی گویا رگِ جاں ہو گئیں

ہم موحّد ہیں، ہمارا کیش ہے ترکِ رسوم
مِلّتیں جب مٹ گئیں اجزائے ایماں ہو گئیں

رنج سے خوگر ہُوا انساں تو مِٹ جاتا ہے رنج
مشکلیں اتنی پڑیں مجھ پر کہ آساں ہو گئیں

یونہی گر روتا رہا غالبؔ تو اے اہلِ جہاں
دیکھنا اِن بستیوں کو تم کہ ویراں ہو گئیں

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Even if I visit him, how to answer his reproach?
All the blessings that I knew were lavished on the guard.

Life-giving is wine, the hand that holds the cup,
Finds all its lines to the line of life converged.

Believers in one God, rituals we renounce,
Creeds, when dissolved, merge into one Faith.

When one is used to sorrow, sorrow loses its sting,
So many hardships have I borne, I find them hard no more.

If Ghalib keeps wailing thus, O my fellow men!
You'll find these habitats rendered desolate.

Main gaya bhi waan to unki gaalion ka kya jawaab,
Yaad theen jitni duaaen sarf-e-darbaan ho gayen.

Jaanfaza hai baada jiske haath mein jaam aa gaya,
Sab lakiren haath ki goya rag-e-jaan ho gayen.

Ham mwahid hain hamaara kesh hai tark-e-rasum,
Millaten jab mit gayen ijzaae imaan ho gayen.

Ranj se khu gar hua insaan to mit jaata hai ranj,
Mushkalen itni parin mujh par ke aasan ho gayen.

Yunhi gar rota raha Ghalib to ai ahl-e-jahaan,
Dekhna in bastiyon ko tum ke viraan ho gayen.

غالبؔ

دِل ہی تو ہے نہ سنگ و خشتِ درد سے بھر نہ آئے کیوں ؟
روئیں گے ہم ہزار بار، کوئی ہمیں ستائے کیوں ؟

دَیر نہیں ، حرم نہیں ، در نہیں ، آستاں نہیں
بیٹھے ہیں رہگزر پہ ہم غیر ہمیں اٹھائے کیوں ؟

جب وہ جمالِ دلفروز صورتِ مہرِ نیم روز
خود ہی ہو نظارہ سوز پردے میں مُنہ چھپائے کیوں ؟

دشنۂ غمزۂ جانستاں ناوکِ نازِ بے پناہ
تیرا ہی عکسِ رُخ سہی سامنے تیرے آئے کیوں ؟

قیدِ حیات و بندِ غم اصل میں دونوں ایک ہیں
موت سے پہلے آدمی غم سے نجات پائے کیوں ؟

حُسن اور اُس پہ حُسنِ ظن ، رہ گئی بوالہوس کی شرم
اپنے پہ اعتماد ہے ، غیر کو آزمائے کیوں ؟

واں وہ غرورِ عزّ و ناز ، یاں یہ حجابِ پاسِ وضع
راہ میں ہم مِلیں کہاں ؟ بزم میں وہ بُلائے کیوں ؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

'Tis heart, not brick or stone, why can't it swell with grief?
Cry I shall a thousand times, if someone tortures me.

It's not a shrine or a harem, a threshold, or a door,
When I squat in thoroughfare, who can bid me away?

Why should that enchanting beauty, like the mid-day sun ablaze,
Hide herself behind the veil, when none at her can gaze?

Deadly the daggers of your glance, relentless your beauty's darts,
Even though it be your image, how dare it look you in the face?

The doom of life and the den of care are, in fact, self-same things,
How can man be rid of sorrow, ere he ends his term of life?

Fair is my love, and aware of this, so lust is saved embarrassment,
Beauty that is self-assured, need not put others to test.

There pride of place and state, thought of decorum here demurs,
How can we meet in thoroughfare, why should I invited be?

Dil he to hai na sang-o-khisht, dard se bhar na aae kyon,
Roenge ham hazaar baar, koi hamen sataae kyon?

Der nahin, haram nahin, dar nahin, aastaan nahin,
Bethe hain rahguzar pe ham ghair hamen uthaae kyon?

Jab woh jamaal-e-dilfiroz, surat-e-mehr-e-nim roz,
Khud hi ho nazzaara soz, parde mein munh chhipai kyon?

Dishna-e-ghamaza jaansataan, naawak-e-naaz be panaah,
Tera hi aks-e-rukh sahi, saamne tere aaye kyon?

Qaid-e-hayaat-o-band-e-gham asal mein dono ek hain,
Maut se pahle aadmi gham se nijaat paae kyon?

Husn aur us pe husn-e-zan, rah gayi bul hawas ki sharm,
Apne pe atmaad hai ghair ko aazamaae kyon?

Waan woh gharur-e-azz-o-naaz, yaan yeh hijaab—e-paas-e-waza,
Raah mein ham milen kahaan, bazam mein woh bulaae kyon?

غالبِ

ہاں وہ نہیں خُدا پرست جاؤ وہ بے وفا سہی!
جس کو ہو دِین و دِل عزیز اس کی گلی میں جائے کیوں؟
غالبِ خستہ کے بغیر کون سے کام بند ہیں؟
روئیے زار زار کیا؟ کیجیے ہائے ہائے کیوں؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

She's not godly, I accept, what matters if she faithless is?
Why should you visit her lane, if you care for heart and faith?

Nothing is going to stop if hapless Ghalib ceases to be,
Why must you weep so loud, why must you wail?

Haan woh nahin Khuda parast, jaao woh bewafa sahi,
Jisko ho din-o-dil aziz uski gali mein jaae kyon.

Ghalib-e-khasta ke baghair, kaunse kaam band hain,
Roeye zaar zaar kya, kkijeye hai hai kyon?

غالبؔ

کسی کو دے کے دل کوئی نوا سنجِ فغاں کیوں ہو؟
نہ ہو جب دِل ہی سینے میں تو پھر مُنہ میں زباں کیوں ہو؟

وہ اپنی خُو نہ چھوڑیں گے، ہم اپنی وضع کیوں بدلیں
سُبک سَر بن کے کیا پوچھیں کہ "ہم سے سرگراں کیوں ہو؟"

کِیا غم خوار نے رُسوا، لگے آگ اِس محبّت کو!
نہ لاوے تاب جو غم کی وہ میرا رازداں کیوں ہو؟

وفا کیسی؟ کہاں کا عِشق؟ جب سر پھوڑنا ٹھہرا
تو پھر اے سنگدل تیرا ہی سنگِ آستاں کیوں ہو؟

قفس میں مجھ سے رودادِ چمن کہتے نہ ڈر ہمدم!
گِری ہے جس پہ کل بجلی وہ میرا آشیاں کیوں ہو؟

یہ فتنہ آدمی کی خانہ ویرانی کو کیا کم ہے؟
ہوئے تم دوست جس کے دشمن اس کا آسماں کیوں ہو؟

یہی ہے آزمانا تو ستانا کِس کو کہتے ہیں
عدو کے ہو لیے جب تم تو میرا امتحاں کیوں ہو؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Having given your heart away, why must you bewail?
When the heart no longer throbs, why should the tongue complain?

He would not shed his airs, I shan't my self-esteem,
Why should I stoop to ask, "What makes you cross?"

He came to sympathise, but caused my disrepute,
Why be my confidant, if you cannot brook the pain?

What love, what faith? If one has but to bang one's head,
Why should, O stone-heart, be it at your door?

Shrink not from telling, O friend, this caged bird your tale,
Why has it to be my nest where lightning fell yesterday?

'Tis calamity enough for the undoing of a man,
He who has you as his friend, needs no celestial foe.

If this is trial, what is torture?
When you are pledged to the rival, why test my faith?

Kisi ko deke dil koi nawasanj-e-fughaan kyon ho,
Na ho jab dil hi seene mein to phir munh mein zabaan kyon ho?

Woh apni khu na chhorenge, ham apni waza kyon badlen,
Subak sar ban ke kya puchhen ke ham se sargraan kyon ho?

Kiya ghamkhwaar ne ruswa lage aag is mahabbat ko,
Na laave taab jo gham ki woh mera raazdaan kyon ho?

Wafa kaisi, kahaan ka ishq, jab sar phorna thahra,
To phir ai sangdil tera hi sange-e-aastaan kyon ho?

Qafas mein mujh se rudaad-e-chaman kahte na dar hamdam,
Giri hai jis pe kal bijli woh mera aashian kyon ho?

Yeh fitna aadmi ki khaana viraani ko kya kam hai,
Hue tum dost jiske, dushman uska aasman kyon ho?

Yehi hai aazmaana to sataana kisko kahte hain,
Adu ke ho liye jab tum to mera imtahaan kyon ho?

غالبِ

غلط ہے جذبِ دل کا شِکوہ، دیکھو جرم کِس کا ہے
نہ کھینچو گر تم اپنے کو کشاکش درمیاں کیوں ہو؟
نکالا چاہتا ہے کام کیا طعنوں سے تو غالبِ!
ترے بے مہر کہنے سے، وہ تجھ پر مہرباں کیوں ہو؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Censure not my yearning, you too are to blame,
If you but stop resisting, all conflict will go.

What shall you gain, Ghalib, by resorting to sarcasm?
How can your unkind words draw a kind response?

Ghalat hai jazb-e-dil ka shikwa, dekho juram kiska hai,
Na kheincho gar tum apne ko, kashaakash darmian kyon ho?

Nikaala chahta hai kaam kya taanon se tu Ghalib,
Tere be mehr kahne se woh tujh par mehrbaan kyon ho?

غالب

رہیے اَب ایسی جگہ چل کر، جہاں کوئی نہ ہو
ہم سخن کوئی نہ ہو اور ہم زباں کوئی نہ ہو

بے در و دیوار سا اک گھر بنایا چاہیے
کوئی ہمسایہ نہ ہو اور پاسباں کوئی نہ ہو

پڑیے گر بیمار تو کوئی نہ ہو تیماردار
اور اگر مر جایئے تو نوحہ خواں کوئی نہ ہو

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

I now wish to live at a lonesome place,
With none to converse, none to communicate.

I would build a house without a door or a wall,
There shouldn't be a neighbour, there wouldn't be a watch.

If I fall sick, none should come to tend,
And none to mourn, if I depart.

Raheye ab aisi jaga chal kar jahaan koi na ho,
Ham sukhan koi na ho aur hamzabaan koi na ho.

Be dar-o-diwar sa ek ghar banaaya chaaheye,
Koi hamsaaya na ho aur paasbaan koi na ho.

Pareye gar bimaar to koi na ho timaar daar,
Aur agar mar jaaeye to noha khwaan koi na ho.

غالبؔ

عشق مجھ کو نہ سہی، وحشت ہی سہی
میری وحشت تیری شہرت ہی سہی
قطع کیجے نہ تعلق ہم سے
کچھ نہیں ہے، تو عداوت ہی سہی
میرے ہونے میں ہے کیا رسوائی؟
اے وہ مجلس نہیں، خلوت ہی سہی
ہم بھی دشمن تو نہیں ہیں اپنے
غیر کو تجھ سے محبت ہی سہی
عمر ہر چند کہ ہے برق خرام
دل کے خوں کرنے کی فرصت ہی سہی
ہم کوئی ترکِ وفا کرتے ہیں
نہ سہی عشق مصیبت ہی سہی
ہم بھی تسلیم کی خو ڈالیں گے
بے نیازی تری عادت ہی سہی
یار سے چھیڑ چلی جائے اسدؔ
گر نہیں وصل تو حسرت ہی سہی

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

My love is not love, but frenzy, agreed,
My frenzy, let thy glory be.

Sever not your link with me,
If naught else, let enmity be.

Why does my presence embarrass you?
Call me alone, if not in company.

Grant, my rival loves you deep,
Nevertheless, I am not your foe.

Life, though brief like lightning flash,
Is enough to bleed one's heart to death.

Have I thought of abandoning love?
What, if love an ordeal be?

I too will learn humble submission,
Indifference— your nature be.

Keep on coaxing your love, Asad,
If not union, let longing be.

Ishq mujh ko na sahi, wahshat hi sahi,
Meri wahshat teri shohrat hi sahi.

Qata kijeye na taalluq ham se,
Kuchh nahin hai to adaawat hi sahi.

Mere hone mein hai kya ruswaai?
Ai woh majlis nahin, khilwat hi sahi.

Ham bhi dushman to nahin hain apne,
Ghair ko tujhse mahabbat hi sahi.

Umar harchand ke hai barq khiraam,
Dil ke khun karne ki fursat hi sahi.

Ham koi tark-e-wafa karte hain!
Na sahi ishq musibat hi sahi.

Ham bhi taslim ki khu dalen ge,
Be nyaazi teri aadat hi sahi.

Yaar se chher chali jaae Asad,
Gar nahin wasal to hasrat hi sahi.

غالبؔ

تسکین کو ہم نہ روئیں جو ذوقِ نظر ملے
حوورانِ خلد میں تری صورت مگر ملے

اپنی گلی میں مجھ کو نہ کر دفن بعدِ قتل
میرے پتے سے خلق کو کیوں تیرا گھر ملے

ساقی گری کی شرم کرو آج ورنہ ہم
ہر شب پیا ہی کرتے ہیں مے جس قدر ملے

تجھ سے تو کچھ کلام نہیں لیکن اے ندیم!
میرا سلام کہیو اگر نامہ بر ملے

تم کو بھی ہم دکھائیں گے مجنوں نے کیا کیا
فرصت کشاکشِ غمِ پنہاں سے گر ملے

لازم نہیں کہ خضر کی ہم پیروی کریں
مانا کہ اک بزرگ ہمیں ہم سفر ملے

اے ساکنانِ کوچۂ دلدار دیکھنا
تم کو کہیں جو غالبِ آشفتہ سر ملے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Why should I grumble if I get what I crave,
Among the houris of heaven I should but find your face.

Bury me not in your lane after I'm slain,
Why should others find your house from my burial place?

Uphold thy grace, Saqi, liberally serve to-day,
Though we drink each night whatever little we get.

With you I've no quarrel, my friend, but if perchance,
You meet the courier of my missive, give him my salaam.

I too will show what Majnun did; but let me
Have relief from the gnawing griefs.

We are not bound to follow Khizr, though we do accept,
That a veteran traveller met us on the way.

Ye dwellers in my sweetheart's street, see, if perchance,
Ghalib, the moon-struck, somewhere you descry.

Taskin ko ham na roen jo zauq-e-nazr mile,
Huraan-e-khuld mein teri surat magar mile.

Apni gali mein mujhko na kar dafan baad-e-qatal,
Mere pate se khalaq ko kyon tera ghar mile?

Sáqi gari ki sharm karo aaj warna ham,
Har shab piya hi karte hain, mai jis qadar mile.

Tujh se to kuchh kalaam nahin lekin ai nadim!
Mera salaam kaheyo agar naama bar mile

Tum ko bhi ham dikhaenge Majnun ne kya kiya,
Fursat kashaakash-e-gham-e-pinhaan se gar mile.

Laazim nahin ke khizar ki ham pairwi karen,
Maana ke ek bazurg hamen ham safar mile.

Ai saaknaan-e-kucha-e-dildaar dekhna,
Tum ko kahin jo Ghalib-e-aashufta sar mile.

غالِب

کوئی اُمید بَر نہیں آتی
کوئی صورت نظر نہیں آتی
موت کا ایک دِن معیّن ہے
نیند کیوں رات بھر نہیں آتی
آگے آتی تھی حالِ دِل پہ ہنسی
اَب کسی بات پر نہیں آتی
جانتا ہُوں ثوابِ طاعت و زُہد
پر طبیعت اِدَھر نہیں آتی
ہے کچھ ایسی ہی بات جو چُپ ہُوں
ورنہ کیا بات کر نہیں آتی
داغِ دل گر نظر نہیں آتا
بو بھی اے چارہ گر نہیں آتی
ہم وہاں ہیں جہاں سے ہم کو بھی
کچھ ہماری خبر نہیں آتی

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

All my hopes stand belied,
No prospect is in sight!

Death will come when it will come,
Why comes not sleep at night?

I once could laugh at the state of my heart,
But nothing can make me laugh to-day.

To pray and penance is good, I know,
But my mind is not disposed this way.

There must be something that holds my tongue,
Not that I know not how to speak.

If you can't see my scalded heart,
Can't you, O healer, smell the burn?

I am in that oblivious state,
A stranger to myself where I am.

Koi umeed bar nahin aati,
Koi surat nazr nahin aati.

Maut ka ek din maayen hai,
Neend kyon raat bhar nahin aati?

Aage aati thi haal-e-dil pe hansi,
Ab kisi baat par nahin aati.

Jaanta hun sawaab-e-taait-o-zuhd,
Par tabiat idhar nahin aati.

Hai kuch aisi hi baat jo chup hun,
Warna kya baat kar nahin aati.

Daagh-e-dil gar nazr nahin aata,
Bu bhi ai chaaragar nahin aati?

Ham wahaan hain jahaan se ham ko bhi,
Kuchh hamaari khabar nahin aati.

غالِب

مَرتے ہیں آرزو میں مرنے کی
موت آتی ہے پَر نہیں آتی
کعبہ کِس مُنہ سے جاؤ گے غالِب!
شرم تم کو مگر نہیں آتی!

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

I am dying to meet my death,
Death doth come, but not if willed.

Do you have the face to visit Kaaba?
Ghalib, you are brazen-faced!

Marte hain aarzoo mein marne ki,
Maut aati hai par nahin aati.

Kaaba kis munh se jaoge Ghalib,
Sharm tum ko magar nahin aati!

غالبؔ

دلِ ناداں تجھے ہوا کیا ہے؟
آخر اس درد کی دوا کیا ہے؟

ہم ہیں مشتاق اور وہ بیزار
یا الٰہی یہ ماجرا کیا ہے؟

میں بھی مُنہ میں زبان رکھتا ہوں
کاش پوچھو کہ مدّعا کیا ہے؟

جب کہ تجھ بن نہیں کوئی موجود
پھر یہ ہنگامہ اے خدا کیا ہے؟

یہ پری چہرہ لوگ کیسے ہیں؟
غمزہ و عشوہ و ادا کیا ہے؟

شکنِ زُلفِ عنبریں کیوں ہے؟
نگہِ چشمِ سُرمہ سا کیا ہے؟

سبزہ و گُل کہاں سے آئے ہیں؟
ابر کیا چیز ہے ہوا کیا ہے؟

ہم کو ان سے وفا کی ہے اُمّید
جو نہیں جانتے وفا کیا ہے؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

What ails thee, my silly heart?
What balm for your ache, at last?

I adore him, he repels,
What's the matter, O my Lord?

I too have a tongue, I too can speak,
Would that you ask, what I crave!

When none apart from you exists,
Why this struggle and alarm, O God?

What sort are these fairy-faced folk?
What these glances, graces, airs?

Why fragrant locks, coil on coil?
And what this antimonial glance?

Whence have sprung the verdure and bloom?
What is a cloud, what the breeze?

I expect fidelity from him,
Who knows not what fidelity means.

Dil-e-naadaan tujhe hua kya hai?
Aakhir is dard ki dawa kya hai?

Ham hain mushtaaq aur woh be-zaar,
Ya Ilahi yeh maajra kya hai?

Main bhi munh mein zabaan rakhta hun,
Kaash puchho ke mudaa kya hai?

Jab ke tujh bin koi nahin maujud,
Phir yeh hangaama ai Khuda kya hai?

Yeh pari chehra log kaise hain,
Ghamza-e-ushwa-o-adaa kya hai?

Shikan-e-zulf-e-ambrin kyon hai?
Nigaah-e-chashm-e-surma sa kya hai?

Sabza-o-gul kahaan se aae hain,
Abar kya cheez hai, hawa kya hai?

Ham ko un se wafa ki hai umed,
Jo nahin jaante wafa kya hai.

غالِب

ہاں بھلا کر ترا بھلا ہوگا
اور درویش کی صدا کیا ہے؟
جان تجھ پر نثار کرتا ہوں
مَیں نہیں جانتا دعا کیا ہے؟
مَیں نے مانا کہ کچھ نہیں غالِب
مفت ہاتھ آئے تو بُرا کیا ہے؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

"Do good, and thou shalt be blessed!"
This is all a darvesh can say.

Here I give my life for you,
What else is prayer, I do not know.

Agreed, Ghalib, it's a trivial thing,
What harm if it can be had for naught?

Haan bhala kar tera bhala hoga,
Aur darvesh ki sada kya hai?

Jaan tum par nisaar karta hun,
Main nahin jaanta dua kya hai.

Main ne maana ke kuchh nahin Ghalib,
Muft hath aae to bura kya hai?

غالبِ

ظلمت کدہ میں میرے شبِ غم کا جوش ہے
اک شمع ہے دلیلِ سحر، سو خموش ہے

نے مژدۂ وصال نہ نظّارۂ جمال
مدّت ہوئی کہ آشتیٔ چشم و گوش ہے

مے نے کیا ہے حسنِ خود آرا کو بے حجاب
اے شوق! یاں اجازتِ تسلیم ہوش ہے

گوہر کو عقدِ گردنِ خوباں میں دیکھنا
کیا اوج پر ستارۂ گوہر فروش ہے

دیدار بادہ، حوصلہ ساقی، نگاہ مست
بزمِ خیال میکدۂ بے خروش ہے

قطعہ

اے تازہ واردانِ بساطِ ہوائے دل
زنہار گر تمھیں ہوسِ نائے و نوش ہے
دیکھو مجھے جو دیدۂ عبرت نگاہ ہو
میری سنو جو گوشِ نصیحت نیوش ہے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

The night of sorrow surges free in my chamber dark,
Extinguished lies the taper, the only herald of morn.

No word from him for long, nor a glimpse of his face,
For once my eyes and ears live in full accord.

Self-adorning beauty lies stripped by wine,
My fond heart, you, too, can abandon self-control.

Behold the pearl proudly dangling around the beauteous neck,
How resplendent shines the jeweller's lucky star!

The wine of vision, hand of grace, eyes deep-drunk,
The session of thoughts is a tavern sans turmoil.

Qita

O, ye novices to the sensuous feast,
Beware the pleasures of song and wine.

Behold me with discerning eyes,
Hearken me with heedful ears.

Zulmat kadah mein mere shab-e-gham ka josh hai,
Ek shama hai dalil-e-sahar, so khamosh hai.

Nai muzhda-e-wisaal, na nazzaara-e-jamaal,
Muddat hui ke aashti-e-chashm-o-gosh hai.

Mai ne kiya hai husn-e-khud aara ko behijaab,
Ai shauq! yaan ijaazat-e-taslim-e-hosh hai.

Gohar ko aqd-e-gardan-e-khubaan mein dekhna,
Kya auj par sataar-e-gohar farosh hai.

Didar baada, hausla saqi, nigah mast,
Bazm-e-khayaal maikada-e-be kharosh hai.

Qita

Ai taaza waardaan-e-basaat-e-hawaae dil!
Zinhaar agar tumhen hawas-e-nae-o-nosh hai.

Dekho mujhe jo dida-e-ibrat nigah ho,
Meri suno jo gosh-e-nasihat neosh hai.

غالبِ

ساقی بہ جلوہ دُشمنِ ایمان و آگہی
مطرب، بہ نغمہ، رہزنِ تمکین و ہوش ہے
یا شب کو دیکھتے تھے کہ ہر گوشۂ بساط
دامانِ باغبان و کفِ گل فروش ہے
لُطفِ خرامِ ساقی و ذوقِ صدائے چنگ
یہ جنّتِ نگاہ، وہ فردوسِ گوش ہے
یا صبح دم جو دیکھیے آ کر تو بزم میں!
نے وہ سرور و سوز، نہ جوش و خروش ہے
داغِ فراقِ صحبتِ شب کی جلی ہوئی
اک شمع رہ گئی ہے سو وہ بھی خموش ہے
آتے ہیں غیب سے یہ مضامیں خیال میں
غالبِ صریرِ خامہ نوائے سروش ہے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Beauty destroys your faith and sense,
The song your wits and peace waylays.

Every niche of the court lies bedecked at night,
Like a gardener's hem, like a florist's palm.

Beauty strutting with grace, music loud and long,
What a paradisal fare both for eyes and ears!

With the dawn of day, desolate lies the court,
Sans ecstasy, sans felicity, sans stir or sound.

Singed with the grief of parting, a taper
Alone survives— that too expunged!

These thoughts, Ghalib, are heaven-sent,
My pen is the scribe of the voice of gods.

Saqi bajalwa dushman-e-imaan-o-aagahi,
Mutrib banaghma, rahzan-e-tamkin-o-hosh hai.

Ya shab ko dekhte the ke har gosha-e-basaat,
Daamaan-e-baaghbaan-o-kaf-e-gulfrosh hai.

Lutf-e-khiram-e-saqi-o-zauq-e-sadaae chang,
Yeh jannat-e-nigah, woh firdos-e-gosh hai.

Ya subahdam jo dekheye aakar to bazm mein,
Nai woh sarur-o-soz, na josh-o-kharosh hai.

Daagh-e-firaq-e-suhbat-e-shab ki jali hui,
Ek shama rah gayi hai so woh bhi khamosh hai.

Aate hain ghaib se yeh mazaamin khayaal mein,
Ghalib sarir-e-khaama nawaae sarosh hai.

غالبِ

بازیچۂ اطفال ہے دُنیا مِرے آگے
ہوتا ہے شب و روز تماشا مِرے آگے

اک کھیل ہے اورنگِ سلیماں مِرے نزدیک
اِک بات ہے اعجازِ مسیحا مِرے آگے

جُز نام نہیں صورتِ عالم مجھے منظور
جز وہم نہیں ہستیٔ اشیا مِرے آگے

ہوتا ہے نہاں گرد میں صحرا مِرے ہوتے
گھِستا ہے جبیں خاک پہ دریا مِرے آگے

سچ کہتے ہو خود بین و خود آرا ہوں، نہ کیوں ہوں؟
بیٹھا ہے بُتِ آئینہ سیما مِرے آگے

پھر دیکھیے اندازِ گلفشانیٔ گفتار
رکھ دے کوئی پیمانۂ صہبا مِرے آگے

ایمان مجھے روکے ہے تو کھینچے ہے مجھے کفر
کعبہ مِرے پیچھے ہے کلیسا مِرے آگے

خوش ہوتے ہیں پر وصل میں یوں مر نہیں جاتے
آئی شبِ ہجراں کی تمنّا مِرے آگے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

To me this world is a children's fair,
A play goes on 'fore me all day and night.

The throne of Suleman is a plaything to me,
The miracles of Christ are oft-told tales.

The world exists only in name,
Illusory—all material things.

The desert hides itself in dust as I approach,
The river flows prostrate rubbing its brow on earth.

True, I am self-conscious, self-adorning; why not,
When I behold a beauty as perfect as mirror?

Set before me a draught of wine, should you like to see,
The blossoming of my tongue, the beauty of my speech.

Faith holds me back, heresy goads me on,
Kaaba stands behind me, pantheon ahead.

Men rejoice at union, but do they ever die?
Lo, I pay with life for the desire of the parting night.

Baazeecha-e-itfaal hai duniya mere aage,
Hota hai shab-o-roz tamasha mere aage.

Ek khel hai aurang-e-Suleman mere nazdik,
Ek baat hai ajaz-e-Masiha mere aage.

Juz naam nahin surat-e-aalam mujhe manzur,
Juz waham nahin hasti-e-ashia mere aage.

Hota hai nihan gard mein sahra mere hote,
Ghista hai jabin khaak pe darya mere aage.

Sach kahte ho khud bin-o-khud aara hun, na kyon hun,
Baitha hai but-e-aaina seema mere aage.

Phir dekheye andaaz-e-gulfshaani-e-guftaar,
Rakh de koi paimana-e-sahba mere aage.

Imaan mujhe roke hai to kheinche hai mujhe kufr,
Kaaba mere peechhe hai, kalisa mere aage.

Khush hote hain par wasal mein yun mar nahin jaate,
Aie shab-e-hijran ki tamanna mere aage.

غالبؔ

گو ہاتھ میں جُنبش نہیں آنکھوں میں تو دَم ہے
رہنے دو ابھی ساغر و مِینا مِرے آگے

ہَم پیشہ و ہَم مشرب و ہَمراز ہے میرا
غالبؔ کو بُرا کہتے ہو، اچھّا مِرے آگے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Though life has fled my hands, it still flickers in the eyes,
Let the flask and goblet stay on in front of me.

He shares my faith, he has my trust, is partner of my trade,
How dare you denounce Ghalib, right to my face?

Go haath mein jumbish nahin, aankhon mein to dam hai,
Rahne do abhi saghar-o-meena mere aage.

Ham pesha-o-ham mashrab-o-ham raaz hai mera,
Ghalib ko bura kahte ho, achha mere aage.

غالبِ

ابنِ مریم ہُوا کرے کوئی
میرے دُکھ کی دوا کرے کوئی

شرع و آئین پر مدار سہی
ایسے قاتل کا کیا کرے کوئی

چال جیسے کڑی کمان کا تیر
دِل میں اَیسے کے جا کرے کوئی

بات پر واں زبان کٹتی ہے
وہ کہیں اور سُنا کرے کوئی

بک رہا ہوں جنوں میں کیا کیا کچھ
کچھ نہ سمجھے خدا کرے کوئی

نہ سُنو گر بُرا کہے کوئی
نہ کہو گر بُرا کرے کوئی

روک لو گر غلط چلے کوئی
بخش دو گر خطا کرے کوئی

کون ہے جو نہیں ہے حاجت مند
کِس کی حاجت روا کرے کوئی

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Bootless to me the miracles of Christ,
Unless someone cures my ache.

Law and scripture could sure be invoked,
But an assassin like him is beyond their pale.

Sharp is my love like a shooting dart,
Who can carve a place in his heart!

To ope your lips is to lose your tongue,
He alone will speak, others must hear.

O, how I prate in frenzied state,
Let none grasp my meaning, Lord!

Hear not if evil someone speaks,
Retaliate not if evil someone does.

Restrain the man who goes astray,
Forgive, if someone is at fault.

Find me the man who is needy not,
Who can cater to everyone's need?

Ibn-e-Miriam hua kare koi,
Mere dukh ki dawa kare koi.

Shara-o-aaen par madaar sahi,
Aise qaatil ka kya kare koi.

Chaal jaise kari kamaan ka tir,
Dil mein aise ke ja kare koi.

Baat par waan zabaan kat-ti hai,
Woh kahen aur suna kare koi.

Bak raha hun janoon mein kya kya kuchh,
Kuchh na samjhe khuda kare koi.

Na suno gar bura kahe koi,
Na kaho gar bura kare koi.

Rok lo gar ghalat chale koi,
Bakhsh do gar khata kare koi,

Kaun hai jo nahin hai haajitmand,
Kis ki haajit rawa kare koi.

غالِب

کیا کیا خِضر نے سکندر سے
اب کِسے رہنما کرے کوئی
جب توقّع ہی اُٹھ گئی غالِب
کیوں کِسی کا گِلا کرے کوئی؟

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

What did Khizr do for Alexander?
Who should now one take for a guide?
When all expectation is shed, Ghalib,
Why should one of others complain?

Kya kiya Khizr ne Sikander se,
Ab kise rahnuma kare koi.
Jab tawaqqu hi uth gaye Ghalib,
Kyon kisi ka gila kare koi.

غالبِ

ہزاروں خواہشیں ایسی کہ ہر خواہش پہ دم نکلے
بہت نکلے مرے ارمان لیکن پھر بھی کم نکلے
نکلنا خُلد سے آدم کا سنتے آئے تھے لیکن
بہت بے آبرو ہو کر ترے کوچے سے ہم نکلے
مگر لکھوائے کوئی اس کو خط تو ہم سے لکھوائے
ہوئی صبح اور کان پر دھر کر قلم نکلے
ہوئی جن سے توقع خستگی کی داد پانے کی
وہ ہم سے بھی زیادہ خستۂ تیغِ ستم نکلے
محبت میں نہیں ہے فرق جینے اور مرنے کا
اُسی کو دیکھ کر جیتے ہیں جس کافر پہ دم نکلے
کہاں میخانہ کا دروازہ غالب اور کہاں واعظ
پر اتنا جانتے ہیں، کل وہ جاتا تھا کہ ہم نکلے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Thousands of desires, tantalizing one and all,
Many a wish have I realized; yet I yearn for more.

Oft have we heard about Adam's exile from Eden,
Humiliating much more was my exit from your door.

Who wants a letter written out to him, me he should approach,
Every morn I step from home, sticking a pen behind my ear.

Those I thought would sympathise with my wretched state,
Turned out to be the victims of even a harsher fate.

There is little difference in life and death when we are in love,
The same infidel sustains our life, for whom we pine to die.

The preacher and the tavern door are things wide apart,
Yet yesterday I saw him enter, as I was coming out.

Hazaaron khwaashen aisi ke har khwahish pe dam nikle,
Bahut nikle mere armaan, lekin phir bhi kam nikle.

Nikalna khuld se aadam ka sunte aae the lekin,
Bahut be aabroo ho kar tere kuche se ham nikle.

Magar likhwae koi usko khat to ham se likhwae,
Hui subah aur kaan par dhar kar qalam nikle.

Hui jin se tawaqqu khastgi ki daad paane ki,
Woh ham se bhi zayada khasta-e-teg-e-sitam nikle.

Mahabbat mein nahin hai farq jeene aur marne ka,
Usi ko dekh kar jeete hain, jis kaafir pe dam nikle.

Kahaan maikhana ka darwaaza Ghalib, aur kahaan waiz,
Par itna jante hain kal woh jaata tha ke ham nikle.

غالِب

مدّت ہوئی ہے یار کو مہماں کئے ہوئے
جوشِ قدح سے بزم چراغاں کئے ہوئے

کرتا ہوں جمع پھر، جگرِ لخت لخت کو
عرصہ ہوا ہے دعوتِ مژگاں کئے ہوئے

پھر وضع احتیاط سے رُکنے لگا ہے دَم
برسوں ہوئے ہیں چاک گریباں کئے ہوئے

پھر پرسشِ جراحتِ دل کو چلا ہے عشق
سامانِ صد ہزار نمکداں کئے ہوئے

پھر بھر رہا ہے خامۂ مژگاں بخونِ دِل
سازِ چمن طرازیٔ داماں کئے ہوئے

دل پھر طوافِ کوئے ملامت کو جائے ہے
پندار کا صنم کدہ ویراں کئے ہوئے

پھر شوق کر رہا ہے خریدار کی طلب
عرضِ متاعِ عقل و دل و جاں کئے ہوئے

پھر چاہتا ہوں نامۂ دلدار کھولنا
جاں نذرِ دلفریبیٔ عنواں کئے ہوئے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

I haven't hosted my friend for long,
Nor held a feast ablaze with wine.

I gather together the bits of my heart,
To feast my eyelashes, athirst for long.

The curbs of convention choke my breath,
For long I haven't rent my cloak.

Equipped with loads of salt for balm,
There goes love to physic my wounded heart.

With eyelashes for brush, the blood of heart for dye,
I'm ready to paint florals on my skirt.

Deserting the edifice of self-esteem,
I set out again for the street of reproach.

Desire is awatch for a buyer again,
Offering its heart and soul and sense.

Charmed by its fascinating contents,
I long to re-open the letter of my love.

Muddat hui hai yaar ko mehmaan kiye hue,
Josh-e-qadah se bazm chiraaghan kiye hue.

Karta hun jama phir jigar-e-lakht lakht ko,
Arsa hua hai dawat-e-mizhgaan kiye hue.

Phir waza-e-ahtiaat se rukne laga hai dam,
Barson hue hain chaak grebaan kiye hue.

Phir pursash-e-jarraahat-e-dil ko chala hai ishq,
Samaan-e-sad hazaar-e-namakdaan liye hue.

Phir bhar raha hai khaama-e-mizhgan bakhun-e-dil,
Saaz-e-chaman tarazi-e-daamaan kiye hue.

Dil phir tawaaf-e-kue malaamat ko jaae hai,
Pindaar ka sanam kadah viraan kiye hue.

Phir shauq kar raha hai kharidaar ki talab,
Arz-e-mita-e-aqal-o-dil-o-jaan kiye hue.

Phir chahta hun naama-e-dildaar kholna,
Jaan nazr-e-dilfrebi-e-unwaan kiye hue.

غالبؔ

مانگے ہے پھر کسی کو لبِ بام پر ہوس
زلفِ سیاہ رُخ پہ پریشاں کیے ہوئے
چاہے ہے پھر کسی کو مقابل میں آرزو
سرمہ سے تیز دشنۂ مژگاں کیے ہوئے
اِک نو بہارِ ناز کو تاکے ہے پھر نگاہ
چہرہ فروغِ مے سے گلستاں کیے ہوئے
پھر جی میں ہے کہ در پہ کسی کے پڑے رہیں
سر زیرِ بارِ منّتِ درباں کیے ہوئے
جی ڈھونڈتا ہے پھر وہی فرصت کہ رات دِن
بیٹھے رہیں تصوّرِ جاناں کیے ہوئے
غالبؔ ہمیں نہ چھیڑ کہ پھر جوشِ اشک سے
بیٹھے ہیں ہم تہیۂ طوفاں کیے ہوئے

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

Lust on roof-top is looking for its prey,
Her sable locks spread on her face.

Desire is itching for a duel again,
With daggers of her glances, collyrium-tipped.

A fresh, blooming beauty my eyes crave,
A face flushed and flowering, all aglow with wine.

I wish to lie again at someone's door,
Deeply in debt to the gateman's grace.

I long again for the leisure of yore,
To dream and dream of my sweetheart.

Provoke me not, Ghalib, I am brimming with tears,
Ready at a touch, to unleash a flood.

Maange hai phir kisi ko lab-e-baam par hawas,
Zulf-e-siah rukh pe pareshan kiye hue.

Chahe hai phir kisi ko muqaabil mein aarzoo,
Surma se tez dashna-e-mizhgan kiye hue.

Ek nau bahaar-e-naaz ko taake hai phir nigah,
Chehra farogh-e-mai se gulistaan kiye hue.

Phir ji mein hai ke dar pe kisi ke pare rahen,
Sar zer-e-baar-e-mannat-e-darbaan kiye hue.

Ji dhundta hai phir wohi fursat ke raat din,
Baithe rahen tasawar-e-jaanaan kiye hue.

Ghalib hamen na chher ke phir josh-e-ashk se,
Baithe hain ham tahaya-e-tufaan kiye hue.

غالبؔ

پھر اس انداز سے بہار آئی
کہ ہوئے مہر و ماہ تماشائی
دیکھو اے ساکنانِ خطّۂ خاک
اس کو کہتے ہیں عالم آرائی
کہ زمیں ہو گئی ہے سر تا سر
رو کشِ سطحِ چرخِ مینائی
سبزہ کو جب کہیں جگہ نہ ملی
بن گیا رُوئے آب پر کائی
سبزۂ و گُل کو دیکھنے کے لیے
چشمِ نرگس کو دی ہے بینائی
ہے ہوا میں شراب کی تاثیر
بادہ نوشی ہے باد پیمائی
کیوں نہ دُنیا کو ہو خوشی غالبؔ
شاہِ دیندار نے شفا پائی

Asadullah Khan Ghalib

The spring's glorious reign returns,
The sun and moon from heavens watch.

O, ye denizens of this land,
See, the world lies adorned.

The earth from end to end presents,
A challenge to the starry skies.

Pressed for space, the expanding green,
Spreads on water, changed to moss.

To watch the verdure and the bloom,
Narcissus acquires a vigilant eye.

The air has the breath of wine,
Strolling about is getting drunk.

Why shouldn't, Ghalib, the world rejoice?
The saintly king recovers his health.

Phir is andaaz se bahaar aai,
Ke hue mehr-o-mah tamashai.

Dekho ai saaknaan-e-khitta-e-khaak,
Isko kahte hain aalam aarai,

Ke zamin ho gayi hai sar ta sar,
Rokash-e-sata-e-charkh-e-meenai.

Sabza ko jab kahin jagah na mili,
Ban gaya rue aab par kaai.

Sabze-o-gul ke dekhne ke liye,
Chasm-e-nargis ko di hai binaai.

Hai hawa mein sharaab ki taasir,
Baada noshi hai baad-e-paimaai.

Kyon na dunya ko ho khushi Ghalib,
Shah-e-deendar ne shifa paai.

Momin Khan Momin (1801-1852)

MOMIN KHAN MOMIN (1801-1852)

Momin Khan Momin is one of the three great poets of Delhi—the other two being Ghalib and Zauq— whose poetry enlivened the hopes and hearts of people in the dying days of the Moghul empire. It is now generally accepted that Momin ranks higher than Zauq, but lower than Ghalib as a poet. Momin's central theme is love— love real and earthy, of which he had a rich personal experience, for he is said to have had a number of love affairs with a succession of women. Momin was a tall, handsome, fair-complexioned youth, belonging to a respectable family of physicians (*Unani Hakims*). He was, in fact, a physician in his own right, though not as well-known as his father or uncle. His interests included, besides poetry and medicine, astrology, chess-playing, and music. By virtue of his profession and position, he had easy access to the society of women, some of whom, it would appear, could not resist his personal charms. His poetry contains a frank and faithful record of his emotional experiences. His *ghazals* are remarkable for the delicacy of thought, flight of imagination, and sincerity of sentiment. His love poetry is free from mystical or Platonic pretensions.

Momin sought poetical advice and guidance first from Nasikh, and then from Mir Taqi Mir. Out of the two, Mir influenced him the most, and he has written many *ghazals* in the metres and manner of Mir. But Momin is not an imitator of Mir: he has a fresh, individual style, natural, conversational, musical. Ghalib is said to have been mightily impressed by one of his couplets:

تم مرے پاس ہوتے ہو گویا
جب کوئی دوسرا نہیں ہوتا

I feel as if you are with me,
When company I have none.

This couplet is a fine example of the subtlety of thought and simplicity of expression.

Another peculiarity of Momin's *ghazals* is the continuity of thought and theme, which continuity he seems to have acquired from his long practice in writing *masnavis*. For, besides writing *ghazals*, Momin has written about half-a-dozen *masnavis* — autobiographical narrative poems, describing in some detail the poet's romantic attachments, and

the attendant complex of contradictory emotions. He has also written *marsias* (elegies), mourning the deaths of his mistresses, but he had no aptitude for satire or panegyric. Like Mir, Momin was a sensitive, self-respecting man, averse to flattery. Unlike Ghalib or Zauq, Momin enjoyed a fair measure of economic security, and was in no need of patronage from high places. This must have strengthened his independence of spirit and thought.

Momin had a perfect command of Urdu, Persian and Arabic. He had made a deep study of the Quran, and had also, it is learnt, renounced, under the influence of Syed Ahmed Barelvi and the movement for Islamic reform, all earthly delights towards the end of his life. One wonders, however, what sort of a convert Momin would have made at the end of a rich and colourful career. The concluding couplet of one of his *ghazals* correctly sums up his position in this regard:

عُمر ساری تو کٹی عشقِ بُتاں میں مومن
آخری وقت میں کیا خاک مسلماں ہوں گے

Kneeling to the idols, Momin, you have spent your life,
How futile to turn a Muslim when your end arrives!

His death occurred following an accident. He fell from the roof of his house and broke his arm and shoulder. Immediately after the accident, he predicted, on the basis of astrological calculations, that he would die either in five days, or five months, or five years, after the date of the accident. His prediction came true for he died exactly five months after the accident at the age of 51. His funeral was attended by a large and distinguished gathering, which included Shefta and Ghalib.

مومن خاں مومن

ڈر تو مجھے کس کا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا
پر حال یہ افشا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

ناصح یہ گلہ ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا
تو کب میری سنتا ہے کہ میں کچھ نہیں کہتا

کچھ غیر سے ہونٹوں میں کہے ہے یہ جو پوچھو
تو وہ ہیں مکرتا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

ناصح کو جو چاہوں تو ابھی ٹھیک بنا دوں
پر خوف خدا کا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

چپکے سے ترے ملنے کا گھر والوں میں تیرے
اس واسطے چرچا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

اے چارہ گرو قابلِ درماں نہیں یہ درد
ورنہ مجھے سودا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

Momin Khan Momin

Do I fear anyone, that I don't speak a word?
My secret is so public, I don't speak a word.

Why complain, O preacher, I don't speak a word?
As if you ever heed me! I don't speak a word.

He murmurs something to the rival, but if I ask,
He makes a quick denial, "I don't speak a word."

I can set the preacher right, right now if I want,
But for fear of God, I don't speak a word.

If your people talk about our secret rendezvous,
It's because so far I don't speak a word.

My pain, O physician, is beyond a cure,
Have I lost my wits else that I don't speak a word?

Dar to mujhe kiska hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta,
Par haal yeh afsha hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Naseh yeh gila hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta,
Tu kab meri sunta hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Kuchh ghair se honton mein kahe hai pe jo puchho,
To wohin mukarta hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Naseh ko jo chahun to abhi thik bana dun,
Par khauf Khuda ka hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Chupke se tere milne ka ghar waalon mein tere,
Is waaste charcha hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Ai chaaragaro qabil-e-darmaan nahin yeh dard,
Warna mujhe sauda hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

مومن

ہر وقت ہے دُشنام ہر اک بات پہ طعنہ
پھر اُس پہ بھی کہتا ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

مومن بخُدا سِحر بیانی کا جبھی تک
ہر ایک کو دعویٰ ہے کہ مَیں کچھ نہیں کہتا

Momin Khan Momin

Forever doth he rebuke me, forever doth he taunt,
On top of it complains, I don't speak a word.

The claim of poetic eloquence which everyone doth flaunt,
By God, Momin, will sound hollow if I speak a word.

Har waqt hai dushnaam, har ek baat pe taana,
Phir is pe bhi kahta hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

Momin ba-Khuda sihar bayani ka jabhi tak,
Har ek ko daawa hai ke main kuchh nahin kahta.

مومن

شبِ غمِ فرقت ہمیں کیا کیا مزے دکھلائے تھا
دَم رُکے تھا سینے میں کمبخت جی گھبرائے تھا
بل بے عیّاری عُدو کے آگے وہ پیماں شکن
وعدۂ وصل آج پھر کرتا تھا اور شرمائے تھا
سُن کے میری مرگ بولے مر گیا اچھا ہوا
کیا بُرا لگتا تھا جس دم سامنے آجائے تھا
بات شب کو اس کے منع بے قراری سے بڑھی
ہم تو سمجھے اور کچھ وہ اور کچھ سمجھائے تھا
کوئی دن تو اس پہ کیا تصویر کا عالم رہا
ہر کوئی حیرت کا پُتلا دیکھ کر بن جائے تھا
سُوئے صحرا لے چلے اس کُو سے میری نعش ہائے
تھا یہی ڈر ان دِنوں تلوار مرا کھجلائے تھا
ہو گئی دو روز کی الفت میں کیا حالت ابھی
مومنِ وحشی کو دیکھا اس طرف سے جائے تھا

Momin Khan Momin

What rare delights on parting night had fallen to my lot,
A choking within the breast I felt, a sinking of the heart.

Hats off to such dissembling! 'fore the rival that promise-breaker,
Reaffirmed the promise to meet, blushing all the while.

Hearing about my death he said,"Good riddance, he's dead,
How discomfited I felt whenever we chanced to meet!"

The situation grew worse at night when he counselled patience,
I took it in one sense, he in another.

For some days he seemed to breathe the grace of a painted face,
Whoever looked at him stood transfixed, amazed.

They are carrying my corpse, alas! from his street to the wilds,
This, indeed, I feared, I had a stinging sole.

A couple of days in love, and what a plight!
We have seen Momin, the maniac, walk past this way.

Shab-e-gham-e-furqat hamen kya kya maze dikhlae tha,
Dam ruke tha seene mein kambakht ji ghabrae tha.

Bal be ayyaari adu ke aage woh paiman shikan,
Wada-e-wasal phir karta tha aur sharmae tha.

Sun ke meri marg bole, "mar gaya achha hua,
Kya bura lagta tha jis dam saamne aajae tha."

Baat shab ko uske mana-e-beqaraari se barhi,
Ham to samjhe aur kuchh, woh aur kuchh samjhae tha.

Koi din to us pe kya tasvir ka aalam raha,
Har koi hairat ka putla dekh kar ban jaae tha.

Sue sahra le chale us koo se meri naash, haae!
Tha yehi dar in dinon, talwa mera khujlae tha.

Ho gayi do roz ki ulfat mein kya haalat abhi,
Momin-e-wahshi ko dekha is taraf se jaae tha.

مومن

جلتا ہوں ہجرِ شاہد و یادِ شراب میں
شوقِ ثواب نے مجھے ڈالا عذاب میں

کہتے ہیں تم کو ہوش نہیں اضطراب میں
سارے گلے تمام ہوئے اک جواب میں

پھیلی شمیمِ یار مرے اشکِ سُرخ سے
دل کو غضب فشار ہوا پیچ و تاب میں

رہتے ہیں جمع کوچۂ جاناں میں خاص و عام
آباد ایک گھر ہے جہانِ خراب میں

بدنام میرے گریۂ رُسوا سے ہو چکے
اب عذر کیا رہا نگہِ بے حجاب میں

مطلب کی جستجو نے یہ کیا حال کر دیا
حسرت بھی اب نہیں دلِ ناکامیاب میں

ناکامیوں سے کام رہا عمر بھر ہمیں
پیری میں یاس ہے جو ہوس تھی شباب میں

ناصح ہے عیب جوئے دلِ آزار اس قدر
گویا ثواب ہے سخنِ ناصواب میں

Momin Khan Momin

Sans love, sans wine, I find myself aflame,
My desire for heaven has landed me in hell.

"You've lost your wits," he says, "you are so perturbed!"
This reply was sufficient to silence my complaints!

My ruddy tear exhales the fragrance of my friend,
What a churning of the heart my inner stir has caused!

The high and low crowd together in my love's street,
It's the only bustling place on this barren heath.

When you stand imputed with my tears tell-tale,
Why then hesitate to throw off your veil?

Chasing selfish ends has brought me to a state,
That not a single desire doth my heart suspire.

Failures have dogged me all through my life,
The despair of age was yearning in youth.

The preacher has a passion for censure and spite,
Believes that a harsh tongue implies moral good.

Jalta hun hijr-e-shaahid-o-yaad-e-sharaab mein,
Shauq-e-sawaab ne mujhe dala azaab mein.

Kahte hain tum ko hosh nahin iztraab mein,
Saare gile tamaam hue ek jawaab mein.

Phaili shamim-e-yaar mere ashk-e-surkh se,
Dil ko ghazab fishaar hua pech-o-taab mein.

Rahte hain jama kucha-e—jaanaan mein khaas-o-aam,
Aabaad ek ghar hai jahaan-e-kharaab mein.

Badnaam mere girya-e-ruswa se ho chuke,
Ab uzar kya raha nigah-e-be hijaab mein.

Matlib ki justjoo ne yeh kya haal kar diya,
Hasrat bhi ab nahin dil-e-nakaamyaab mein.

Naakaamion se kaam raha umr bhar hamen,
Piri mein yass hai jo hawas thi shabaab mein.

Naseh hai aib jooe-wa dil aazar isqadar,
Goya sawaab hai sakhun-e-na sawaab mein.

مومن

کیا جلوے یاد آئے کہ اپنی خبر نہیں
بے بادہ مست ہوں میں شبِ ماہتاب میں
پیہم سجود پائے صنم پر دمِ وداع
مومن خدا کو بھول گئے اضطراب میں

Momin Khan Momin

What festal scenes my mind recalled that drugged down my sense,
Drunk am I without a drink on this moonlit night!

Lo! at the dying hour he kneels at his idol's feet,
Momin has forsaken God in his agitation.

Kya jalwe yaad aae ke apni khabar nahin,
Be baada mast hun main shab-e-mahtaab mein.

Paiham sajud paae sanam par dam-e-widaa,
Momin Khuda ko bhul gaye iztraab mein.

مومن

وہ جو ہم میں تم میں قرار تھا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
وہی وعدہ یعنی نِباہ کا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
وہ جو لطف مجھ پہ تھے پیشتر وہ کرم کہ تھا مِرے حال پر
مجھے سب ہے یاد ذرا ذرا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
وہ نئے گِلے وہ شکایتیں وہ مزے مزے کی حکایتیں
وہ ہر اک بات پہ روٹھنا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
ہوئے اتّفاق سے گر بہم تو وفا جتانے کو دَم بَدم
گلۂ ملامتِ اقربا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
کوئی بات ایسی گر ہوئی کہ تمھارے جی کو بُری لگی
تو بیاں سے پہلے ہی بھولنا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
کبھی ہم میں تم میں بھی چاہ تھی کبھی ہم میں تم میں بھی راہ تھی
کبھی ہم بھی تم بھی تھے آشنا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
وہ بگڑنا وصل کی رات کا وہ نہ ماننا کِسی بات کا
وہ نہیں نہیں کی ہر آن ادا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو
جسے آپ گِنتے تھے آشنا جسے آپ کہتے تھے باوفا
مَیں وہی ہوں مومنِ مبتلا تمھیں یاد ہو کہ نہ یاد ہو

Momin Khan Momin

The pledge that you and I had made, you may or mayn't recall,
The pledge, that is, to love till death, you may or mayn't recall.

The joys once bestowed on me, those kindnesses galore,
I remember every bit, you may or mayn't recall.

Those new complaints, grumblings new, those delicious tales,
That getting cross without a cause, you may or mayn't recall.

If chanced we to get together, to reaffirm our faith,
How we complained of our unkind kin , you may or mayn't recall.

If there was aught that annoyed your heart,
I always let it go unsaid, you may or mayn't recall.

We too had once each other loved, and frequently did meet,
We too were once intimate, you may or mayn't recall.

Your getting cross on the union night, spurning all my pleas,
Your insistent "no" to everything, you may or mayn't recall.

Whom you counted as your friend, faithful whom you thought,
I am the same suffering Momin, you may or mayn't recall.

Who jo ham mein tum mein qaraar tha tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho,
Wohi waada yaani nibah ka, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Woh jo lutf mujh pe the peshtar, woh karam ke tha mere haal par,
Mujhe sab hai yaad zara zara, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Woh naye gile who shikayaten, woh maze maze ki hikayaten,
Woh har ek baat pe ruthna, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Hue ittfaq se gar baham, to wafa jataane ko dambadam,
Gila-e-malaamat-e-aqraba, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Koi baat aisi gar hui, ke tumhare ji ko buri lagi,
To bayaan se pahle hi bhulna, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Kabhi ham mein tum mein bhi chah thi, kabhi ham mein tum mein bhi rah thi,
Kabhi ham bhi tum bhi the aashna, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Woh bigarna wasal ki raat ka, woh na maanana kisi baat ka,
Woh nahin, nahin ki har aan ada, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

Jise aap ginte the aashna, jise aap kahte the ba-wafa,
Main wohi hun Momin-e-mubtala, tumhen yaad ho ke na yaad ho.

مومن

اعجازِ جاں وہی ہے ہمارے کلام کو
زندہ کیا ہے ہم نے مسیحا کے نام کو

لکھو سلام غیر کے خط میں غلام کو
بندے کا بس سلام ہے ایسے سلام کو

اب شور ہے مثال جو دی اُس خرام کو
یوں کون جانتا تھا قیامت کے نام کو

آتا ہے بہرِ قتل وہ دُور اے ہجومِ یاس
گھبرا نہ جائے دیکھ کہیں ازدہام کو

گو آپ نے جواب بُرا ہی دیا وَلے
مجھ سے بیاں نہ کیجئے عدو کے پیام کو

یاں وصل ہے تلافیٔ ہجراں میں اے فلک
کیوں سوچتا ہے تازہ ستم انتقام کو

سُن سُن کے نادرست تری خو بگاڑ دی
ہم نے خراب آپ کیا اپنے کام کو

Momin Khan Momin

My verse has the power to revive the dead,
I have resurrected the name of Christ.

Is that the way to send your wishes, through the rival's missive?
For such cold courtesies, I thank you from afar.

But for my use of the term to suggest her deadly charms,
Who was even acquainted with such a thing as "doom"?

There he comes to slay me, be hence ye dense despairs,
Lest he be unnerved sighting such a crowd.

Granted, you gave a harsh reply to the rival's note,
But pray, tell me not what he had conveyed.

The bliss of union is separation's recompense,
Why plan, O heavens, a new torment for me!

Bearing with your wrongs, I've spoiled your ways,
Mine is the fault if now I am undone.

Aijaaz-e-jan dahi hai hamare kalaam ko,
Zinda kiya hai ham ne Masiha ke naam ko.

Likho salaam ghair ke khat mein ghulaam ko,
Bạnde ka bas salaam hai aise salaam ko.

Ab shor hai masaal jo di us kharaam ko,
Yun kaun jaanta tha qayaamat ke naam ko.

Aata hai bahr-e-qatl woh dur ai hajum-e-yaas,
Ghabra na jae dekh kahin azdahaam ko.

Go aap ne jawaab bura hi diya wale,
Mujh se bayaan na kijeye adu ke payaam ko.

Yaan wasal hai talaafi-e-hijraan mein ai falak,
Kyon sochta hai taaza sitam intqaam ko.

Sun sun ke na darust teri khu bigaar di,
Ham ne kharaab aap kiya apne kaam ko.

مومن

اُس سے جلا کے غیر کو اُمیدِ پختگی
لگ جائے آگ دل کے خیالاتِ خام کو
مُدّت سے نام سنتے تھے مومن کا بارے آج
دیکھا بھی ہم نے اس شعرا کے امام کو

Momin Khan Momin

Accursed be my shallowness, if I expect,
By maligning my rival, to win over my love.

For long we heard the name of Momin, luckily at last,
We have actually seen that poet of poets, to-day.

Us se jala ke ghair ko umed-e-pukhtagi,
Lag jaae aag dil ke khayaalaat-e-khaam ko.

Muddat se naam sunte the Momin ka baare aaj,
Dekha bhi ham ne us shora ke amaam ko.

مومن

دِل بستگی سی ہے کسی زُلفِ دوتا کے ساتھ
پالا پڑا ہے ہم کو خُدا کِس بَلا کے ساتھ

یادِ ہوائے یار نے کیا کیا نہ گُل کِھلائے
آئی چمن سے نکہتِ گُل جب ہَوا کے ساتھ

مانگا کریں گے اب سے دُعا ہجرِ یار کی
آخر تو دُشمنی ہے اثر کو دُعا کے ساتھ

ہے کِس کا انتظار کہ خوابِ عدم سے بھی
ہر بار چونک پڑتے ہیں آوازِ پا کے ساتھ

یارب وصالِ یار میں کیونکر ہو زندگی
نِکلی ہی جان جاتی ہے ہر ہر ادا کے ساتھ

اللہ رے سوزِ آتشِ غم بعدِ مرگ بھی
اُٹھتے ہیں میری خاک سے شعلے ہَوا کے ساتھ

سَو زندگی نثار کروں ایسی موت پر
یوں روئے زار زار تو اہلِ عزا کے ساتھ

دستِ جنوں نے میرا گریباں سمجھ لیا
اُلجھا ہے اُن سے شوخ کے بندِ قبا کے ساتھ

Momin Khan Momin

My heart has got entangled in her plaited locks,
With what a deadly beauty, Lord, I now have to deal!

When the fragrant breeze from the garden blew,
Breezy memories of my friend set my heart abloom.

Henceforth, I'd pray for separation from my love,
Prayer and dispensation are, after all, opposed.

Who is it I am waiting for even in the sleep of death,
At every sound of footfall I suddenly start awake.

Life itself expires in love's dear embrace,
Every gesture of my sweet has the assassin's touch.

Ah, what heat inheres in the fire of grief!
Flames flare up from my grave with every gust of wind.

A hundred lives will I give to die such a death,
To see my love shedding tears, amidst my kith and kin!

Mistaken, my frenzied hand is tugging at her tunic,
So long entwined it lay with collar mine.

Dilbastagi si hai kisi zulf-e-du taa ke saath,
Paala para hai ham ko Khuda kis bala ke saath.

Yaad-e-hawae yaar ne kye kya na gul khilae,
Aai chaman se nikhat-e-gul jab hawa ke saath.

Maanga karenge ab se dua hijar-e-yaar ki,
Aakhir ko dushmani hai asar ko dua ke saath.

Hai kiska intazaar ke khwab-e-adam se bhi,
Har baar chaunk parte hain aawaz-e-pa ke saath.

Yaarab wisal-e-yaar mein kyonkar ho zindagi,
Nikli hi jaan jaati hai har har ada ke saath.

Allah re soz-e-aatish-e-gham baad-e-marg bhi,
Uthte hain meri khaak se shole hawa ke saath.

Sau zindagi nisaar karun aisi maut par,
Yun roe zaar zaar to ahl-e-aza ke saath.

Dast-e-janun ne mera gareban samajh liya,
Uljha hai un se shokh ke band-e-qaba ke saath.

مومن

آتے ہی تیرے چل دئے سب ورنہ یاس کا
کیسا ہجوم تھا دلِ حسرت فزا کے ساتھ

مومن وہی غزل پڑھو شب جس سے بزم میں
آتی تھی لب پہ جاں بہ لب و حبّذا کے ساتھ

Momin Khan Momin

Your arrival has sent them fleeing, otherwise, there was
A swarm of despairs, around my yearning heart.

Momin read that *ghazal* again which yesternight,
Had won from the listeners a soul-stirring applause.

Aate hi tere chal diye sab warna yaas ka,
Kaisa hajum tha dil-e-hasrat faza ke saath.

Momin wohi ghazal parho shab jis se bazm mein,
Aati thi lab pe jaan zah-o-hubda ke saath.

مومن

دفن جب خاک میں ہم سوختہ ساماں ہوں گے
فلسِ ماہی کے گل شمعِ شبستاں ہوں گے

ناوکِ انداز جدھر دیدۂ جاناں ہوں گے
نیم بسمل کئی ہوں گے کئی بے جاں ہوں گے

تابِ نظّارہ نہیں آئینہ کیا دیکھنے دوں
اور بن جائیں گے تصویر جو حیراں ہوں گے

تو کہاں جائے گی کچھ اپنا ٹھکانہ کر لے
ہم تو کل خوابِ عدم میں شبِ ہجراں ہوں گے

کر کے زخمی مجھے نادم ہوں یہ ممکن ہی نہیں
گر وہ ہوں گے بھی تو بے وقت پشیماں ہوں گے

ایک ہم ہیں کہ ہوئے ایسے پشیماں کہ بس
ایک وہ ہیں کہ جنھیں چاہ کے ارماں ہوں گے

ہم نکالیں گے سُن اے موجِ ہوا بل تیرا
اُس کی زلفوں کے اگر بال پریشاں ہوں گے

منّتِ حضرتِ عیسیٰ نہ اُٹھائیں گے ہم
زندگی کے لیے شرمندۂ احساں ہوں گے

Momin Khan Momin

When we, the destitute, shall be buried in dust,
Nettles for tapers will bedeck our graves.

Wheresoever my love shoots the shafts of her eyes,
There you'll find many dead, many half-alive.

I won't give her a mirror, she can't bear to look,
Statue-like will she gaze, by her image dazed.

Make provision for thyself, where will you go?
I, O parting night, in the lap of death shall sleep.

Wound me she must, repent but never,
Too late will she repent, if repent at all.

Here am I, repentant through and through,
Yet there are those who fondly yearn for love!

Mind you, O gust of wind, we'll set you right,
If you dare to ruffle the locks of my love.

Never will I seek a favour from Jesus Christ,
Never incur a debt for the sake of life.

Dafan jab khaak mein ham sokhta samaan honge,
Fals-e-maahi ke gul shama-e-shabastaan honge.

Naawak-andaaz jidhar dida-e-jaanaan honge.
Nim bismal kayi honge, kayi be jaan honge.

Taab-e-nazzaara nahin aaina kya dekhne dun,
Aur ban jaenge tasvir jo hairaan honge.

Tu kahan jaegi kuchh apna thikana kar le,
Ham to kal khwab-e-adam mein shab-e-hijraan honge.

Karke zakhami mujhe naadim hon yeh mumkin hi nahin,
Gar woh honge bhi to be-waqt pareshaan honge.

Ek ham hain ke hue aise pashemaan ke bas,
Ek woh hain ke jinhen chaah ke armaan honge.

Ham nikaalenge sun ai mauj-e-hawa bal tera,
Uski zulfon ke agar baal pareshaan honge.

Mannat-e-Hazrat-e-Isah na uthaenge ham,
Zindagi ke liye sharminda-e-ahsaan honge.

مومن

داغِ دل نکلیں گے تربت سے مری. جوں لالہ
یہ وہ اخگر نہیں جو خاک میں پنہاں ہوں گے
چاکِ پردہ سے یہ غمزے ہیں تو اے پردہ نشیں
ایک میں کیا کہ سبھی چاک گریباں ہوں گے
پھر بہار آئی وہی دشت نوردی ہوگی
پھر وہی پاؤں وہی خارِ مغیلاں ہوں گے
سنگ اور ہاتھ وہی سر وہ داغِ جنوں
وہی ہم ہوں گے وہی دشت و بیاباں ہوں گے
عُمر ساری تو کٹی عشقِ بُتاں میں مومن
آخری وقت میں کیا خاک مسلماں ہوں گے

Momin Khan Momin

The scars of my heart will rise as tulips from my grave,
These are not the sparks to lie concealed in dust.

With such glances shot through the tear of thy veil,
Not I alone, O veiled beauty, but all will rend their cloaks.

Again has the spring arrived, wander-lust spurs me again,
The same old feet will tread again, the same old thorny paths.

The same stones, the same hands, the same crazed head,
The same old self, the same old wilds will be again my lot.

Kneeling to the idols, Momin, you have spent your life,
How futile to turn a Muslim when your end arrives!

Daagh-e-dil niklenge turbat se meri yun lala,
Yeh woh akhgar nahin jo khaak mein pinhaan honge.

Chaak-e-parda se yeh ghamze hain to ai parda nashin,
Ek main kya ke sabhi chaak garebaan honge.

Phir bahaar aai wohi dasht nawardi hogi,
Phir wohi paaon wohi khaar-e-mughelaan honge.

Sang aur haath wohi, sar-o-daagh-e-janun,
Wohi ham honge wohi dasht-o-bayabaan honge.

Umr saari to kati ishq-e-butaan mein Momin,
Aakhri waqt mein kya khaak Musalmaan honge.

مومن

مجھ پہ طوفاں اُٹھائے لوگوں نے
مفت بیٹھے بٹھائے لوگوں نے

کر دئیے اپنے آنے جانے کے
تذکرے جائے جائے لوگوں نے

وصل کی بات کب بن آئی تھی
دِل سے دفتر بنائے لوگوں نے

بات اپنی وہاں نہ جمنے دی
اپنے نقشے جمائے لوگوں نے

سُن کے اُڑتی سی اپنی چاہت کی
دونوں کے ہوش اُڑائے لوگوں نے

بِن کہے راز ہائے پنہانی
اُسے کیونکر سُنائے لوگوں نے

کیا تماشا ہے جو نہ دیکھے تھے
وہ تماشے دکھائے لوگوں نے

کر دیا مومن اُس صنم کو خفا
کیا کیا ہائے ہائے لوگوں نے

Momin Khan Momin

People have stormed me with accusations,
Without a cause, without provocation.

Everywhere they have spread,
Stories of our furtive meets.

When was the longing to meet fulfilled?
Folks are fabricating tales.

They didn't let my suit succeed,
And pressed their own claims instead.

Hearing rumours of our love,
They have robbed us of our wits.

How did the people, quite unasked,
Divulge my secrets to my love?

How strange! we are made to see,
The scenes we never saw before.

Momin, they have estranged my love,
What, alas, have the people done!

Mujh pe tufaan uthae logon ne,
Muft baithe bithai logon ne.

Kar diya apne aane jaane ke,
Tazkare jaae jaae logon ne.

Wasal ki baat kab ban aai thi,
Dil se daftar banaae logon ne.

Baat apni wahaan na jamne di,
Apne naqshe jamaae logon ne.

Sun ke urti si apni chaahat ki,
Donon ke hosh uraae logon ne.

Bin kahe raazhaae pinhaani,
Use kyonkar sunaae logon ne.

Kya tamasha hai jo na dekhe the,
Woh tamashe dikhaae logon ne.

Kar diya Momin us sanam ko khafa,
Kya kiya haae haae logon ne.

مَیں احوالِ دل مر گیا کہتے کہتے
تھکے تم نہ بس بس سُنا کہتے کہتے
مجھے چُپ لگی مدّعا کہتے کہتے
رُکے ہیں وہ کیا جانے کیا کہتے کہتے
زباں گنگ ہے عشق میں گوش کر ہے
بُرا سنتے سنتے بھلا کہتے کہتے
شبِ ہجر میں کیا ہجومِ بلا ہے
زباں تھک گئی مرحبا کہتے کہتے
صدا افسوس جاتی رہی وصل کی شب
ذرا ٹھہر اے بے وفا کہتے کہتے
چلے تم کہاں مَیں نے تو دم لیا تھا
فسانہ دلِ زار کا کہتے کہتے
ستم ہائے گردوں مفصّل نہ پوچھو
کہ سر پھر گیا ماجرا کہتے کہتے
نہیں یا صنم مومن اب کفر سے کچھ
کہ خو ہو گئی ہے سدا کہتے کہتے

Momin Khan Momin

I spent myself out telling my tale of woe,
You never tired of saying, "Enough, enough!"

I stopped my tale half-way through, wondering
What made her stop, what she wished to say.

My tongue has turned dumb in love, ears grown deaf,
Speaking nothing but good, hearing nothing but bad.

What a storm of calamities on the parting night!
Fagged out was my tongue, exclaiming "Encore!"

Alas, the night of union went by in vain,
While I kept repeating, "Tarry, O faithless love."

I only paused, I haven't my sorrowful tale closed,
Whither, dear me, do you go?

Tell me not to dilate on the tyrannies of fate,
Crazy have I gone, dwelling on this theme.

It's not apostacy, Momin, when I invoke my idol,
Through sheer force of habit, I repeat her name.

Main ahwaal-e-dil mar gaya kahte kahte,
Thake tum na bas bas suna kahte kahte.

Mujhe chup lag gayi mudaa kahte kahte,
Ruke hain who kya jane kya kahte kahte.

Zhabaan gung hai ishq mein gosh kar hai,
Bura sunte sunte, bhala kahte kahte.

Shab-e-hijar mein kya hajum-e-bala hai,
Zabaan thak gayi marhaba kahte kahte.

Sad afsos jaate rahi wasal ki shab,
Zara thahr ai be-wafa kahte kahte.

Chale tum kahaan main ne to dam liya tha,
Fasana-dil-e-zaar ka kahte kahte.

Sitamhaae gardun mufassal na puchho,
Ke sar phir gaya maajra kahte kahte.

Nahin yaa sanam Momin ab kufr se kuchh,
Ke khu ho gayi hai sada kahte kahte.

مومن

رویا کریں گے آپ بھی پہروں اسی طرح
اٹکا کہیں جو آپ کا دل بھی مری طرح

مرچک کہیں کہ تو غمِ ہجراں سے چھوٹ جائے
کہتے تو ہیں بھلے کی وہ لیکن بری طرح

نے تاب ہجر میں ہے نہ آرام وصل میں
کم بخت دل کو چین نہیں ہے کسی طرح

لگتی ہیں گالیاں بھی ترے منہ سے کیا بھلی
قربان تیرے پھر مجھے کہہ لے اسی طرح

پامال ہم نہ ہوتے فقط جورِ چرخ سے
آئی ہماری جان پہ آفت کئی طرح

نے جائے واں بنے ہے نہ بن جائے چین ہے
کیا کیجئے ہمیں تو ہے مشکل سبھی طرح

ہوں جاں بلب بتانِ ستمگر کے ہاتھ سے
کیا سب جہاں میں جیتے ہیں مومن اسی طرح

Momin Khan Momin

You too shall weep for hours on end, if your
Heart, like mine, somewhere gets entwined.

"Go, kill yourself and the pangs of parting escape,"
What he says is for my good, though 'tis harshly put.

Neither content with parting, nor with union pleased,
My wretched heart is ill-at-ease, whatever the state.

How sweet to me your damning words! Let me hear,
Bless ye; your expletives once again.

The rigours of fate alone couldn't have wrought my ruin,
A hundred other calamities preyed upon my heart.

Go there, I cannot, without going, I pine,
What to do? I know not, I am in a fix, anyway.

Despotic beauties have drained my life away,
Does everyone in the world, Momin, live the way I do?

Roya karenge aap bhi pahron isi tara,
Atka kahin jo aap ka dil bhi meri tara.

Mar chuk kahin ke tu gham-e-hijraan se chhut jaae,
Kahte to hain bhale ki, lekin buri tara.

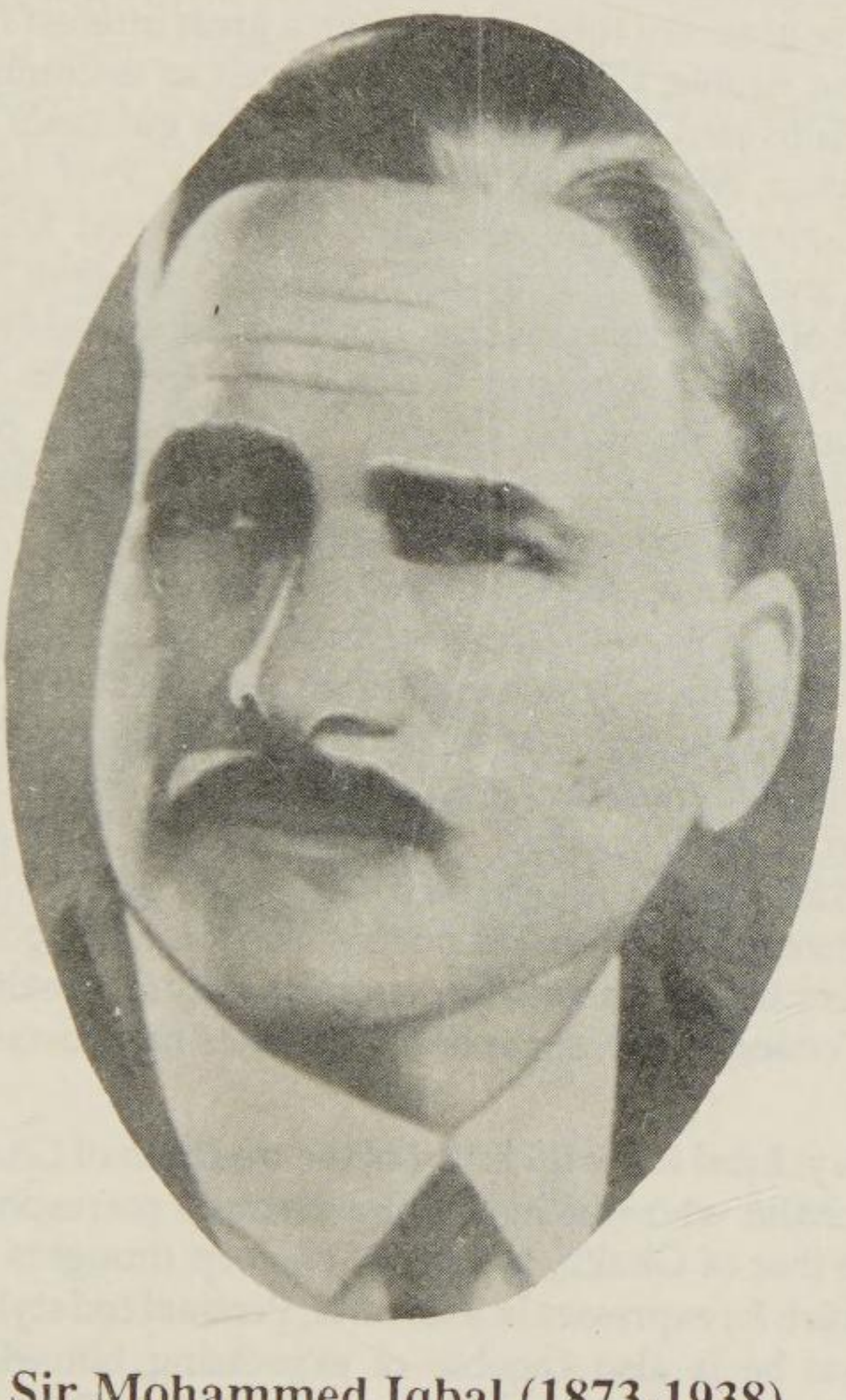
Nai taab hijar mein hai, na aaram wasal mein,
Kambakht dil ko chain nahin hai kisi tara.

Lagti hain gaalian bhi tere munh se kya bhali,
Qurbaan tere phir mujhe kah le isi tara.

Paamaal ham na hote faqt jaur-e-charkh se,
Aai hamaari jaan par aafat kaye tara.

Nai jaae waan bane hai, na bin jaae chain hai,
Kya kijeye hamen to hai mushkil sabhi tara.

Hun jaan balab butaan-e-sitamagar ke haath se,
Kya sab jahaan mein jeete hain Momin isi tara?



Sir Mohammed Iqbal (1873-1938)

SIR MOHAMMED IQBAL (1873-1938)

Dr Sir Mohammed Iqbal was a highly educated poet — M.A. in Philosophy from Punjab, Ph.D. from Germany, Bar-at-Law, and a recipient of several honours, including an honorary D. Litt. from Allahabad university. He was born in Sialkot (now in Pakistan), and stayed for the greater part of his life at Lahore. He also spent three years, from 1905 to 1908, in England and Germany where he had gone for higher studies. While at school Iqbal had shown a great interest in the study of Persian and Arabic, and had also displayed an uncommon gift for poetry. He cultivated these interests under the guidance of a distinguished teacher, Maulvi Mir Hasan of Sialkot. Professor Thomas Arnold of Government College, Lahore, sharpened his interest in philosophy, and Nawab Mirza Khan Dagh of Delhi gave him instruction in the art of poetic composition. However, Iqbal was an instinctive writer. In his inspired moments verses flowed from him as naturally as water from the mountain springs. He possessed a phenomenal memory and had no need to commit his verses to paper immediately. In addition, he was endowed with a deep, resonant voice, which won him special acclaim at *mushairas* and cultural meets. More than the music of his verse, it was his subject matter— patriotic, philosophic, humanistic or Islamic— which made a strong appeal to his audiences. He is an eloquent champion of selfhood, and a singer of the greatness of man. Some of his famous Urdu poems include the Indian national song, "Saare jahan se achcha," "Saqi Nama," and "Shikwa"—a long poem dwelling on the undeserved sufferings of the Muslims, the devout warriors of the Faith. His poetry has a tonic, invigorating effect on the readers; it inspires us to live courageously and realise our inner potential. Consequently, some of his couplets have become popular quotations.

In poetry, Iqbal is the inheritor of the tradition of Ghalib, and not of Dagh Dehalvi who was his mentor through correspondence. His poetry, like that of Ghalib, is a blend of deep thoughts and intense feelings, which he expresses in a forceful, Persianized style. This is not to deny that he is also capable of expressing himself in simple, everyday language, as in his famous poem, "Naya Shivala," or in his *ghazal,* "Sitaron ke aage jahan aur bhi hain" ("There are still other worlds beyond the stars"). Though Iqbal is an indisputable master of the *ghazal,* a bulk of his poetry is in the form of *nazm* — a poem with a single, central theme, logically evolved and developed. Because of his predilection for the *nazm,* some of his *ghazals* too display a *nazm*-like continuity and consistency of thought.

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Iqbal's European visit broadened his vision and exposed him to Western thought and culture, highlighting, by contrast, the strength and weaknesses of the Eastern approach to life. His repeated accent on selfhood and self-realization as against the Eastern insistence on self-suppression and renunciation, may also be seen as a fruit of his Western visit. The breadth and range of his vision is also reflected in the broad spectrum of his subjects; for he has written poems not only on Indian and Islamic themes, but also on world figures as varied as Lenin, Mussolini, Karl Marx, Napoleon and Shakespeare. However, Iqbal was not particularly enamoured of Western culture and civilization. He returned to India with a sense of mission, and a determination to use his poetry as a vehicle of social and political revolution. In his later poetry he projects himself as a voice of the East and a crusader of Islam. He was the first to propound the idea of Pakistan as a separate Muslim state. Those who hold that poetry should eschew moral or political sentiment for the sake of artistic purity will perhaps be disappointed in Iqbal who is essentially a poet with a message—a message fit to be given in poetry for which he had an unusual talent. As he wanted his message to go beyond the boundaries of the Indian subcontinent he switched over, in his later life, to writing poetry in the Persian language in preference to Urdu, which, however, he did not altogether abandon. His Urdu poems are collected in four volumes: "Bang-e-Dara" (1924), "Bal-e-jabreel"(1935), "Zarb-e-Kalim" (1936) and "Armaghan-e-Hejaz" (1938). The *ghazals* selected for translation in this book are picked from the first two volumes.

علّامہ اقبال

جنھیں مَیں ڈھونڈتا تھا آسمانوں میں زمینوں میں
وہ نکلے میرے ظلمت خانۂ دل کے مکینوں میں
اگر کچھ آشنا ہوتا مذاقِ جبہہ سائی سے
تو سنگِ آستانِ کعبہ جا ملتا جبینوں میں
کبھی اپنا بھی نظّارہ کیا ہے تو نے اے مجنوں
کہ لیلیٰ کی طرح تو بھی ہے محمل نشینوں میں
مہینے وصل کے گھڑیوں کی صورت اُڑتے جاتے ہیں
مگر گھڑیاں جُدائی کی گذرتی ہیں مہینوں میں
مجھے رو کے گا تو اے ناخدا کیا غرق ہونے سے
کہ جن کو ڈوبنا ہے ڈوب جاتے ہیں سفینوں میں
جلا سکتی ہے شمع کشتہ موجِ نفس اُن کی
الٰہی کیا چھپا ہوتا ہے اہلِ دل کے سینوں میں
تمنّا دردِ دل کی ہو تو کر خدمت فقیروں کی
نہیں ملتا یہ گوہر بادشاہوں کے خزینوں میں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

He whom o'er earth and air I sought,
Was found to dwell in the den o' my heart.

Had it known the code of obeisance, Kaaba's door-stone,
Would have met the kneeling brows, rising of its own.

Did you ever see yourself, O Majnun?
You too, like Laila, are screened, aloft.

The months of union fly like hours,
But the hours of severance crawl like months.

How can you, steersman, save me from drowning?
Those fated to drown, will drown despite the boat.

Their breath can ignite a taper gone extinct,
What lies concealed, O Lord, behind these tender hearts?

If you prize a compassionate heart, serve thou the saints,
Don't expect to find this pearl in the royal troves.

Jinhen main dhoondta tha aasmanon mein zaminon mein,
Woh nikle mere zulmat khaana-e-dil ke makinon mein.

Agar kuchh ashna hota mazaaq-e-jibba sai se,
To sang-e-aastan-e-kaaba ja milta jabinon mein.

Kabhi apna bhi nazzaara kiya hai tu ne ai Majnun,
Ke Laila ki tara tu bhi to hai mahmal nashinon mein.

Mahine wasal ke gharion ki surat urte jaate hain,
Magar gharian judaai ki guzarti hain mahinon mein.

Mujhe rokega tu ai naakhuda kya gharaq hone se,
Ke jin ko doobna hai doob jaate hain safinon mein.

Jala sakti hai shama-e-kushta mauj-e-nafas unki,
Illahi kya chhipa hota hai ahl-e-dil ke seenon mein.

Tamanna dard-e—dil ki ho to kar khidmat faqiron ki,
Nahin milta yeh gohar baadshaahon ke khazinon mein.

اقبال

نہ پوچھ ان خرقہ پوشوں کی ارادت ہو تو دیکھ ان کو
یدِ بیضا لیے بیٹھے ہیں ظالم آستینوں میں

محبت کے لیے دِل ڈھونڈ کوئی ٹوٹنے والا
یہ وہ مے ہے جسے رکھتے ہیں نازک آبگینوں میں

نمایاں ہو کے دکھلا دے کبھی ان کو جمال اپنا
بہت مدّت سے چرچے ہیں ترے باریک بینوں میں

خموشی اے دِل بھری محفل میں چلّانا نہیں اچھا
ادب پہلا قرینہ ہے محبت کے قرینوں میں

بُرا سمجھوں انھیں مجھ سے تو ایسا ہو نہیں سکتا
کہ میں خود بھی تو ہوں اقبال اپنے نکتہ چینوں میں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Ask not about these ragged folk, see them with the eye of faith,
Miracle-working hands they hide beneath their tattered sleeves.

Find for love a heart fragile, for it's such a wine,
Which needs for its storage a frail, bubble-like flask.

Reveal Thyself sometime in Thy perfect grace,
For long have the wise contended about Thy being.

Hold, my heart, behoves thee not in company to scream,
Decorum is the first demand of the code of love.

Can I disparage him? Expect it not from me,
Am I not aware, Iqbal, of my own errant ways?

Na puchh in khirqa poshon ki, iraadat ho to dekh inko,
Yad-e-baiza liye baithe hain zaalim aastinon mein.

Mahabbat ke liye dil dhoond koi tutne wala,
Yeh woh mai hai jise rakhte hain nazuk aabginon mein.

Namaayaan ho ke dikhla de kabhi inko jamaal apna,
Bahut muddat se charche hain tere baarik beenon mein.

Khamosh ai dil bhari mehfil mein chillana nahin achha,
Adab pahla qarina hai mahabbat ke qarinon mein.

Bura samjhun unhen mujh se to aisa ho nahin sakta,
Ke main khud bhi to hun Iqbal apne nukta chinon mein.

اقبال

کیا کہوں اپنے چمن سے مَیں جُدا کیوں کر ہُوا
اور اسیرِ حلقۂ دامِ ہَوا کیوں کر ہُوا

جائے حیرت ہے بُرا سارے زمانے کا ہُوں مَیں
مجھ کو یہ خِلعتِ شرافت کا عطا کیوں کر ہُوا

کچھ دکھانے دیکھنے کا تھا تقاضا طُور پر
کیا خبر ہے تجھ کو اے دل فیصلہ کیوں کر ہُوا

دیکھنے والے یہاں بھی دیکھ لیتے ہیں تجھے
پھر یہ وعدہ حشر کا صبر آزما کیوں کر ہُوا

تو نے دیکھا ہے کبھی اے دیدۂ عبرت کہ گل
ہو کے پیدا خاک سے رنگیں قبا کیوں کر ہُوا

موت کا نسخہ ابھی باقی ہے اے دردِ فراق
چارہ گر دیوانہ ہے مَیں لا دَوا کیوں کر ہُوا

پُرسشِ اعمال سے مقصد تھا رُسوائی مری
ورنہ ظاہر تھا سبھی کچھ کیا ہوا کیوں کر ہُوا

میرے مِٹنے کا تماشا دیکھنے کی چیز تھی
کیا بتاؤں اُن کا میرا سامنا کیوں کر ہُوا

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

How from my garden I chanced to stray,
And how I was whirlwind trapped, I cannot say.

I'm the worst creature on earth; why, then, I wonder,
Have I been honoured with the badge of a gentleman?

Between knowing and revealing was the issue on the Mount,
Would you know, O heart, how it got resolved?

Those with discerning eyes can see you even here,
Why then this patience-taxing hope of bliss beyond?

O watchful eye, do you know, how the rose,
Sprung from dust, acquires a colourful vest?

O pain of parting, the potion of death is yet untried,
Crazy is the physician to think I have no cure.

The inquest was designed to expose me to shame,
Else it was clear, what happened and how.

My annihilation was a sight to see!
Can't say what happened when face to face we came.

Kya kahun apne chaman se main juda kyon kar hua,
Aur asir-e-halqa-e-daam-e-hawa kyon kar hua.

Jaae hairat hai bura saare zamaane ka hun main,
Mujh ko yeh khilat sharaafat ka ita kyon kar hua.

Kuchh dikhaane dekhne ka tha taqaaza Tur par,
Kya khabar hai tujh ko ai dil faisla kyon kar hua.

Dekhne wale yahan bhi dekh lete hain tujhe,
Phir yeh wada hashar ka sabar aazma kyon kar hua.

Tu ne dekha hai kabhi ai deeda-e-ibrat ke gul,
Ho ke paida khaak se rangeen qaba kyon kar hua.

Maut ka nuskha abhi baaqi hai ai dard-e-firaq,
Chaara gar diwana hai main la dawa kyon kar hua.

Pursash-e-aamaal se maqsad tha ruswai meri,
Warna zahir tha sabhi kuchh kya hua kyon kar hua.

Mere mitne ka tamasha dekhne ki cheez thi,
Kya bataaun mera unka saamna kyon kar hua.

اقبال

انوکھی وضع ہے سارے زمانے سے نرالے ہیں
یہ عاشق کون سی بستی کے یارب رہنے والے ہیں

علاجِ دَرد میں بھی دَرد کی لذّت پہ مرتا ہوں
جو تھے چھالوں میں کانٹے نوکِ سوزن سے نکالے ہیں

پھلا پھُولا رہے یارب چمن میری اُمیدوں کا
جگر کا خون دے دے کر یہ بوٹے مَیں نے پالے ہیں

رُلاتی ہے مجھے راتوں کو خاموشی ستاروں کی
نرالا عِشق ہے میرا، نرالے میرے نالے ہیں

نہ پوچھو مجھ سے لذّت خانماں برباد رہنے کی
نشیمن سَینکڑوں میں نے بنا کر پھونک ڈالے ہیں

نہیں بیگانگی اچھی رفیقِ راہِ منزل سے
ٹھہر جا اے شرر ہم بھی تو آخر مِٹنے والے ہیں

اُمیدِ حُور نے سب کچھ سِکھا رکھا ہے واعظ کو
یہ حضرت دیکھنے میں سیدھے سادے بھولے بھالے ہیں

مِرے اشعار اے اقبال کیوں نہ پیارے ہوں مجھ کو
مِرے ٹوٹے ہوئے دل کے یہ دردانگیز نالے ہیں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Strange are their looks, out-of-this-world they seem!
Wherefrom, O Lord, do these lovers spring?

Even in treating my pain, I choose a painful way,
With the tip of the needle I pick, the thorns in my blistered soles.

God preserve the garden of my cherished hopes!
I've watered these plants with my life-blood.

The silence of the stars at night compels me to weep,
Unique is my love, unique my wails.

Ask me not the pleasure of living a homeless life,
I have built, then burnt, hundreds of my nests.

Don't distance yourself from co-travellers in life,
Stay awhile, O spark, we too are doomed to die.

The expectation of houris in heaven has fully trained the priest,
Seemingly this master-mind is simple and naive.

Why shouldn't my verses, Iqbal, be dear to me?
These are the poignant cries of my broken heart.

Anokhi waza hai saare zamaane se niraale hain,
Yeh aashiq kaunsi basti ke yaarab rahne wale hain.

Ilaaj-e-dard mein bhi dard ki lazzat pe marta hun,
Jo the chhaalon mein kaante nok-e-sozan se nikale hain.

Phala phula rahe yaarab chaman meri umedon ka,
Jigar ka khun de de kar yeh bute main be paale hain.

Rulati hai mujhe raaton ko khaamoshi sitaron ki,
Nirala ishq hai mera, nirale mere naale hain.

Na puchho mujh se lazzat khanman barbaad rahne ki,
Nasheman sainkron mein ne bana kar phoonk daale hain.

Nahin begaangi achhi rafiq-e-raah-e-manzil se,
Thahr ja ai sharar ham bhi to aakhir mitne wale hain.

Umed-e-hoor ne sab kuchh sikha rakha hai waaiz ko,
Yeh hazrat dekhne mein seedhe saadhe bhole bhaale hain.

Mere ishaar ai Iqbal kyon na payare hon mujhko,
Mere tute hue dil ke yeh dard angez naale hain.

اقبال

مجنوں نے شہر چھوڑا تو صحرا بھی چھوڑ دے
نظّارے کی ہوس ہو تو لیلیٰ بھی چھوڑ دے
واعظ کمالِ ترک سے مِلتی ہے یاں مُراد!
دُنیا جو چھوڑ دی ہے تو عقبیٰ بھی چھوڑ دے
تقلید کی روش سے تو بہتر ہے خودکُشی
رستہ بھی ڈھونڈ خِضر کا سَودا بھی چھوڑ دے
شبنم کی طرح پھولوں پہ رو اور چمن سے چل
اِس باغ میں قیام کا سَودا بھی چھوڑ دے
سوداگری نہیں یہ عبادت خُدا کی ہے
اے بے خبر جزا کی تمنّا بھی چھوڑ دے
اچھّا ہے دل کے ساتھ رہے پاسبانِ عقل
لیکن کبھی کبھی اسے تنہا بھی چھوڑ دے
جینا وہ کیا ہے جو ہو نفسِ غیر پر مدار
شہرت کی زندگی کا بھروسہ بھی چھوڑ دے
واعظ ثبوت لائے جو مے کے جواز میں
اقبال کو یہ ضد ہے کہ پینا بھی چھوڑ دے

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Majnun has renounced the world, let him renounce the wilds too,
If he seeks the vision sublime, let him forsake Laila too.

Complete self-surrender, priest, is the price of the goal,
Abandon too the world to come, not this world alone.

Suicide is better far than servile imitation,
Go, find your own path, look not for a Khizr.

Weep like dew o'er the flowers and quit the grove,
Give up the idle dream of a permanent stay.

It's not business, but, worship divine,
Eschew, ye ignorant, e'en the hope of return.

Good, if the hand of reason controls the reigns of heart,
But let it have its own way, once in a while.

'Tis no life that sustains itself on borrowed breath,
Give up dependence on a life of earthly fame.

Should the priest produce evidence against wine,
Iqbal too will pledge never to touch the glass.

Majnun ne shahr chhora hai sahra bhi chhor de,
Nazzaare ki hawas ho to Laila bhi chhor de.

Waaiz kamaal tark se milti hai yaan muraad,
Duniya jo chhor di hai to uqba bhi chhor de.

Taqlid ki rawish se to behtar hai khud kashi,
Rasta bhi dhoondh Khizr ka sauda bhi chhor de.

Shabnam ki tara phoolon pe ro aur chaman se chal,
Is baagh mein qayaam ka sauda bhi chhor de.

Saudaagri nahin yeh ibaadat Khuda ki hai,
Ai be khabar jiza ki tamanna bhi chhor de.

Achha hai dil ke saath rahe pasbaan-e-aqal,
Lekin kabhi kabhi ise tanhaa bhi chhor de.

Jeena woh kya hai jo ho nafas-e-ghair par madaar,
Shohrat ki zindagi ka bharosa bhi chhor de.

Waiz sabut lae ko mai ke jawaaz mein,
Iqbal ko yeh zid hai ke peena bhi chhor de.

اقبال

چمک تیری عیاں بجلی میں آتش میں شرارے میں
جھلک تیری ہویدا چاند میں، سورج میں تارے میں
بلندی آسمانوں میں زمینوں میں تری پستی
روانی بحر میں افتادگی تیری کنارے میں
جو ہے بیدار انساں میں وہ گہری نیند سوتا ہے
شجر میں، پھول میں، حیوان میں، پتھر میں تارے میں
مجھے پھونکا ہے سوزِ قطرۂ اشکِ محبت نے
غضب کی آگ تھی پانی کے چھوٹے سے شرارے میں
نہیں جنس ثوابِ آخرت کی آرزو مجھ کو
وہ سوداگر ہوں میں نے نفع دیکھا ہے خسارے میں
سکوں نا آشنا رہنا ترے سامانِ ہستی ہے
تڑپ کس دل کی یارب چھپ کے آ بیٹھی ہے پارے میں
صدائے لن ترانی سُن کے اے اقبال میں چپ ہوں
تقاضوں کی کہاں طاقت ہے مجھ فرقت کے مارے میں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Thine radiance shines forth in lightning, fire and spark,
Thine reflection lights up the sun, moon, and stars.

Thine the sublimity in the skies, Thine the profundity in deeps,
Thine the flux of waters, Thine the stable shores.

He who lies awake in man, dormant doth He lie,
In bloom and bush, in animals, in stone and in stars.

The fiery tear-drop of love has reduced me to ashes,
A terrible heat this sparkling drop concealed!

I don't crave for the salvation of my soul,
I'm such a trader who sees gain in loss.

A perpetual restlessness is the stuff of its life,
By whose inner turmoil is mercury informed?

The pronouncement: "You cannot see," has left me tongue-tied,
Where's the strength to contend in this severed self?

Chamak teri ayaan bijli mein aatish mein sharare mein,
Jhalak teri haveda chaand mein, suraj mein, taare mein.

Bulandi aasmanon mein, zaminon mein teri pasti,
Rawaani bahr mein uftaadgi teri kinare mein.

Jo hai bedaar insaan mein woh gahri neend sota hai,
Shajar mein, phool mein, haiwan mein, pathhar mein , taare mein.

Mujhe phoonka hai soz-e-qatra-e-ashk-e-mahabbat ne,
Ghazab ki aag thi paani ke chhote se sharaare mein.

Nahin jins-e-sawaab-e-aakhrit ki aarzoo mujh ko,
Woh saudagar hun mein ne nafa dekha hai khasaare mein.

Sakun na-aashna rahna ise saamaan-e-hasti hai,
Tarap kis dil ki yaarab chhip ke aa baithi hai paare mein.

Sadaa-e-lan taraani sun ke ai Iqbal mein chup hun,
Taqaazon ki kahaan taaqat hai mujh furqat ke maare mein.

اقبال

نالہ ہے بلبلِ شوریدہ ترا خام ابھی
اپنے سینے میں اسے اور ذرا تھام ابھی
پختہ ہوتی ہے اگر مصلحت اندیش ہو عقل
عشق ہو مصلحت اندیش تو ہے خام ابھی
بے خطر کود پڑا آتشِ نمرود میں عشق
عقل ہے محوِ تماشائے لبِ بام ابھی
عشق فرمودۂ قاصد سے سبک گامِ عمل
عقل سمجھی ہی نہیں معنیِ پیغام ابھی
عذرِ پرہیز پہ کہتا ہے بگڑ کر ساقی
ہے ترے دل میں وہی کاوشِ انجام ابھی
ابرِ نیساں یہ تنک بخشیٔ شبنم کب تک
میرے کہسار کے لالے ہیں تہی جام ابھی
خبرِ اقبال کی لائی ہے گلستاں سے نسیم
نو گرفتار پھڑکتا ہے تہِ دام ابھی

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Your wail hasn't matured enough, O crazy nightingale,
Hold it still awhile in your restive breast.

If reason is far-sighted, it is maturity's mark,
If love is far-sighted, it is immature still.

Love plunged into the tyrant's fire without least demur,
Reason on the roof-top is still watching the show.

Love carried out at once the bidding it had got,
Reason is still wrestling with the meaning of the charge.

At my plea of abstinence, the Saqi angrily says:
"The thought of the end obsesses you still."

O rainful cloud, how long these niggardly drops?
The tulips on my mount are withering away athirst.

The garden breeze blows in tidings of Iqbal,
The neo-captive is still aflutter underneath the trap.

Naala hai bulbul-e-shorida tera khaam abhi,
Apne seene mein ise aur zara thaam abhi.

Pukhta hoti hai agar maslahat andesh ho aqal,
Ishq ho maslahat andesh to hai khaam abhi.

Be khatar kud para aatash-e-Namrod mein ishq,
Aqal hai mahv-e-tamasha-e-lab-e-bam abhi.

Ishq farmuda-e-qaasid se sabk-e-gaam-e-amal,
Aqal samjhi hi nahin maani-e-paighaam abhi.

Uzr-e-parhez pe kahta hai bigar kar saqi,
Hai tere -dil mein wohi kaawish-e-anjaam abhi.

Abar-e-neesaan yeh tanik bakhshi -e-shabnam kab tak,
Mere kuhsaar ke laale hain tahi jaam abhi.

Khabar Iqbal ki laayi hai gulistaan se nasim,
Nau griftar pharkta hai tah-e-daam abhi.

اقبال

کبھی اے حقیقتِ منتظر نظر آ لباسِ مجاز میں
کہ ہزاروں سجدے تڑپ رہے ہیں مری جبینِ نیاز میں

طرب آشنائے خروش ہو تو نوا ہے محرمِ گوش ہو
وہ سرود کیا کہ چھپا ہوا ہو سکوتِ پردۂ ساز میں

تو بچا بچا کے نہ رکھ اسے ترا آئینہ ہے وہ آئینہ
کہ شکستہ ہو تو عزیز تر ہے نگاہِ آئینہ ساز میں

نہ کہیں جہاں میں اماں ملی، جو اماں ملی تو کہاں ملی
مرے جرمِ خانہ خراب کو ترے عفوِ بندہ نواز میں

نہ وہ عشق میں رہی گرمیاں نہ وہ حسن میں رہی شوخیاں
نہ وہ غزنوی میں تڑپ رہی نہ وہ خم ہے زلفِ ایاز میں

جو میں سر بہ سجدہ ہوا کبھی تو زمیں سے آنے لگی صدا
ترا دل تو ہے صنم آشنا تجھے کیا ملے گا نماز میں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

O Reality, long-awaited, come out in Thy physical form,
A thousand homages lie abursting behind my humble brow.

Reveal Thyself in a joyous din, let Thy grace find a voice,
Why should melody remain confined within the muted flute?

Don't try to save and hold it, yours is such a mirror,
Which, when broken, is doubly dear in its Maker's eye.

I roamed the world to seek refuge, but of no avail,
Lo, when I found your gracious feet, stilled was my soul.

Love has lost its former fervour, Beauty its winsome wiles,
Ghaznavi has spent his fire, Ayaaz has shed his curls.

When at times I kneel to pray, a voice emerges from below,
"O ye idolator at heart, what will you gain from prayer?"

Kabhi ai haqiqat-e-muntazir nazar aa libaas-e-majaaz mein,
Ke hazaaron sijde tarap rahe hain meri jabin-e-nayaaz mein.

Tarab aashnaae khrosh ho tu nawa hai mahram-e-gosh ho,
Woh sarud kye ke chhipa hua ho sakut-e-parda-e-saaz mein.

Tu bacha bacha ke na rakh ise tera aaina hai woh aaina,
Ke shikasta ho to aziz tar hai nigah-e-aaina saaz mein.

Na kahin jahaan mein amaan mili, jo amaan mili to kahaan mili,
Mere jurm-e-khaana kharaab ko tere ufv-e-banda nawaaz mein.

Na woh ishq mein rahi garmian, na who husn mein rahi shokhian,
Na woh Ghaznavi mein tarap rahi, ne woh kham hai zulf-e-Ayaaz mein.

Main Jo sar basijda hua kabhi to zamin se aane lagi sada,
Tera dil to hai sanam aashna, tujhe kya milega namaaz mein.

اقبال

خِرد مندوں سے کیا پوچھوں کہ میری ابتدا کیا ہے
کہ مَیں اس فکر میں رہتا ہوں میری انتہا کیا ہے
خودی کو کر بلند اتنا کہ ہر تقدیر سے پہلے
خُدا بندے سے خود پوچھے بتا تیری رضا کیا ہے
مقامِ گفتگو کیا ہے اگر مَیں کیمیا گر ہوں
یہی سوزِ نفَس ہے اور میری کیمیا کیا ہے
نظر آئیں مجھے تقدیر کی گہرائیاں اس میں
نہ پوچھ اے ہم نشیں مجھ سے وہ چشمِ سرمہ سا کیا ہے
نوائے صبح گاہی نے جگر خوں کر دیا میرا
خُدایا جس خطا کی یہ سزا ہے وہ خطا کیا ہے

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Why should I ask the wise, "Whence have I come?"
I am troubled by the thought, "What will be my end?"

Raise your selfhood so high that 'fore allotting his fate,
God should ask the man, "Tell me what you will."

What is so surprising if I'm an alchemist,
What else is my alchemy, but the fire of my breath?

Ask me not, friend, about those collyriant eyes,
Reflected in their deeps are the depths of my fate.

The early-morning call to prayer leaves me ashudder,
What is that crime, O Lord, which I thus atone?

Khiradmandon se kya puchhun ke meri ibtada kya hai,
Ke main is fikar mein rahta hun meri intaha kya hai.

Khudi ko kar buland itna ke har taqdir se pahle,
Khuda bande se khud puchhe bata teri raza kya hai.

Maqaam-e-guftgu kya hai agar main kimeya gar hun,
Yehi soz-e-nafas hai aur meri kimeya kya hai.

Nazar aain mujhe taqdir ki gahraiyan is mein,
Na puchh ai hamnashin mujh se woh chashm-e-surma sa kya hai.

Nawa-e-subah gaahi ne jigar khun kar diya mera,
Khudaya jis khata ki yeh saza hai woh khata kya hai.

اقبال

جب عشق سکھاتا ہے آدابِ خود آگاہی
کھلتے ہیں غلاموں پر اسرارِ شہنشاہی
نومید نہ ہو ان سے اے رہبرِ فرزانہ
کم کوش تو ہیں لیکن بے ذوق نہیں راہی
اے طائرِ لاہوتی اس رزق سے موت اچھی
جس رزق سے آتی ہو پرواز میں کوتاہی
دارا و سکندر سے وہ مردِ فقیر اولیٰ
ہو جس کی فقیری میں بوئے اسد اللہی
آئینِ جواں مرداں حق گوئی و بے باکی
اللہ کے شیروں کو آتی نہیں روباہی

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

When love awakens the springs of self,
The slaves acquire imperial grace.

Be not despaired of them, O veteran guide,
Poor in means the travellers be, they aren't poor in zeal.

Rather you die, O bird divine, than accept the grub,
The grub that would your soaring wings curtail.

That mendicant is better far than Darius or Alexander,
Whose mendicancy smells of grace divine.

Truth and courage are the tenets of the brave,
Never shall the lions of God adopt foxy ways.

Jab Ishq sikhaata hai aadaab-e-khud aagaahi,
Khulte hain ghulaamon par asraar-e-shahan shahi.

Nau med na ho in se ai rahbar-e-farzana,
Kam kosh to hain lekin, be zauq nahin rahi.

Ai taair-e-laahuti us rizak se maut achhi,
Jis rizak se aati ho parwaaz mein kotahi.

Dara—o Sikander se woh mard-e-faqir aula,
Ho jis ki faqiri mein bue Asad Illahi.

Aain-e-jawaan mardan haq goi-o-bebaaki,
Allah ke sheron ko aati nahin roobahi.

اقبال

ستاروں کے آگے جہاں اور بھی ہیں
ابھی عشق کے امتحاں اور بھی ہیں
تہی زندگی سے نہیں یہ فضائیں
یہاں سینکڑوں کارواں اور بھی ہیں
قناعت نہ کر عالمِ رنگ و بو پر
چمن اور بھی آشیاں اور بھی ہیں
اگر کھو گیا اک نشیمن تو کیا غم
مقاماتِ آہ و فغاں اور بھی ہیں
تو شاہیں ہے پرواز ہے کام تیرا
ترے سامنے آسماں اور بھی ہیں
اسی روز و شب میں اُلجھ کر نہ رہ جا
کہ تیرے زمان و مکاں اور بھی ہیں
گئے دن کہ تنہا تھا مَیں انجمن میں
یہاں اب مرے رازداں اور بھی ہیں

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

There are still other worlds beyond the stars,
Love has still more tests to pass.

These vast spaces are not inane,
A hundred other caravans are here astir.

Be not content with the sensuous world,
There are many other groves, many other nests.

Grieve not if one nest is lost,
There are other resorts for which to wail.

An eagle you are, born to soar,
Skies galore for you to scale.

Don't get lost in this diurnal round,
You have other climes, habitats more.

Gone the days when I was alone,
I now have acquired some confidants too.

Sitaaron ke aage jahaan aur bhi hain,
Abhi ishq ke imtahaan aur bhi hain.

Tahi zindagi se nahin yeh fazaaen,
Yahan sainkron caravan aur bhi hain.

Qanayat na kar aalam-e-rango-o-bu par,
Chaman aur bhi aashian aur bhi hain.

Agar kho gaya ek nasheman to kya gham,
Maqaamaat-e-aah-o-fughaan aur bhi hain.

Tu shaahin hai parwaaz hai kaam tara,
Tere saamne aasman aur bhi hain.

Isi roz-o-shab mein uljh kar na rah ja,
Ke tere zamaan-o-makaan aur bhi hain.

Gaye din ke tanha tha main anjuman mein,
Yahaan ab mere raazdaan aur bhi hain.

اقبال

گیسوئے تابدار کو اور بھی تاب دار کر
ہوش و خرد شکار کر، قلب و نظر شکار کر
تو ہے محیطِ بے کراں میں ہوں ذرا سی آب جو
یا مجھے ہم کنار کر، یا مجھے بے کنار کر
میں ہوں صدف تو تیرے ہاتھ میرے گہر کی آبرو
میں ہوں خزف تو تو مجھے گوہرِ شاہوار کر
نغمۂ نوبہار اگر میرے نصیب میں نہ ہو
اس دمِ نیم سوز کو طائرکِ بہار کر
باغِ بہشت سے مجھے حکمِ سفر دیا تھا کیوں
کارِ جہاں دراز ہے اب مرا انتظار کر
روزِ حساب جب مرا پیش ہو دفترِ عمل
آپ بھی شرمسار ہو مجھ کو بھی شرمسار کر

Sir Mohammed Iqbal

Re-burnish your locks, already agleam,
Rob me of my wit and sense, prey upon my heart and sight.

You are an ocean unconfined, I a mere rill,
Either fold me in thy arms, or grant me boundlessness.

If I be a shell, preserve the lustre of my pearl,
If a pebble mean, turn it to a precious jewel.

If to hear the song of spring is not to be my fate,
Let this half-alive bird pass away in spring.

Why had you ordered me out of Paradise?
Long is my task on earth, you have now to wait.

When on the judgment day my deeds are called to count,
It will cause embarrassment both to you and me.

Gaisu-e-taabdaar ko aur bhi taabdaar kar,
Hosh-o-khirad shikaar kar, qalab-o-nazar shikaar kar.

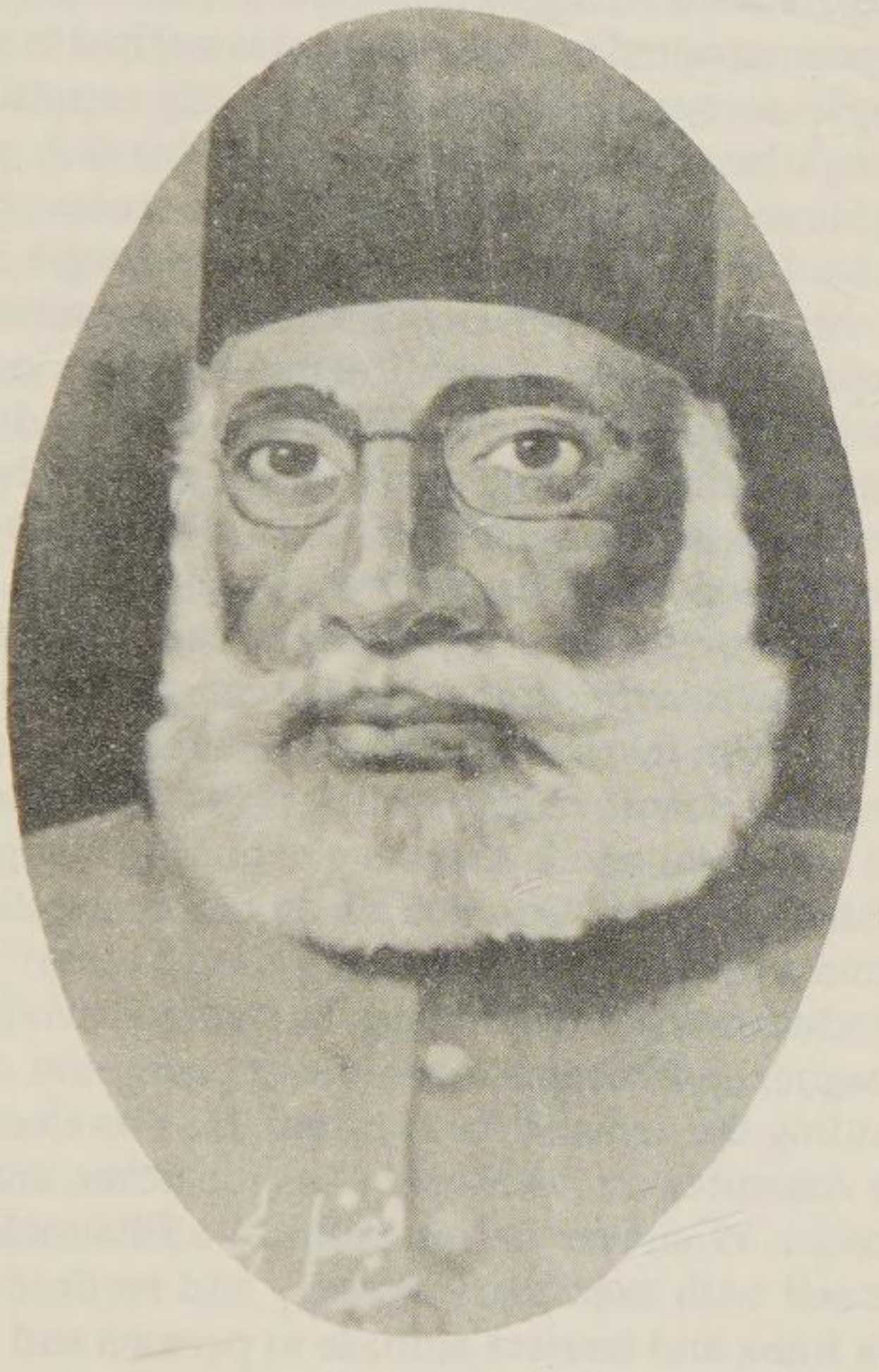
Tu hai maheet-e-be karaan, main zara si aabju,
Ya mujhe hamkinaar kar, ya mujhe be kinaar kar.

Main hun sidaf to tere haath mere gohar ki aabroo,
Main hun khazaf to tu mujhe gohar-e-shahwaar kar.

Naghma-e-naubahaar agar mere nasib mein na ho,
Is dam-e-nim-soz ko taairak-e-bahaar kar.

Baagh-e-bahisht se mujhe hukam-e-safar diya tha kyon,
Kaar-e-jahaan daraaz hai, ab mera intzaar kar.

Roz-e-hisaab jab mera pesh ho daftar-e-amal,
Aap bhi sharmsaar ho, mujh ko bhi sharmsaar kar.



Hasrat Mohani (1875-1951)

HASRAT MOHANI (1875-1951)

Maulana Fazal-ul-Hasan Hasrat Mohani was born at Mohaan, a small town in Uttar Pradesh. He had his education at home and at Aligarh, where he gave evidence of his poetic taste and talent by arranging and participating in *mushairas*. He organised a grand *mushaira* at Aligarh College which was attended by famous Urdu poets like Mehdi Majrooh and Gustakh Rampuri. The authorities of the college, where Hasrat was studying for his B.A. degree, objected to the alleged indelicacy of some of the poems recited on the occasion. Hasrat had to bear the brunt of their displeasure, and was punished with expulsion from the college, though he was allowed to complete his B.A. privately. On completing his studies, he threw himself in the vortex of the National Movement for Indian Independence under the aegis of the Indian National Congress. A true patriot, Hasrat was committed to the ideal of total independence. He was a radical thinker, more in tune with the revolutionaries like Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Aurobindo Ghosh, than with Mahatma Gandhi whose non-violent philosophy made little appeal to him. He was a scholar of Urdu, Persian and Arabic. He founded and edited the Urdu journal, *Urdu-e-Mualla,* in which he published articles and poems on political, social, and literary subjects. He was sentenced to imprisonment on the charge of publishing an objectionable article in this journal. When, later on, the British government ordered the closure of his printing press, Hasrat was obliged to run a small Swadeshi goods shop to eke out his living. A surprised Maulana Shibli quipped, "Are you a man or a changeling? You have changed from a poet to a politician, to a shop-keeper!" After several years of association with the Congress, he changed his allegiance to the Muslim League, and became an eloquent champion of the Muslim cause, including the demand for Pakistan. He was elected to the U.P. Legislative Assembly on the Muslim League ticket, and also entered the Parliament. Whatever be his political affiliations, Hasrat conducted himself with exemplary honesty and rectitude, and always displayed a frank and fearless attitude to persons and situations. He was a deeply religious man, simple in habits, firm in convictions.

Hasrat shows the same frankness in his approach to poetry as to life and politics. He breaks the convention of circumvention or shyness in matters of love and women, and expresses his feelings with a refreshing directness, but without offending the moral or aesthetic susceptibilities of the readers. He does not fight shy of revealing the gender of his beloved, nor does he present her as a conventionally

cruel and callous being, out to persecute the lover. Hasrat thus introduces into Urdu *ghazal* a new realistic image of the beloved— a real, flesh and blood creature, possessing ordinary affections and emotions. Commensurate with this approach, Hasrat employs a natural, conversational style, unadorned with heavy Persian diction and imagery. His *ghazal,* "Chupke, chupke raat din aansu bahaana yaad hai" (I remember those silent sessions of weeping day and night) is a fine example of the freshness of his style and subject; it shows his ability to build poetry out of ordinary situations, and to make an effective use of simple, everyday language. Without violating the traditional form of the *ghazal,* he injects into it an element of sincerity and naturalness. He went to jail several times and suffered for long the rough and tumble of political life. But neither the rigours of prison, nor the fret of politics, could suppress his aesthetic instincts, or disturb his cheerful faith in the goodness of life. In fact, his poetry draws strength and inspiration from his rich and variegated experience. He is deservedly called the preserver of the old, and the pioneer of the new trends in Urdu *ghazal*. He has left behind 771 *ghazals,* nearly half of which were written during the various terms of his imprisonment under the British rule.

فضل الحسن حسرتؔ موہانی

حُسنِ بے پروا کو خود بین و خود آرا کر دیا
کیا کیا میں نے کہ اظہارِ تمنّا کر دیا

بڑھ گئیں تم سے تو مل کر اور بھی بیتابیاں
ہم یہ سمجھے تھے کہ اب دل کو شکیبا کر دیا

پڑھ کے تیرا خط مرے دل کی عجب حالت ہوئی
اضطرابِ شوق نے اک حشر برپا کر دیا

ہم رہے یاں تک تری خدمت میں سرگرمِ نیاز
تجھ کو آخر آشنائے نازِ بیجا کر دیا

اب نہیں دل کو کسی صورت کسی پہلو قرار
اس نگاہِ ناز نے کیا سحر ایسا کر دیا

عشق سے تیرے بڑھے کیا کیا دلوں کے مرتبے
مہر ذرّوں کو کیا قطروں کو دریا کر دیا

Hasrat Mohani

Beauty self-oblivious has turned self-aware,
O, why at all did I express my heart's desire?

Meeting you, methought, will bring me calm content,
But I find my heart unsettled still more.

Strange was the state of my heart when I read your note,
The tumult of desire stirred a storm within.

My life-long devotion, with such humble zeal,
Has instilled in you a sense of false pride.

My heart cannot find rest on any side, in any form,
Your bewitching eyes have cast what a strange spell.

Your love has so elevated the status of the hearts,
Particles have sun-like grown, droplets like the river.

Husn-e-be parwah ko khud bin-o-khud aara kar diya,
Kya kiya main ne ke izhaar-e-tamanna kar diya.

Barh gayin tum se to mil kar aur bhi betaabian,
Ham yeh samjhe the ke ab dil ko shakeba kar diya,

Parh ke tera khat mere dil ki ajab haalat hui,
Iztraab-e-shauq ne ek hashar barpa kar diya.

Ham rahe yaan tak teri khidmat mein sar garm-e-nayaaz,
Tujh ko aakhir aashnae naaz-e-beja kar diya,

Ab nahin dil ko kisi surat, kisi pahlu qraar,
Is nigah-e-naaz ne kya sihar aisa kar diya.

Ishq se tere barhe kya kya dilon ke martbe,
Mehr zarron ko kiya, qatron ko dariya kar diya.

حسرت

تیری محفل سے اُٹھاتا غیر مجھ کو کیا مجال
دیکھتا تھا میں کہ تو نے بھی اشارہ کر دیا
سب غلط کہتے تھے لطفِ یار کو وجہ سکوں
دردِ دل اُس نے تو حسرت اور دُونا کر دیا

Hasrat Mohani

How dare the rival expel me from your court?
But I knew he had received your prompting too.

It's wrong to call the joy of love a source of calm content,
In my case, O Hasrat, it has increased the ache.

Teri mahfil se uthata ghair mujhko kya majaal,
Dekhta tha main ke tu ne bhi ishaara kar diya.

Sab ghalat kahte the lutf-e-yaar ko waja-e-sakun,
Dard-e-dil isne to Hasrat aur duna kar diya.

حسرت

بام پر آنے لگے وہ سامنا ہونے لگا
اب تو اظہارِ محبّت برملا ہونے لگا

کیا کہا میں نے جو ناحق تم خفا ہونے لگے
کچھ سُنا بھی یا کہ یونہی فیصلہ ہونے لگا

اب غریبوں پر بھی ساقی کی نظر پڑنے لگی
بادۂ پس خوردہ ہم کو بھی عطا ہونے لگا

کچھ نہ پوچھو حال کیا تھا خاطرِ بیتاب کا
اُن سے جب مجبور ہو کر میں جُدا ہونے لگا

یاد اُس بے وفا کی ہر گھڑی رہنے لگی
پھر اُسی کا تذکرہ صبح و مسا ہونے لگا

کثرتِ امید بھی عیش آفریں ہونے لگی
انتظارِ یار بھی راحت فزا ہونے لگا

کیا ہوا حسرت وہ تیرا ادّعائے ضبطِ غم
دو ہی دن میں رنجِ فرقت کا گِلا ہونے لگا

Hasrat Mohani

She now comes on roof-top, face to face we stand,
Love is now proclaimed without least reserve.

Did I say anything? Why have you gone cross?
This is giving a verdict without hearing the case.

The Saqi has now kindly grown even to the poor,
We too are favoured now with the dregs of wine.

Words can't describe how restless was my heart,
When from my love I was constrained to part.

Memory of my faithless love haunts me all the time,
I can talk of none but her, be it morn or eve.

I have learnt to find joy in hope piled on hope,
Waiting for my love too now gives delight.

Where is it now, Hasrat, your pledge of self-control?
Just two days of parting, and lo, you complain!

Baam par aane lage woh, saamna hone laga,
Ab to izhaar-e-mahabbat barmila hone laga.

Kya kaha main ne jo naahaq tum khafa hone lage,
Kuchh suna bhi ya ke yunhi faisla hone laga.

Ab gharibon par bhi saqi ki nazar parne lagi,
Baada-e-pas khurda ham ko bhi ata hone laga .

Kuchh na puchho haal kya tha khaatir-e-betaab ka,
Us se jab majbur ho kar main juda hone laga.

Yaad us bewafa ki har ghari rahne lagi,
Phir usi ka tazkara subah-o-masa hone laga.

Kasrat-e-umed bhi aish aafrin hone lagi,
Intzaar-e-yaar bhi rahat faza hone laga.

Kya hua Hasrat woh tera idda-e-zabt-e-gham,
Do hi din mein ranj-e-furqat ka gila hone laga.

حسرت

وصل کی منتیں ہیں ان باتوں سے تدبیریں کہیں
آرزوؤں سے پھرا کرتی ہیں تقدیریں کہیں

بے زبانی ترجمانِ شوقِ بے حد ہو تو ہو
ورنہ پیشِ یار کام آتی ہیں تقریریں کہیں

مٹ رہی ہیں دل سے یادیں روزگارِ عیش کی
اب نظر کاہے کو آئیں گی یہ تصویریں کہیں

التفاتِ یار تھا اک خواب آغازِ وفا
سچ ہوا کرتی ہیں ان خوابوں کی تعبیریں کہیں

تیری بے صبری ہے حسرت نامکاری کی دلیل
گریۂ عشاق میں ہوتی ہیں تاثیریں کہیں

Hasrat Mohani

Can such measures bring about the union you crave?
How can mere wishing change the course of fate?

Silence alone, if anything, can articulate love,
To what boot eloquence in the presence of your friend?

Memories of the happy days are fading from my mind,
Shall I ever see those perfect sights again?

The kindness of my friend was a dream of nascent love,
Have such dreams ever been realized?

Your impatience, Hasrat, immaturity betrays,
When have the tears of lovers ever borne fruit?

Wasal ki banti hain in baaton se tadbiren kahin,
Aarzuon se phira karti hain taqdiren kahin.

Be zabaani tarujmaan-e-shauq-e-be-had ho to ho,
Warna pesh-e-yaar kaam aati hain taqriren kahin.

Mit rahi hain dil se yaaden rozgaar-e-aish ki,
Ab nazar kahe ko aaengi yeh tasviren kahin.

Iltafat-e-yaar tha ek khwab-e-aaghaaz-e-wafa,
Sach hua karti hain in khwabon ki taabiren kahin.

Teri be sabri hai Hasrat khaamkaari ki dalil,
Giriya-e-ushhaaq mein hoti hain taasiren kahin.

حسرت

بُھلاتا لاکھ ہوں لیکن برابر یاد آتے ہیں
الٰہی ترکِ الفت پر وہ کیونکر یاد آتے ہیں

نہ چھیڑ اے ہم نشیں کیفیتِ صہبا کے افسانے
شرابِ بے خودی کے مجھ کو ساغر یاد آتے ہیں

رہا کرتے ہیں قیدِ ہوش ہیں اے وائے ناکامی
وہ دشتِ خود فراموشی کے چکّر یاد آتے ہیں

نہیں آتی تو یاد اُن کی مہینوں بھر نہیں آتی
مگر جب یاد آتے ہیں تو اکثر یاد آتے ہیں

حقیقت کھُل گئی حسرتؔ ترے ترکِ محبّت کی
تجھے تو اب وہ پہلے سے بھی بڑھ کر یاد آتے ہیں

Hasrat Mohani

However hard I try, her I can't forget,
Why, O Lord, she haunts me when love I've forsworn.

Dwell not, O friend, on the wondrous effects of wine,
It brings to my mind those sense-stealing draughts.

Impaled in the cage of sense, ah, woe-betide!
How I miss my ramblings in the self-erasing wilds!

Sometimes it happens I miss her not for months,
But her memory, once awakened, lingers on and on.

Your claim of renouncing love, Hasrat, stands exposed,
You now remember her more than ever before.

Bhulaata laakh hun lekin baraabar yaad aate hain,
Illahi tarak-e-ulfat par woh kyon kar yaad aate hain.

Na chher ai ham nashin kayfiat-e-sahba ke afsaane,
Sharaab-e-be-khudi ke mujh ko saaghar yaad aate hain.

Raha karte hain qaid-e-hosh mein ai wai naakaami,
Woh dasht-e-khud- framoshi ke chakkar yaad aate hain.

Nahin aati to yaad unki mahinon bhar nahin aati,
Magar jab yaad aate hain to aksar yaad aate hain.

Haqiqat khul gayi Hasrat tere tarak-e-mahabbat ki,
Tujhe to ab woh pahle se bhi barh kar yaad aate hain.

حسرت

پھر بھی ہے تم کو مسیحائی کا دعویٰ دیکھو
مجھ کو دیکھو مرے مرنے کی تمنّا دیکھو

جُرمِ نظّارہ پہ کون اتنی خوشامد کرتا
اب بھی وہ روٹھے ہیں لو اور تماشا دیکھو

وہ ہی دن میں وہ بات ہے نہ وہ چاہ نہ پیار
ہم نے پہلے ہی یہ تم سے نہ کہا تھا دیکھو

ہم نہ کہتے تھے بناوٹ سے ہے سارا غصّہ
ہنس کے لو پھر وہ انھوں نے ہمیں دیکھا دیکھو

مستیٔ حُسن سے اپنی بھی نہیں تم کو خبر
کیا سُنو عرض مری حال مرا کیا دیکھو

گھر سے ہر وقت نکل آتے ہو کھولے ہوئے بال
شام دیکھو نہ مری جان سویرا دیکھو

خانۂ جاں میں نمودار ہے اک پیکرِ نور
حسرتو آؤ رُخِ یار کا جلوہ دیکھو

سامنے سب کے مناسب نہیں ہم پر یہ عتاب
سر سے ڈھل جائے نہ غصّہ میں دوپٹا دیکھو

Hasrat Mohani

Can you claim to be a Messiah still?
Watch my state, my death-wish mark!

Who would flatter you as I for just stealing a glimpse?
On top of it you are angry, how very strange!

Love and longing have taken leave in just a couple of days,
Didn't I forecast such will be the case?

Didn't I say her anger was mere sham?
Lo, again, she favours me with a sweet, smiling glance.

The wine of beauty has defrauded you of sense,
How can you hear my plea, or my plight observe?

With tresses loose you spring from home at any hour of day,
Nor mindful of the morn, nor of the eve.

A radiant being resides within this house of life,
O ye yearnings unfulfilled, come and see your love!

It behoves you not in public to thus vent your rage,
See, lest in anger you slip down your veil.

Phir bhi hai tum ko masihai ka daawa dekho,
Mujh ko dekho mere marne ki tamanna dekho.

Jurm-e-nazzaara pe kaun itni khushaamad karta,
Ab bhi woh ruthe hain lo aur tamaasha dekho.

Do hi din mein woh baat hai, na woh chah, na payar,
Ham ne pahle hi yeh tum se na kaha tha dekho.

Ham na kahte the banaawat se hai saara ghussa,
Hans ke lo phir woh unhon ne hamen dekha dekho.

Masti-e-husn se apni bhi nahin tum ko khabar,
Kya suno araz meri haal mera kya dekho.

Ghar se har waqt nikal aate ho khole hue baal,
Shaam dekho na meri jaan savera dekho.

Khaana-e-jaan mein namudaar hai ek paikar-e-nur,
Hasrato aao rukh-e-yaar ka jalwa dekho.

Saamne sab ke munaasib nahin ham par yeh itaab,
Sar se dhal jae na ghussa mein dopatta dekho.

حسرت

مرمٹے ہم تو کبھی یاد بھی تم نے نہ کیا
اب محبّت کا نہ کرنا کبھی دعویٰ دیکھو
دوستو ترکِ محبّت کی نصیحت ہے فضول
اور نہ مانو تو دلِ زار کو سمجھا دیکھو
سر کہیں، بال کہیں، ہاتھ کہیں، پاؤں کہیں
ان کا سونا بھی ہے کس شان کا سونا دیکھو
اب وہ شوخی سے یہ کہتے ہیں ستمگر ہیں جو ہم
دل کسی اور سے کچھ روز بہلا دیکھو
ہوسِ دید مٹی ہے نہ مٹے گی حسرت
دیکھنے کے لیے چاہو انھیں جتنا دیکھو

Hasrat Mohani

Here I am undone, you are unconcerned,
See that you never repeat your claim of love.

Bootless to advise, friends, that love I should renounce,
Come, convince my broken heart if me you don't believe.

Head, hair, hands, feet, in sweet disorder lie,
What a grand style she has even in her sleep!

How wittily she quips: "If you find me cruel,
Go, try another love for some few days."

Eternal is our thirst for glimpse, too deep to quell,
You may see and see your love, yet remain athirst.

Mar mite ham to kabhi yaad bhi tum ne na kiya,
Ab mahabbat ka na karna kabhi daawa dekho.

Dosto tarak-e-mahabbat ki nasihat hai fazul,
Aur na maano to dil-e-zaar ko samjha dekho.

Sar kahin, baal kahin, haath kahin, paon kahin,
Us ka sona bhi hai kis shaan ka sona dekho.

Ab woh shokhi se yeh kahte hain sitamgar jo hain ham,
Dil kisi aur se kuchh roz bahla dekho.

Hawas-e-did miti hai na mitegi Hasrat,
Dekhne ke liye chaho unhen jitna dekho.

حسرت

ہے مشقِ سخن جاری چکّی کی مشقّت بھی
اک طُرفہ تماشا ہے حسرت کی طبیعت بھی

جو چاہو سزا دے لو تم اور بھی کھُل کھیلو
پر ہم سے قسم لے لو کی ہو جو شکایت بھی

خود عشق کی گستاخی سب تجھ کو سکھا لے گی
اے حسنِ حیا پرور شوخی بھی شرارت بھی

عُشّاق کے دِل نازک اس شوخ کی خُو نازک
نازک اسی نسبت سے ہے کارِ محبّت بھی

اے شوق کی بیباکی وہ کیا تری خواہش تھی
جس پر انھیں غصّہ ہے انکار بھی حیرت بھی

Hasrat Mohani

Grinding the mill and poetic drill go hand in hand together,
Hasrat's disposition is a wondrous feat indeed!

Chastise me the way you like, take liberties undeterred,
Here I give my word: "Never shall I complain."

Audacity of love will teach you aught,
Be it mischief or coquetry, O coy sweetheart!
Sensitive the lovers' hearts, frail too the beauties' minds,
This makes the task of love precarious all the more.

O impudence of love, what was that desire,
Expression of which evoked from her: rage, surprise, rejection?

Hai mashq-e-sakhun jaari, chakki ki mushaqqat bhi,
Ek turfa tamaasha hi, Hasrat ki tabiat bhi.

Jo chaaho saza de lo, tum aur bhi khul khelo,
Par ham se qasam le lo, ki ho jo shikayat bhi.

Khud ishq ki gustaakhi sab tujh ko sikha degi,
Ai husn-e-haya parwar, shokhi be, sharaarat bhi.

Ushaaq ke dil naazuk, us shokh ki khu naazuk,
Naazuk isi nisbat se hai kaar-e-mahabbat bhi.

Ai Shauq ki bebaaki woh kya teri khwahish thi,
Jis par unhen ghussa hai, inkar bhi, hairat bhi.

حسرت

یاد ہیں سارے وہ عیشِ بافراغت کے مزے
دِل ابھی بھولا نہیں آغازِ الفت کے مزے
وہ سراپا ناز تھا بیگانۂ رسمِ وفا!
اور مجھے حاصل تھے لطفِ بے نہایت کے مزے
حسن سے اپنے وہ غافل تھا میں اپنے عشق سے
اب کہاں سے لاؤں وہ ناواقفیت کے مزے
میری جانب سے نگاہِ شوخ کی گستاخیاں
یار کی جانب سے آغازِ شرارت کے مزے
یاد ہیں وہ حسن و الفت کی نرالی شوخیاں
التماسِ عذر و تمہیدِ شکایت کے مزے
صحتیں لاکھوں مری بیمارئ غم پر نثار
جس میں اٹھے بارہا ان کی عیادت کے مزے

Hasrat Mohani

I fully remember those leisurely delights,
I haven't yet forgot the sweet start of love.

She, beauty incarnate, to unkind ways unknown,
And I a partaker of rich and rare feasts.

She wasn't beauty-conscious, nor I conscious of love,
Such joys of innocence, I know not where to find.

Those bold overtures, shot from my eyes,
Those amorous mischiefs springing from her side.

The novel pranks on either hand, that mixed fare
Of regret and plaint—I remember all.

I'll barter a hundred healths for that sickness, sorrow-based,
Which drew her to my bedside over and over again.

Yaad hain saare woh aish-e-ba-faraaghat ke maze,
Dil abhi bhula nahin aaghaz-e-ulfat ke maze.

Woh saraapa naaz tha begaana-e-rasm-e-jafa,
Aur mujhe haasil the lutf-e-be-nihaayat ke maze.

Husn se apne woh ghafil tha, main apne ishq se,
Ab kahaan se laaun woh naawaaqfiat ke maze.

Meri jaanab se nigah-e-shauq ki betaabian,
Yaar ki jaanab se aaghaz-e-sharaarat ke maze.

Yaad hain woh husn-o-ulfat ki nirali shokhian,
Iltamaas-e-uzr-o-tamhid-e-shikayat ke maze.

Saihten laakhon meri bimari-e-gham par nisaar,
Jis mein uthe baarha unki ayaadat ke maze.

حسرت

مستی کے پھر آ گئے زمانے
آباد ہوئے شراب خانے

ہر پھول چمن میں زر بہ کف ہے
باٹے ہیں بہار نے خزانے

سب ہنس پڑے کھلکھلا کے غنچے
چھیڑا جو لطیفہ صبا نے

سرسبز ہوا نہالِ غم بھی
پیدا وہ اثر کیا ہوا نے

رندوں نے پچھاڑ کر پلا دی
واعظ کے نہ چل سکے بہانے

کر دوں گا میں ہر ولی کو میخوار
توفیق جو دی مجھے خدا نے

ہم نے تو نثار کر دیا دل
اب جانے وہ شوخ یا نہ جانے

بیگانۂ مے کیا ہے مجھ کو
ساقی کی نگاہِ آشنا نے

Hasrat Mohani

Hilarious days are here again,
Taverns bustle with life.

Every flower is crowned with gold,
Behold the largesse of spring!

Every bud is agiggle with laughter,
Tickled by the playful breeze.

Even the plant of gloom is green,
Under the magic touch of air.

Drinkers have forced the priest to drink,
Brushing all his scruples away.

I'll convert the divines to drinkers,
By the support and strength of God.

Here I offer my heart to her,
To accept or say no is upto my sweet.

The Saqi's seductive glance,
Has estranged me from wine.

Masti ke phir aagaye zamaane,
Aabaad hue sharaab khaane.

Har phul chaman mein zar-ba-kaf hai,
Baante hain bahaar ne khazaane.

Sab hans pare khilkhila ke ghunche,
Chhera jo latifa saba ne.

Sarsabz hua nihal-e-gham bhi,
Paida woh asar kiya hawa ne.

Rindon ne pichhaar kar pila di,
Waiz ke na chal sake bahaane.

Kar dunga main har wali ko maikhwar,
Taufiq jo di mujhe Khuda ne.

Ham ne to nisaar kar diya dil,
Ab jaane woh shokh, yaa na jaane.

Begaana-e-mai kiya hai mujhko,
Saqi ki nigah-e-aashna ne.

حسرت

مسکن ہے قفس میں بلبلوں کا
ویراں پڑے ہیں آشیانے
اب کاہے کو آئیں گے وہ حسرت
آغازِ جنوں کے پھر زمانے

Hasrat Mohani

The nightingales reside in cage,
The nests deserted lie.

Never, Hasrat, will return the days
Of the first flush of maddening love.

Maskin hai qafas mein bulbulon ka,
Viraan pare hain aashiane.

Ab kaahe ko aaenge woh Hasrat,
Aaghaaz-e-janun ke phir zamaane.

حسرت

گھر کے آخر آج برسی ہے گھٹا برسات کی
میکدوں میں کب سے ہوتی تھی دعا برسات کی
موجبِ سوز و سرور و باعثِ عیش و نشاط
تازگی، بخشِ دل و جاں ہے ہوا برسات کی
شامِ سرما دلرُبا تھا، صبحِ گرما خوش نما
دلرُبا تر، خوشنما تر، ہے فضا برسات کی
گرمی و سردی کے مِٹ جاتے ہیں سب جس سے مرض
لال لال ایک ایسی نکلی ہے دوا برسات کی
سُرخ پوشش پر ہے زرد و سبز بوٹوں کی بہار
کیوں نہ ہوں رنگینیاں تجھ پر فدا برسات کی
دیکھنے والے ہوئے جاتے ہیں پامالِ ہوس
دیکھ کر چھب تیری اے رنگیں ادا برسات کی

Hasrat Mohani

The gathering clouds have at last poured down in might,
For long did the taverns invoke the blessed rain.

The source of ecstatic bliss, cause of raptures wild,
Exhilarating in extreme is the breeze of rain.

Fascinating the winter eve, sweet too the summer morn,
Lovelier far and more refreshing is the spell of rain.

A ruddy potion that can cure the effects of heat and cold,
A potent drug is discovered for the months of rain.

With your purple robe, embellished green and gold,
Surely you outshine the splendid hues of rain.

Tormented by desire they stand, who once chance to gaze,
At your lovely form, lovelier made by rain.

Ghir ke aaj aakhir barsi hai ghata barsaat ki,
Maikadon mein kab se hoti thi dua barsaat ki.

Mujab-e-soz-o-sarur-e-baayas-e-aish-o-nishaat,
Taazgi bakhsh-e-dil-o-jaan hai hawa barsaat ki.

Shaam-e-sarma dilruba tha, subah-e-garma khushnuma,
Dilruba tar, khushnuma tar hai faza barsaat ki.

Garmi-o-sardi ke mit jaate hain sab jis se marz,
Lal lal ek aisi nikali hai dawa barsaat ki.

Surkh poshish par hai zard-o-sabz booton ki bahaar,
Kyon na hon rangeenian tujh par fida barsaat ki.

Dekhne wale hue jaate hain paamaal-e-hawas,
Dekh kar chhab teri ai rangin ada barsaat ki.

حسرت

چپکے چپکے رات دن آنسو بہانا یاد ہے
ہم کو اب تک عاشقی کا وہ زمانہ یاد ہے

باہزاراں اضطراب و صد ہزاراں اشتیاق
تجھ سے وہ پہلے پہل دل کا لگانا یاد ہے

تجھ سے ملتے ہی وہ بے باک ہو جانا مرا
اور ترا دانتوں میں وہ انگلی دبانا یاد ہے

کھینچ لینا وہ مرا پردے کا کونا دفعتاً
اور دوپٹے سے ترا وہ منہ چھپانا یاد ہے

جان کر سوتا تجھے وہ قصرِ پابوسی مرا
اور ترا ٹھکرا کے سر، وہ مسکرانا یاد ہے

تجھ کو جب تنہا کبھی پانا تو ازراہِ لحاظ
حالِ دل باتوں ہی باتوں میں جتانا یاد ہے

جب سوا میرے تمہارا کوئی دیوانہ نہ تھا
سچ کہو کچھ تم کو بھی وہ کارخانہ یاد ہے

غیر کی نظروں سے بچ کر سب کی مرضی کے خلاف
وہ ترا چوری چھپے راتوں کو آنا یاد ہے

Hasrat Mohani

I remember those silent sessions of weeping day and night,
I haven't yet forgot those romantic days of love.

With restlessness unbounded, eagerness unconfined,
I remember the first time I fell in love with you.

I remember my bold advances as soon as we met,
While you stood tongue-tied, your finger 'twixt your teeth.

I remember how I twitched the corner of your veil,
While behind the mantle you quickly hid your face.

How I tried to kiss you, deeming you asleep,
And how you spurned me with a smile, I still remember.

Finding you alone sometime, how with caution due,
By the by I'd tell my tale, I well remember.

Do you remember that time, O love,
When suitors you had none but me?

Avoiding all eyes, defying all injunctions,
I remember you visiting me stealthily at night.

Chupke chupke raat din aansu bahana yaad hai,
Ham ko ab tak aashqi ka woh zamana yaad hai.

Baa hazaaraan iztaraab-o-sad hazaaraan ishtiaq,
Tujh se woh pahle pahal dil ka lagana yaad hai.

Tujh se milte hi woh bebaak ho jaana mera,
Aur tera daanton mein woh ungli dabana yaad hai.

Kheinch lena woh mera parde ka kona dafatan,
Aur dopatte se tera woh munh chhipana yaad hai.

Jaan kar sota tujhe woh qasad-e-paabosi mera,
Aur tera thukra ke sar woh muskarana yaad hai.

Tujh ko jab tanha kabhi paana to az raah-e-lihaz,
Haal-e-dil beaton hi baaton mein jitana yaad hai.

Jab siwa mere tumhara koi diwana na tha,
Sach kaho kya tum ko bhi woh kaarkhana yaad hai.

Ghair ki nazron se bach kar, sab ki marzi ke khilaf,
Woh tera chori chipe raaton ko aana yaad hai.

حسرت

آ گیا گر وصل کی شب بھی کہیں ذکرِ فراق
وہ ترا رو رو کے مجھ کو بھی رُلانا یاد ہے

دوپہر کی دھوپ میں میرے بلانے کے لیے
وہ ترا کوٹھے پہ ننگے پاؤں آنا یاد ہے

دیکھنا مجھ کو جو برگشتہ تو سَو سَو ناز سے
جب منا لینا تو پھر خود روٹھ جانا یاد ہے

چوری چوری ہم سے تم آ کر ملے تھے جس جگہ
مدّتیں گزریں پر اب تک وہ ٹھکانہ یاد ہے

باوجودِ ادّعائے اتقا حسرت مجھے
آج تک عہدِ ہوس کا یہ فسانہ یاد ہے

Hasrat Mohani

If parting was ever mentioned on the union night,
O, how you wept and made me weep, I still remember.

How you came to call me in the mid-day heat,
Barefoot on the roof-top, I remember all.

You would bring me round with cajolings manifold,
And then pretend estrangement, I haven't forgot.

Though it occurred long ago, I remember the place,
Where we used to hold our secret rendezvous.

Despite my vow of piety, I remember still,
The romantic tale, O Hasrat, of my sensuous days.

Aa gaya gar wasal ki shab bhi kahin zikar-e-firaq,
Woh tera ro ro ke mujh ko bhi rulana yaad hai.

Dopahar ki dhoop mein mere bulaane ke liye,
Woh tera kothe pe nange paaon aana yaad hai.

Dekhna mujhko jo bargashta to sau sau naaz se,
Jab mana lena to phir khud ruth jaana yaad hai.

Chori chori ham se tum aakar mile the jis jagah,
Muddaten guzrin par ab tak woh thikana yaad hai.

Bawajud-e-iddaa-e-ittqa Hasrat mujhe,
Aajtak ahd-e-hawas ka yeh fasana yaad hai.

Raghupati Sahai Firaq (1896-1982)

RAGHUPATI SAHAI FIRAQ (1896-1982)

Raghupati Sahai Firaq was born at Gorakhpur in Uttar Pradesh. His father, Munshi Gorakh Prasad, was an advocate by profession, but a poet by taste and temperament. He wrote poetry under the pen-name of "Ibrat". Firaq thus grew up in an enlightened, literary environment which must have activated his innate artistic instincts. He was a distinguished student specially interested in Urdu, Persian, and English literature, in which subject he also obtained a Master's degree. He had a chequered career which included a short period of government service as Deputy Collector, several years of political and patriotic work in the Indian National Congress, which entailed for him one year of imprisonment, and, finally, a long career as a teacher of English at Allahabad University. Firaq married at the comparatively young age of 18, but it was an unhappy marriage, a constant cause of tension between husband and wife.

As a poet of the *ghazal* Firaq stands foremost among the modern writers. His poetry and personality were nurtured by several diverse influences. He was thoroughly familiar with the Urdu poetic tradition, and was specially impressed by the poetry of Mir and Momin. He was also influenced by English poetry, in particular by the poetry and poetics of the romantics. Further, he had imbibed within him the spirit of the ancient Hindu thought and culture, as reflected in Hindi and Sanskrit literatures. Consequently, Firaq's poetry has acquired a unique flavour. It is remarkable for its sensuousness, for its frank commitment to physical beauty, for its sensitivity to human sorrow, and for its exploration of the mysteries of the night— the starry skies, their shifting moods and hues, their silences, and their glimmer and gloom. Firaq is sometimes accused of coarse sensuality in his treatment of love and women. True, he has departed from the convention of reticence and reserve generally observed by the Urdu poets in this context, but it goes to his credit that he does not normally allow his sensuousness to sink into prurience or vulgarity. He looks at the female form with the eye of an artist and a lover, and often interprets the beauty of woman in terms of the beauty of nature. Like the English romantic poets, Firaq seems to have found a bond of unity between man and nature, body and spirit, all of which were for him the manifestations of the same divine energy:

یارو باہم گُندھے ہُوئے ہیں کائنات کے بکھرے ٹکڑے
ایک پھول کو جنبش دو گے تو اک تارہ کانپ اُٹھے گا

All things of the universe are links of one chain,
The shaking of a flower will set a star ashiver.

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Firaq has tried to bring Urdu poetic diction close to the Indian soil by blending it with Hindi words and indigenous imagery. His *ghazals* breathe a native Indian flavour, and are suffused with a soft, subdued music. They are written in a variety of measures, both short and long. He has also written *rubaies* and criticism in prose. In recognition of his services to the cause of language and literature Firaq was honoured with two prestigious awards—the Sahitya Akademi Award (1960) and the Jnanpith Literary Award (1969).

رگھوپتی سہائے فراق

رات آدھی سے زیادہ گئی تھی سارا عالم سوتا تھا
نام ترا لے لے کر کوئی درد کا مارا روتا تھا

چارہ گرو یہ تسکیں کیسی میں بھی ہوں اِس دُنیا میں
اُن کو ایسا درد کب اُٹھا جن کو بچنا ہوتا تھا

کچھ کا کچھ کہہ جاتا تھا میں فرقت کی بیتابی میں
سُننے والے ہنس پڑتے تھے ہوش مجھے تب ہوتا تھا

تارے اکثر ڈوب چلے تھے رات کے رونے والوں کو
آنے لگی تھی نیند سی کچھ، دُنیا میں سویرا ہوتا تھا

ترکِ محبّت کرنے والو کون الیا جگ جیت لیا
عِشق کے پہلے کے دن سوچو کون بڑا سُکھ ہوتا تھا

اُس کے آنسو کِس نے دیکھے اُس کی آہیں کِس نے سُنیں؟
چمن چمن تھا حُسن بھی لیکن دَریا دَریا روتا تھا

پچھلا پہر تھا ہجر کی شب کا جاگنے والا سوتا سنسار
تاروں کی چھاؤں میں کوئی فراق سا موتی پروتا تھا

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

O'er half the night had flown, the world lay asleep,
A grief-struck man wept and wailed, iterating your name.

O physicians, beguile me not, I too have seen the world,
Whoever suffered such a pain and managed to survive?

Perplexed by the pain of parting, I meandered in my speech,
Frequent laughter of my friends shocked me into sense.

The stars had mostly set; the weepers, after night-long vigil,
Were falling off to sleep: the world witnessed the dawn.

O ye, who have abandoned love, what marvels have you won?
Recall the days before ye loved, were you any better then?

Whoever saw her shedding tears, whoever heard her sighs?
Garden-like the Beauty bloomed, river-like she wept!

The severance night was near its end, with God awake and earth asleep,
A Firaq-like man was threading beads under the starlit dome.

Raat aadhi se zayada gaye thi saara aalam sota tha,
Naam tera le le kar koi dard ka mara rota tha.

Chaara garo yeh taskin kaisi main bhi hun is dunia mein,
Unko aisa dard kab utha jin ko bachna hota tha.

Kuchh ka kuchh kah jata tha main furqat ki betaabi mein,
Sunane wale hans parte the hosh mujhe tab hota tha.

Taare aksar doob chale the, raat ke rone walon ko,
Anne lagi thi neend si kuchh, dunia mein savera hota tha.

Tark-e-mahabbat karne walo kaun aisa jag jeet liya,
Ishq ke pahle ke din socho kaun bara sukh hota tha.

Uske aansoo kis ne dekhe, uski aahen kis ne sunin?
Chaman chaman tha husn bhi lekin, darya darya rota tha.

Pichhla pahar tha hijar ki shab ka, jaagta rab sota sansaar,
Taaron ki chhaaon mein koi Firaq saa moti parota tha.

فراق

آج بھی قافلۂ عشق رواں ہے کہ جو تھا
وہی میل اور وہی سنگِ نشاں ہے کہ جو تھا
آج بھی عشق لٹاتا دل و جاں ہے کہ جو تھا
آج بھی حسن وہی جنسِ گراں ہے کہ جو تھا
پھر ترا غم وہی رسوائے جہاں ہے کہ جو تھا
پھر فسانہ بحدیثِ دگراں ہے کہ جو تھا
دلِ سوزاں سے ہے پُرنور شبستانِ وجود
عشق پھر شمعِ محرابِ جہاں ہے کہ جو تھا
منزلیں عشق کی تا حدِ نظر سُونی ہیں
کوئی رہرو یہاں ہے نہ وہاں ہے کہ جو تھا
عافیت کا بھی محبت میں تھا اک دور مگر
پھر وہی اس میں زیانِ دل و جاں ہے کہ جو تھا
ظلمت و نور میں کچھ بھی نہ محبت کو ملا
آج تک دھندلکے کا سماں ہے کہ جو تھا
یوں تو اِس دور میں بے کیف سی ہے بزمِ حیات
اک ہنگامہ سرِ رطلِ گراں ہے کہ جو تھا

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

The caravan of love is on the march, as heretofore,
The same old mile, the same milestone, as heretofore.

Love squanders its heart and soul, as heretofore,
Beauty is as dear to-day, as heretofore.

Grief of love is the source of scandal, as heretofore,
My tale is on the others' lips, as heretofore.

The flaming heart provides the torch in the night of life,
The lamp of love lights the world, as heretofore.

The paths of love deserted lie as far as eye can see,
Not a soul can be seen wayfaring, as heretofore.

Love too has had its happy days, but once again,
Heart and soul are under siege, as heretofore.

Love achieved nothing in darkness or light,
It is the same twilight world, as heretofore.

Insipid, though, is the session of life in the present age,
The tavern alone is astir with life, as heretofore.

Aaj bhi qaafla-e-ishq rawaan hai ke jo tha,
Wohi meel aur wohi sang-e-nishaan hai ke jo tha.

Aaj bhi ishq lutaata dil-o-jaan hai ke jo tha,
Aaj bhi husn wohi jins-e-giraan hai ke jo tha,

Phir tera gham wohi ruswa-e-jahan hai ke jo tha,
Phir fasana bahadis-e-digraan hai ke jo tha.

Dil-e-sozaan se hai pur nur shabastaan-e-wajud,
Ishq phir shama-e-mahraab-e-jahan hai ke jo tha.

Manzalen ishq ki taa hadd-e-nazr suni hain,
Koi rahrau yahan hai na wahan hai ke jo tha.

Aafiat ka bhi mahabbat mein tha ek daur magar,
Phir wohi is mein zayaan-e-dil-o-jaan hai ke jo tha.

Zulmat-o-nur mein kuchh bhi na mahabbat ko mila,
Aaj tak dhundalke ka samaan hai ke jo tha.

Yun to is daur mein be-kaif si hai bazm-e-hayaat,
Ek hangaama sar-e-ratl-e-giraan hai ke jo tha.

فراق

رات بھر حُسن پہ آئے بھی گئے بھی سَو رنگ
شام سے عِشق ابھی تک نِگراں ہے کہ جو تھا
آنکھ جھپکی کہ اُدھر ختم ہوا روزِ وصال
پھر بھی اُس دن پہ قیامت کا گماں ہے کہ جو تھا
تیرہ بختی نہیں جاتی دلِ سوزاں کی فراقؔ
شمع کے سر پہ وہی آج دُھواں ہے کہ جو تھا

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Beauty changed a hundred hues in the course of night,
Love has had to wait and wait, as heretofore.

The day of union flies away in the twinkling of an eye,
Yet it looks like the day of doom, as heretofore.

The dark night of the burning heart seems to have no end,
The candle wears a crown of smoke, as heretofore.

Raat bhar husn pe aae bhi gaye bhi sau rang,
Shaam se ishq abhi tak nigraan hai ke jo tha.

Aankh jhapki ke udhar khatam hua roz-e-wasaal,
Phir bhi is din pe qayaamat ka gumaan hai ke jo tha.

Teera bakhti nahin jaati dil-e-sozaan ki, Firaq,
Shama ke sar par wohi aaj dhuaan hai ke jo tha.

فراق

وہ عالم ہوتا ہے مجھ پر جب فکرِ غزل میں کرتا ہوں
خود اپنے خیالوں کو ہمدم میں ہاتھ لگاتے ڈرتا ہوں

بے جان لکیریں بول اُٹھتی ہیں نقطے کو دے اُٹھتے ہیں
اس نقش و نگارِ ہستی میں وہ رنگِ محبت بھرتا ہوں

افسردہ و تیرہ فضاؤں میں گرمی پرِ جبریل ہوں میں
سوتے سنسار کے سینے میں لے کر آیات اُترتا ہوں

جب سازِ غزل کو چھوتا ہوں راتیں لَو دینے لگتی ہیں
ظلمات کے سینے میں ہمدم میں جشنِ چراغاں کرتا ہوں

یہ میری نوائے نیم شبی اشکِ انجم میں نہائی ہوئی
اُڑ جاتی ہیں نیندیں صدیوں کی کیا جانے کیا میں کرتا ہوں

دل جن کے فلک سے اٹکے ہیں دھرتی کی وہ عظمت کیا جانیں
میں اس کے قدم پر کنگرۂ افلاک کو بھی خم کرتا ہوں

آتی ہے یہاں میری باری اک مرتبہ عہد بہ عہد فراق
تقدیرِ زمین و زماں ہوں میں بطنِ گیتی سے اُبھرتا ہوں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Such a state descends on me when I invoke the Muse,
That I fear, O my dear, to graze past my thoughts.

Lifeless lines acquire a tongue, dots begin to glow,
Such tints of love I inject into the scenes of life.

I bring the heat of Gabriel's wings in air dark and dreary,
I slip into the slumbering breasts carrying sacred lore.

When I touch the lyre, night emits a glow,
I turn the heart of darkness into a feast of lights.

Ah, my midnight wail, drenched in celestial tears!
Slumbering centuries startle awake, I know not what I do.

What know they of the grandeur of earth, those obsessed with the skies,
I would make the skiey mansions kneel before the earth.

Once in every age, Firaq, I get my turn and place,
I am the fate of earth and age, I am the child of times.

Woh aalam mujh par hota hai jab fikar-e-ghazal main karta hun,
Khud apne khayaalon ko hamdam main haath lagaate darta hun.

Be jaan lakiren bol uthti hain, nuqte lau de uthte hain,
Is naqash-o-nigaar-e-hasti mein woh rang-e-mahabbat bharta hun.

Afsurda-o-teera fazaaon mein garmi-e-par-e-Gabriel hun main,
Sote sansaar ke seene main le kar aayaat utrata hun.

Jab saaz-e-ghazal ko chhuta hun raaten lau dene lagti hain,
Zulmat ke seene mein hamdam main jashan-e-chiraghaan karta hun.

Yeh meri nawae nim shabi, ashk-e-anjum mein nahai hui,
Ur jaati hain neenden sadion ki kya jaane kya main karta hun.

Dil jinke falak se atke hain dharti ki woh azmat kya jaanen,
Main is ke qadam par kangara-e-iflaak ko bhi kham karta hun.

Aati hai yahaan meri baari ek martaba ahd-ba-ahd Firaq,
Taqdir-e-zamin-o-zamaan hun main, batan-e-geeti se ubharta hun.

فراق

اب اکثر چُپ چُپ سے رہے ہیں یونہی کبھو لب کھولے ہیں
پہلے فراق کو دیکھا ہوتا اب تو بہت کم بولے ہیں

دن میں ہم کو دیکھنے والو اپنے اپنے ہیں اوقات
جاؤ نہ تم اِن خشک آنکھوں پر ہم راتوں کو رو لے ہیں

خُنک سیہ مہکے ہوئے سائے پھَیل جائیں ہیں جل تھل پر
کن جتنوں سے میری غزلیں رات کا جوڑا کھولے ہیں

ساقی بھلا کہاں قسمت میں اب وہ چھلکتے پیمانے
ہم یادوں کے جام چوم کے سوکھے ہونٹ بھگو لے ہیں

بے قصور منصور کو ناحق دار و رَسن پر کھینچو ہو
لوگو کوئی اور نہیں یہ پردے سے ہم بولے ہیں

کون کرے ہے باتیں مجھ سے تنہائی کے پردے میں
اَیسے میں کس کی آوازیں کانوں میں رس گھولے ہیں

آب و تابِ اشعار نہ پوچھو تم بھی آنکھیں رکھو ہو
یہ جگ مگ، بتیوں کی دمک ہے یا ہم موتی رولے ہیں

نقش و نگارِ غزل میں جو تم یہ شادابی پاؤ ہو
ہم اشکوں میں کائنات کے نوکِ قلم ڈبولے ہیں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

He now remains rather subdued, rarely doth he ope his lips,
Should have met him in the past, Firaq is now so reserved.

Ye, who watch us in the day, judge not by our eyelids dry,
Everything doth keep its time, we do our weeping at night.

Cool, swarthy, scented shades spread o'er land and sea,
What efforts my lyrics expend in straightening out the locks of night!

Gone the days when we had brimming cups to drink,
We now slake our thirsty lips, kissing goblets, memory-served.

Why drag Mansur to the gallows, without a cause, without a fault?
It's none else but we speaking from behind the veil.

Who is it that talks to me screened behind seclusion,
Whose voice at this time trickles honey into my ears?

Why doubt the splendour of my verse, haven't you eyes to see?
Do you think it's the glitter of lamps, or the gems I roll?

If in the flourish and form of my verse, find ye lushness green,
It is because I dip my pen in the cosmic tears.

Ab aksar chup chup se rahe hain, yunhin kabho lab kholen hain,
Pahle Firaq ko dekha hota ab to bahut kam bolen hain.

Din mein hamko dekhne walo, apne apne hain auqaat,
Jaao na tum in khushk aankhon par ham raaton ko ro le hain.

Khunak sayah mehke hue saae phail jaaen hain jal thal par,
Kin jatnon se meri ghazlen raat ka joora kholen hain.

Saqi bhala kahaan kismat mein ab woh chhalkate paimaane,
Ham yaadon ke jaam chum ke sukhe hont bhigo le hain.

Be qasur Mansur ko naa haq daar-o-rasan par kheincho ho,
Logo koi aur nahin yeh parde se ham bole hain.

Kaun kare hai baaten mujh se tanhaai ke parde mein,
Aise mein kis ki aawazen kaanon mein ras gholen hain.

Aab-o-taab-e-ashaar na puchho, tum bhi aankhen rakho ho,
Yeh jag mag battion ki damak hai, yaa ham moti rolen hain.

Naqsh-o-nigar-e-ghazal mein jo tum yeh shadaabi paao ho,
Ham askhon mein kainaat ke nok-e-qalam dabo le hain.

فراق

غم کا فسانہ سُننے والو آخرِ شب آرام کرو
کل یہ کہانی پھر چھیڑیں گے ہم بھی ذرا اب سونے ہیں
صدقے فراق اعجازِ سخن کے کیسے اُڑائی یہ آواز
اِن غزلوں کے پردے میں تو میر کی غزلیں بولے ہیں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

O ye listeners of the tearful tale, have respite, it's the close of night,
I'll resume my tale to-morrow, let me also sleep a while.

Hats off to your magic eloquence, how came you by this style?
In your *ghazals* we hear, Firaq, the very voice of Mir.

Gham ka fasaana sunane walo aakhir-e-shab aaram karo,
Kal yeh kahani phir chherenge ham bhi zara ab so len hain.

Sadqe Firaq ajaaz-e-sakhun ke, kaise uraai yeh aawaz,
In ghazlon ke parde mein to Mir ki ghazlen bolen hain.

فراق

سَر میں سَودا بھی نہیں، دل میں تمنّا بھی نہیں
لیکن اس ترکِ محبّت کا بھروسہ بھی نہیں

دِل کی گنتی نہ یگانوں میں نہ بیگانوں میں
لیکن اس جلوہ گہِ ناز سے اُٹھتا بھی نہیں

شکوۂ جور کرے کیا کوئی اس شوخ سے جو
صاف قائل بھی نہیں صاف مکرتا بھی نہیں

مہربانی کو محبّت نہیں کہتے اے دوست
آہ اب مجھ سے تری رنجشِ بیجا بھی نہیں

بات یہ ہے کہ سکونِ دلِ وحشی کا مقام
کنجِ زنداں بھی نہیں، وسعتِ صحرا بھی نہیں

مدّتیں ہوئیں کہ تری یاد بھی آئی نہ ہمیں
اور تمھیں بھول گئے ہوں ایسا بھی نہیں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

My head has shed its madness, my heart its desire,
Yet I cannot trust my pledge to abjure love.

My poor heart is reckoned neither intimate, nor alien,
Yet it will not budge from the beauty's court.

Who can complain of cruelty to that clever being?
Who neither clearly concurs, nor clearly confutes.

To be kind is not the same as to love, my friend,
Alas, I am now denied even your undue ire.

Neither a narrow cage, nor the limitless wilds,
Can ever to a manic heart inner peace provide.

True, that for long I haven't thought of you,
But to say that I forgot you would also be untrue.

Sar mein sauda bhi nahin dil mein tamanna bhi nahin,
Lekin is tark-e-mahabbat ka bharosa bhi nahin.

Dil ki ginti na yagaanon mein na begaanon mein,
Lekin is jalwa-gahe naaz se uthta bhi nahin.

Shikwa-e-jaur kare kya is shokh se jo,
Saaf qaayal bhi nahin, saaf mukarta bhi nahin.

Meharbaani ko mahabbat nahin kahte ai dost,
Aah ab mujh se teri ranjash-e-be jaa bhi nahin.

Baat yeh hai ke sakun-e-dil-e-wahshi ka maqaam,
Kunj-e-zindaan bhi nahin, wusat-e-sahra bhi nahin.

Muddaten huin ke teri yaad bhi aai na hamen,
Aur tumhen bhul gaye hon aisa bhi nahin.

فراق

حُسن بھی تھا اُداس اُداس شام بھی تھی دُھواں دُھواں
یاد سی آ کے رہ گئیں دِل کو کئی کہانیاں
چھیڑ کے داستانِ غم اہلِ وطن کے درمیاں
ہم ابھی بیچ ہی میں تھے اور بدل گئی زباں
سرحدِ غیب تک تجھے صاف ملیں گے نقشِ پا
پُوچھ نہ یہ پھرا ہوں میں تیرے لیے کہاں کہاں
رنگ جما کے اُٹھ گئی کتنے تمدّنوں کی بزم
یاد نہیں زمین کو بھُول گیا ہے آسماں
جس کو بھی دیکھیے وہی بزم میں ہے غزل سرا
چھڑ گئی داستانِ دِل بحدیثِ دیگراں
بیت گئے ہیں لاکھ جُگ سُوئے وطن چلے ہوئے
پہنچی ہے آدمی کی ذات چار قدم کشاں کشاں
جیسے کھِلا ہوا گلاب چاند کے پاس لہلہائے
رات وہ دستِ ناز میں جامِ شرابِ ارغواں
مجھ کو فراق یاد ہے پیکرِ رنگ و بوئے دوست
پاؤں سے تا جبینِ ناز مہرِ فشاں و مہ چکاں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Sad and weary the beauty was, ashen grey the eve,
Many an old forgotten tale flashed across my mind.

I was telling the woeful tale to my countrymen,
Hardly had I half-way gone when the idiom changed.

You can find my footsteps right till the bounds of life,
Ask me not how far and wide I have travelled in your search.

Many a culture, once ascendant, has gone extinct,
Not remembered by the earth, nor by the sky.

Whomsoever you see is singing lyrics of love,
Every tongue is voicing forth the tale of my heart.

Countless aeons have gone since his homeward trek began,
But man has hardly covered as yet a few reluctant steps.

Yesternight her delicate hand held aloft the purple glass,
Looked as if a blooming rose beside the moon did dance.

I remember, O Firaq, my love's luminous, fragrant form,
Radiant as the sun, soft as the moon, right from top to toe.

Husn bhi tha udaas, udaas, shaam bhi thi dhuaan, dhuaan,
Yaad si aake rah gayin dil ko kayi kahaanian.

Chher ke daastaan-e-gham ahl-e-watan ke darmiaan,
Ham abhi bich mein hi the aur badal gayi zabaan.

Sarhad-e-ghaib tak tujhe saaf milenge naqsh-e-paa,
Puchh na yeh phira hun main tere liye kahaan kahaan.

Rang jama ke uth gayi kitne tamaddnon ki bazm,
Yaad nahin zamin ko, bhul gaya hai aasman.

Jisko bhi dekheye wohi bazm mein hai ghazal sara,
Chhir gayi daastaan-e-dil bahadis-e-digraan.

Beet gaye hain laakh jug sue watan chale hue,
Pohunchi hai aadmi ki zaat chaar qadam kashaan kashaan.

Jaise khila hua gulaab chaand ke paas lahlahaae,
Raat woh dast-e-naaz mein jaam-e-nishaat-e-arghawaan.

Mujh ko Firaq yaad hai paikar-e-rang-o-bue dost,
Paaon se taa jabin-e-naaz, mehr fashaan-o-mah chukaan.

فراق

وہ مایوسانِ غم سے وقت کی گھاتیں نہیں ہوتیں
فراق اب وہ سحر نا آشنا راتیں نہیں ہوتیں

ہم آہنگی بھی تیری دوریٔ قربت نما نکلی
کہ تجھ سے مِل کے بھی تجھ سے مُلاقاتیں نہیں ہوتیں

وہ عالم اور ہی ہے جس میں میٹھی نیند آجائے
خوشی اور غم میں سونے کے لیے راتیں نہیں ہوتیں

زبان و گوش کی ناکامیوں کا کچھ ٹھکانا ہے
کہ باتیں ہو کے بھی تجھ سے کبھی باتیں نہیں ہوتیں

سمجھ کچھ رازِ حُسن و عشق کے شبہائے ہجراں میں
کہ رونے کے لیے یہ دُکھ بھری راتیں نہیں ہوتیں

لہک اٹھتے تھے گلشن چار جھونکوں چار چھینٹوں میں
ہوائیں وہ نہیں چلتیں وہ برساتیں نہیں ہوتیں

فراق اے کاش سننے والوں کے سینوں میں دل ہوتا
حقیقت ہوتی ہے اشعار میں باتیں نہیں ہوتیں

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

No longer can we, the grief-struck, defy the fiat of time,
No longer do we experience, those long, unending nights.

Even a tryst with you is distance seeming-near,
We remain strangers still, however oft we meet.

It's quite a different state which induces sweet slumber,
The states of joy and sorrow are not meant for sleep.

How inadequate, alas, are our tongues and ears,
We cannot open out, even when we speak.

Ponder the mysteries of love and beauty on these lonesome nights,
These are not to be wasted in shedding idle tears.

A few drops of rain, a few whiffs of breeze, could make the garden bloom,
Where are those rains now, whither fled the breeze?

Firaq, I wish my hearers had a heart within their breast,
My verse is the vehicle of truth, not mere prattle.

Woh maayusaan-e-gham se waqt ki ghaaten nahin hotin,
Firaq ab woh sahr-na-aashna raaten nahin hotin.

Ham aahangi bhi teri doori-e-qurbat numa nikli,
Ke tujh se mil ke bhi tujh se mulaqaaten nahin hotin.

Woh aalam aur hi hai jis mein meethi neend aajaae,
Khushi aur gham mein sone ke liye raaten nahin hotin.

Zabaan-o-gosh ki naakaamion ka kuchh thikaana hai,
Ke baaten ho ke bhi tujh se kabhi baaten nahin hotin.

Samajh kuchh raaz husn-o-ishq ke shabhaae hijraan mein,
Ke rone ke liye yeh dukh bhari raaten nahin hotin.

Lahak uthte the gulshan chaar jhonkon chaar chheenton mein,
Hawaen woh nahin chaltin, woh barsaaten nahin hotin.

Firaq ai kaash sunane waalon ke seene mein dil hota,
Haqiqat hoti hai ishaar mein baaten nahin hotin.

فراق

اب دَورِ آسماں ہے نہ دورِ حیات ہے
اے دردِ ہجر تُو ہی بتا کتنی رات ہے

ہر کائنات سے یہ الگ کائنات ہے
حیرت سرائے عشق میں دن ہے نہ رات ہے

جینا جو آ گیا تو اَجل بھی حیات ہے
اور یوں تو عمرِ خضر بھی کیا بے ثبات ہے

ہستی کو جس نے زلزلہ ساماں بنا دیا
وہ دِل قرار پائے مقدّر کی بات ہے

کیوں انتہائے شوق کو کہتے ہیں بے خودی
خورشید ہی کی آخری منزل تو رات ہے

گُم ہو کے ہر جگہ ہیں خود رفتگانِ عشق
اُن کی بھی اہل کشف و کرامات ذات ہے

توڑا ہے لامکاں کی حدوں کو بھی عشق نے
زندانِ عقل تیری تو کیا کائنات ہے

ہستی بجز فنائے مسلسل کے کچھ نہیں
پھر کس لیے یہ فکرِ قرار و ثبات ہے

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

No motion in the sky now, no animation in life,
Tell me ye, O pain of parting, how fares the night?

The world of love is a world apart,
Sans night, sans day is this wonderland.

Knowing how to live turns even death to life,
Else how ephemeral is even a Khizr-like life!

The heart which has rendered my life volcanic,
Will find peace only if 'tis so writ.

The height of love is justly called the self-transcending state,
It's but the sinking sun that ushers in the night.

Losing themselves in love, omnipresent they grow,
Self-effacing lovers are strange, miraculous beings.

Love has transgressed the limits even of time and space,
How can your cage, O Reason, keep it confined?

Life is nothing but continuous death,
Why this obsession, then, with permanence and peace?

Ab daur-e-aasman hai na daur-e-hayaat hai,
Ai dard-e-hijr tu hi bata kitni raat hai.

Har kainaat se alag yeh kainaat hai,
Hairat saraae ishq mein din hai na raat hai.

Jeena jo aagaya to ajal bhi hayaat hai,
Aur yun to umr-e-Khizr bhi kya be-sabaat hai.

Hasti ko jis ne zalzala samaan bana diya,
Woh dil qaraar paae muqqaddar ki baat hai.

Kyon intahaae shauq ko kahte hain bekhudi,
Khurshid hi ki aakhri manzil to raat hai.

Gum ho ke harjagah hain khud-raftgaan-e-ishq,
Un ki bhi ahl-e-kishf-o-karamaat zaat hai.

Tora hai laa makaan ki hadon ko bhi ishq ne,
Zindaan-e-aqal teri to kya kainaat hai.

Hasti bajuz fanaae musalsal ke kuchh nahin,
Phir kis liye yeh fikr-e-qaraar-o-sabaat hai.

فراق

ساغرِ صبحِ چکاں لاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
نورِ سیّال کو چھلکاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
نغمۂ جلوۂ رُخ گاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
شعلۂ عشق کو بھڑکاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
بھولے بِسرے ہوئے غم ہائے حیاتِ رفتہ
تم بھی اَیسے میں چلے آؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
ایک مدّت سے فضاؤں میں ہیں شعلے لپکے
سازِ شبنم ہی کو کھنکاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
اوڑھنی اس کی ہوائیں ہیں کہ تاروں بھری رات
کِسی گھونگھٹ ہی کو سرکاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
تم جُدا ہو گے تو ہو جائے گی یہ رات پہاڑ
رات کی رات ٹھہر جاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے
اس زمانے میں کہاں ہے کوئی رودادِ نشاط
غم کے افسانے کہے جاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Bring the morn-heralding cup, let the night recede,
Shake the goblet's ruddy glow, let the night recede.

Declaim the beauty's charms, let the night recede,
Inflame the fire of love, let the night recede.

O bygone griefs, long forgot,
You too come at this hour, let the night recede.

For long the air is blazing hot,
Touch at least the lyre of dew, let the night recede.

Be it the ethereal wind, or the starry sky,
Whatever Her veil, pull it off, let the night recede.

If you depart, the night will stay stolid like a rock,
Pray stay for this one night, let the night recede.

Where at all a joyful tale shall we find to-day?
Keep on telling the tales of woe, let the night recede.

Saaghar-e-subha chukaan laao ke kuchh raat kate,
Nur-e-sayyaal ko chhalkaao ke kuch raat kate.

Naghma-e-jalwa-e-rukh gaao ke kuchh raat kate,
Shola-e-ishq ko bharkaao ke kuchh raat kate.

Bhule bisre hue ghamhaae hayaat-e-rafta,
Tum bhi aise mein chale aao ke kuchh raat kate.

Ek muddat se fazaaon mein hain shole lapke,
Saaz-e-shabnam hi ko khankaao ke kuchh raat kate.

Orhni uski hawaaen hain ke taaron bhari raat,
Kisi ghunghat ko hi sarkaao ke kuchh raat kate.

Tum juda hoge to ho jaaegi yeh raat pahaar,
Raat ki raat thahr jaao ke kuchh raat kate.

Is zamaane mein kahaan hai koi roodaad-e-nishaat,
Gham ke afsaane kahe jaao ke kuchh raat kate.

فراق

یادِ ایّام کی پروائیو دھیمے دھیمے!
میرؔ کی کوئی غزل گاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے

آ کہ محفل میں فراقؔ آج نہیں نغمہ سرا
جا کے اس کو بلا لاؤ کہ کچھ رات کٹے

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

O breezes of the bygone days, softly, softly sing,
A haunting *ghazal* of Mir, let the night recede.

Firaq hasn't shown up to-day at this poetic meet,
Some one go and fetch him, let the night recede.

Yaad-e-ayyam ki purwaio dhime dhime,
Mir ki koi ghazal gaao ke kuchh raat kate.

Aake mehfil mein Firaq aaj nahin naghma sara,
Jaa ke usko bula laao ke kuchh raat kate.

فراق

سکوتِ شام مٹاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے
سخن کی شمع جلاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

دیارِ غم میں دلِ بے قرار چھوٹ گیا
سنبھل کے ڈھونڈنے جاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

یہ رات وہ کہ سوجھے جہاں نہ ہاتھ کو ہاتھ
خیالو دُور نہ جاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

لٹوں کو چہرے پہ ڈالے وہ سو رہا ہے کہیں
ضیائے رُخ کو چُراؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

ہوائے نیم شبی ہو کہ چادرِ انجم
نقاب رُخ سے اُٹھاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

شبِ سیاہ میں گم ہو گئی ہے راہِ حیات
قدم سنبھل کے اُٹھاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

گذشتہ عہد کی یادوں کو پھر کرو تازہ
بجھے چراغ جلاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

تھی ایک اُچٹتی ہوئی نیند زندگی اس کی
فراق کو نہ جگاؤ بہت اندھیرا ہے

Raghupati Sahai Firaq

Break the silence of the eve, it is dark indeed,
Light the lamp of the Muse, it is dark indeed.

Restless heart has lost its way in the city of grief,
Careful when you go for search, it is dark indeed.

Left hand cannot feel the right, 'tis so dark tonight,
Stray not afar, O my thoughts, it is dark indeed.

Her face hidden in tresses, somewhere doth she sleep,
Steal the radiance of her face, it is dark indeed.

Be it the midnight breeze, or the starry sheet,
Lift the veil from that face, it is dark indeed.

Life has lost its way in the gloomy night,
Walk with utmost care, it is dark indeed.

Revive the memories of the past,
Rekindle extinghished lamps, it is dark indeed.

His life was but a sleep disturbed,
Don't wake up, Firaq, it is dark indeed.

Sakut-e-shaam mitaao bahut andhera hai,
Sakhun ki shama jalaao bahut andhera hai.

Dayaar-e-gham mein dil-e-be qaraar chhut gaya,
Sambhal ke dhoondne jaao bahut andhera hai.

Yeh raat woh ke soojhe jahaan na haath ko haath,
Khayaalo dur na jaao bahut andhera hai.

Laton ko chehre pe daale woh so raha hai kahin,
Zayaae rukh ko churaao bahut andhera hai.

Hawaae neem shabi ho ke chaadar-e-anjum,
Naqaab rukh se uthaao bahut andhera hai.

Shab-e-sayah mein gum ho gayi hai raah-e-hayaat,
Qadam sambhal ke uthaao bahut andhera hai.

Guzashta ahd ki yaadon ko phir karo taaza,
Bujhe chiragh jalaao bahut andhera hai.

Thi ek uchatati hui neend zindagi uski,
Firaq ko na jagaao bahut andhera hai.

Faiz Ahmed Faiz (1911-1984)

FAIZ AHMED FAIZ (1911-1984)

Faiz Ahmed Faiz was born at Sialkot (also the birthplace of Iqbal) and was educated (like Iqbal) at Lahore, where he studied English literature and philosophy. He began his career as a lecturer in English at Amritsar. During the second world war, he joined the Welfare Department of the Army and became a Lt.-Colonel. However, with his strong sense of independence, and a commitment to the socialist ideology, he could not for long brook the shackles of military discipline. He turned to journalism and distinguished himself as editor of *The Pakistan Times*. He was charged with complicity in the Rawalpindi conspiracy case and was condemned to four years'. imprisonment in 1951. The jail term gave him a first-hand experience of the harsh realities of life, and provided him with the much-needed leisure and solitude to think out his thoughts and transmute them into poetry. Two of his books, *Dast-e-Saba* and *Zindan Nama*, are the products of this period of imprisonment.

As a poet, Faiz began by writing on the conventional themes of love and beauty, but soon these conventional themes get submerged in the larger social and political issues of the day. The traditional griefs of love get fused with the travails of the afflicted humanity, and Faiz uses his poetry to champion the cause of socialistic humanism. Consequently, the familiar imagery of a love-poet acquires new meanings in the hands of Faiz. The conventional figures of the beloved or mistress come to represent the poet's cause, or country or people. Separation from the beloved implies separation from the poet's cherished ideals. The garden and the rosedbud symbolise the poet's homeland and people; wine becomes the wine of political truth or insight, or it may signify the self-sacrificing madness induced by progressive political ideas. This turning away from romance to realism, from Eros to Agape, is beautifully suggested in his poem "Mujh se pehli si mahabbat meri mahboob na maang." (Ask me not, my Love, for the love of former days). But this poem, being a *nazm* and not a *ghazal* , could not, regrettably, be included in the present selection of translated verse.

In the matter of diction and style, Faiz may be called the inheritor of the tradition of Ghalib. His admiration for Ghalib is also reflected in the title of his first published work, *Naqsh-e-Faryadi*, which comes straight from the opening line of the first *ghazal* of *Diwan-e- Ghalib*. Although he has written poems in a simple, conversational style, he

has a marked preference for polished, Persianised diction, the diction of the elite rather than of the commoners. But because of the universality of his thought and sympathetic vision, and because of his perfect handling of the *ghazal*, his poetry is read and admired in both parts of the Indian sub-continent. He has experimented with new verse forms and has also written poems in free verse, but as a *ghazal* writer, he adheres to the traditional pattern.

Faiz is a "committed" poet who regards poetry as a vehicle of serious thought, and not a mere pleasurable pastime. He does not accept the maxim of "art for art's sake". An admirer of Karl Marx and a poet of the people, Faiz was honoured by Soviet Russia with the prestigious Lenin Award for Peace, and his poems have been translated into the Russian language. His poetical collections include *Naqsh-e-Faryadi* (1943), *Dast-e-Saba* (1952), *Zindan-Nama* (1956) and *Dast-e-Tah-e-Sang* (1965).

فَیضؔ اَحمد فَیضؔ

دونوں جہان تیری محبّت میں ہار کے
وہ جا رہا ہے کوئی شبِ غم گزار کے

ویراں ہے مَیکدہ خم و ساغر اُداس ہیں
تم کیا گئے کہ روٹھ گئے دن بہار کے

اک فرصتِ گناہ مِلی وہ بھی چار دن
دیکھے ہیں ہم نے حوصلے پروردگار کے

دُنیا نے تیری یاد سے بے گانہ کر دیا
تجھ سے بھی دلفریب ہیں غم روزگار کے

بھُولے سے مُسکرا تو دِیئے تھے وہ آج فیضؔ
مَت پوچھ وَلولے دلِ ناکردہ کار کے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Having lost both the worlds in the game of love,
There goes a lonesome man, ending his night of grief.

Desolate lies the tavern, abandoned lies the cup,
With your departure, spring has taken leave.

Just a mere four-day leave given to us to sin,
How magnanimous, you see, is our mighty Lord!

The world has expunged your memory from my mind,
More engaging than you are the cares of daily life.

To-day, Faiz, unawares she chanced to give a smile,
O what a swell and surge within my powerless heart!

Donon jahaan teri mahabbat mein haar ke,
Woh jaa raha hai koi shab-e-gham guzaar ke.

Viraan hai maikada khum-o-saàghar udaas hain,
Tum kya gaye ke ruth gaye din bahaar ke.

Ek fursat-e-gunah mili woh bhi chaar din,
Dekhe hain ham ne hausle parwardigaar ke.

Duniya ne teri yaad se begaana kar diya,
Tujh se bhi dilfreb hain gham rozgaar ke.

Bhule se muskra to diye woh aaj Faiz,
Mat puchh walwale dil-e-nakarda kaar ke.

فیض

ہم پرورشِ لوح و قلم کرتے رہیں گے
جو دل پہ گزرتی ہے رقم کرتے رہیں گے

اسبابِ غمِ عشق بہم کرتے رہیں گے
ویرانیِ دوراں پہ کرم کرتے رہیں گے

ہاں تلخیِ ایام ابھی اور بڑھے گی
ہاں اہلِ ستم مشقِ ستم کرتے رہیں گے

منظور یہ تلخی، یہ ستم ہم کو گوارا
دم ہے تو مداوائے الم کرتے رہیں گے

میخانہ سلامت ہے تو ہم سرخیٔ مے سے
تزئینِ درو بامِ حرم کرتے رہیں گے

باقی ہے لہو دل میں تو ہر اشک سے پیدا
رنگِ لب و رخسارِ صنم کرتے رہیں گے

اک طرزِ تغافل ہے، سو وہ ان کو مبارک
اک عرضِ تمنا ہے، سو ہم کرتے رہیں گے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

We'll keep on plying the pen on the page,
Record shall we the tale of our heart.

We'll keep providing the sorrows of love,
And fertilize the wastes of time.

The virulence of times is yet to grow,
The tyrants will stick to their tyranous ways.
We welcome the virulence, accept the blows,
Life permitting, we'll redress our griefs.

If the tavern stays, with the purple wine,
We'll deck the roofs and walls of the mosque.

While there is blood still in our veins,
Our tears will supply the tint to her cheeks.

A style of indifference will be her way,
A style of submission will be our creed.

Ham parwarash-e-loh-o-qalam karte rahenge,
Jo dil pe guzarti hai raqam karte rahenge.
Asbaab-e-gham-e-ishq baham karte rahenge,
Viraani-e-dauraan pe karam karte rahenge.

Haan talkhi-e-ayyaam abhi aur barhe gi,
Haan ahl-e-sitam mashq-e-sitam karte rahenge.

Manzur yeh talkhi yeh sitam ham ko gawaara,
Dam hai to madaawa-e-alam karte rahenge.

Maikhana salaamat hai to ham surkhi-e-mai se,
Tazzain-e-dar-o-baam-e-haram karte rahenge.

Baqi hai lahu dil mein to har ashk se paida,
Rang-e-lab-o-rukhsar-e-sanam karte rahenge.

Ek tarz-e-taghaaful hai so woh unko mubaarak,
Ek arz-e-tamanna hai so ham karte rahenge.

فیض

روشن کہیں بہار کے امکاں ہوئے تو ہیں
گلشن میں چاک چند گریباں ہوئے تو ہیں

اب بھی خزاں کا راج ہے لیکن کہیں کہیں
گوشے رہِ چمن میں غزل خواں ہوئے تو ہیں

ٹھہری ہوئی ہے شب کی سیاہی وہیں مگر
کچھ کچھ سحر کے رنگ پُر افشاں ہوئے تو ہیں

ان میں لہو جلا ہو، ہمارا، کہ جان و دل
محفل میں کچھ چراغ فروزاں ہوئے تو ہیں

ہاں کج کرو کلاہ کہ سب کچھ لُٹا کے ہم
اب بے نیازِ گردشِ دوراں ہوئے تو ہیں

اہلِ قفس کی صبح چمن میں کھلے گی آنکھ
بادِ صبا سے وعدہ و پیماں ہوئے تو ہیں

ہے دشت اب بھی دشت مگر خونِ پا سے فیضؔ
سیراب چند خارِ مغیلاں ہوئے تو ہیں

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Some signs of spring have come in sight, at last,
Some flowers with cloaks rent we can now descry.

Though the autumn reigns still, nonetheless, somewhere,
Some nook of the garden reverberates with song.

The dark night, albeit, refuses to recede,
Yet the faintly flushing East portends the dawn.

Be they fed on our blood, or on heart and soul,
Some lamps are now ablaze on the assembly floor.

Let us tilt our caps in style; for having lost the world,
We have nothing to fear from the whirling wheel of Time.

The prisoners will now awake in the flush of native dawn,
We have drawn a promise from the morning breeze.

The wilds are wilds still, but Faiz, thanks to the bleeding feet,
Some, at least, of the brambly waste has been reclaimed.

Raushan kahin bahaar ke imkaan hue to hain,
Gulshan mein chaak chand grebaan hue to hain.

Ab bhi khizaan kaa raaj hai, lekin kahin kahin,
Goshe rah-e-chaman mein ghazal-khwaan hue to hain.

Thahri hui hai shab ki sayahi wahin magar,
Kuchh kuchh sahar ke rang prafshaan hue to hain.

In mein lahu jala ho hamaara ke jaan-o-dil,
Mehfil mein kuchh chiraag farozaan hue to hain.

Haan kaj karo kulaah ke sab kuchh luta ke ham,
Ab be-nayaaz-e-gardash-e-dauraan hue to hain.

Ahl-e-qafas ki subah-e-chaman mein khulegi aankh,
Baad-e-sabaa se waada-e-paimaan hue to hain.

Hai dasht ab bhi dasht, magar khun-e-paa se Faiz,
Sairaab chand khaar-e-mughailaan hue to hain.

فیض

تم آئے ہو نہ شبِ انتظار گزری ہے
تلاش میں ہے سحر بار بار گزری ہے
جنوں میں جتنی بھی گزری بکار گزری ہے
اگرچہ دل پہ خرابی ہزار گزری ہے
ہوئی ہے حضرتِ ناصح سے گفتگو جس شب
وہ شب ضرور سرِ کوئے یار گزری ہے
وہ بات سارے فسانے میں جس کا ذکر نہ تھا
وہ بات ان کو بہت ناگوار گزری ہے
نہ گل کھلے ہیں نہ اُن سے ملے نہ مے پی ہے
عجیب رنگ میں اب کے بہار گزری ہے
چمن میں غارتِ گلچیں سے جانے کیا گزری
قفس سے آج صبا بے قرار گزری ہے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

You haven't come, nor has the night of waiting gone,
Looking for you the morn has called again and again.

Time spent in madness was time well spent,
Though my heart suffered ravages untold.

I must have spent that night in the street of my love,
The night when the preacher with me did debate.

What did not even figure in the tale entire,
To that he has taken very grave offence.

No flowers, no wine, no sight of my friend,
In what a queer way we've spent this spring.

What havoc in the garden has the flower-plucker wrought?
Disturbed blew the breeze beside my cage to-day.

Tum aae ho na shab-e-intazaar guzri hai,
Talaash mein hai sahar baar baar guzri hai.

Janun mein jitini bhi guzri bakaar guzri hai,
Agarcheh dil par kharaabi hazaar guzri hai.

Hui hai hazrat-e-naseh se guftgoo jis shab,
Woh shab zarur sar-e-kue yaar guzri hai.

Woh baat saare fasaane mein jiska zikar na tha,
Woh baat unko bahut nagawaar guzri hai.

Na gul khile hain na un se mile hain na mai pi hai,
Ajib rang mein ab ke bahaar guzri hai.

Chaman mein ghaarat-e-gulchin se jaane kya guzri,
Qafas se aaj saba be qaraar guzri hai.

فیض

اَب وہی حرفِ جنوں سب کی زباں ٹھہری ہے
جو بھی چل نکلی ہے وہ بات کہاں ٹھہری ہے
آج تک شیخ کے اکرام میں جو شے تھی حرام
اب وہی دشمنِ دیں راحتِ جاں ٹھہری ہے
ہے خبر گرم کہ پھرتا ہے گریزاں ناصح
گفتگو آج سرِ کوئے بُتاں ٹھہری ہے
ہے وہی عارضِ لیلیٰ وہی شیریں کا دہن
نگہِ شوق گھڑی بھر کو جہاں ٹھہری ہے
وصل کی شب تھی تو کس درجہ سُبک گزری تھی
ہجر کی شب ہے تو کیا سخت گراں ٹھہری ہے
بکھری اک بار تو ہاتھ آتی ہے کب موجِ شمیم
دل سے نکلی ہے تو کب لب پہ فغاں ٹھہری ہے
دستِ صیّاد بھی عاجز ہے کفِ گلچیں بھی
بُوئے گل ٹھہری نہ بلبُل کی زباں ٹھہری ہے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

That syllable insane is everywhere echoed,
Who can bind the word, once set afloat?

What was so far a taboo in the preacher's code,
That very foe of faith, is now the joy of life.

The preacher, they say, is moving about in a mood perverse,
He must have had a row in the street of love.

There alone are Laila's cheeks, there the Shirin's lips,
Wheresoever a fond glance alights for a while.

Light-footed the night dispersed when we were together,
Now in separation, heavily doth it hang.

Who can hold the breeze once it gets dispersed?
Who can suppress the cry, erupting from the heart?

Helpless the hunter's hand, impotent the florist's grip,
Who can Philomel's song imprison, or impale the rose's scent?

Ab wohi harf-e-janun sab ki zabaan thahri hai,
Jo bhi chal nikali hai woh baat kahaan thahri hai.

Aaj tak sheikh ke ikraam mein jo shai thi haraam,
Ab wohi dushman-e-din, raahat-e-jaan thahri hai.

Hai khabar garm ke phirta hai gurezaan naseh,
Guftgoo aaj sar-e-kue butaan thahri hai.

Hai wohi aaraz-Laila wohi Shirian ka dahan,
Nigah-e-shauq ghari bhar ko yahaan thahri hai.

Wasal ki shab thi to kis darja subak guzri thi,
Hijar ki shab hai to kaya sakht giraan thahri hai.

Bikhri ek baar to haath aai hai kab mauj-e-shamim,
Dil se nikali hai to kab lab pe fughaan thahri hai.

Dast-e-sayyaad bhi aajiz hai, kaf-e-gulchin bhi,
Bue gul thahri na bulbul ki zabaan thahri hai.

فیض

آتے آتے یونہی دم بھر کو رُکی ہوگی بہار
جاتے جاتے یونہی پل بھر کو خزاں ٹھہری ہے
ہم نے جو طرزِ فغاں کی ہے قفس میں ایجاد
فیض گلشن میں وہ طرزِ بیاں ٹھہری ہے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Spring might have, in transit, paused for a while,
Autumn, before it quits, might linger a little.

The plaintive style that we developed inside the cage,
Has now become, O Faiz, the popular mode of speech.

Aate aate yunhi dam bhar ko ruki hogi bahaar,
Jaate jaate yunhi pal bhar to khazaan thahri hai.

Ham ne jo tarz-e-fughaan ki hai qafas mein ijaad,
Faiz gulshan mein woh tarz-e--bayaan thahri hai.

فیض

سچ ہے ہمیں کو آپ کے شکوے بجا نہ تھے
بے شک ستم جناب کے سب دوستانہ تھے

ہاں جو جفا بھی آپ نے کی قاعدے سے کی
ہاں ہم ہی کاربندِ اصولِ وفا نہ تھے

آئے تو یوں کہ جیسے ہمیشہ تھے مہرباں
بھولے تو یوں کہ گویا کبھی آشنا نہ تھے

کیوں دادِ غم ہمیں نے طلب کی بُرا کیا
ہم سے جہاں میں کشتۂ غم اور کیا نہ تھے

گر فکرِ زخم کی تو خطاوار ہیں کہ ہم
کیوں محوِ مدحِ خوبیِ تیغِ ادا نہ تھے

ہر چارہ گر کو چارہ گری سے گریز تھا
ورنہ ہمیں جو دکھ تھے بہت لادوا نہ تھے

لب پر ہے تلخیٔ مے ایام ورنہ فیضؔ
ہم تلخیٔ کلام پر مائل ذرا نہ تھے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

True, it behoved us not to make any complaint,
Your oppressive ways, no doubt, had a kind intent.

True, your excesses were well within the code,
I alone was guilty of violating the faith.

Came in, as if he had been intimate forever,
Went out, as if he hadn't known me at all.

Why I alone did seek palliative for my pain?
Were there not others, afflicted worse than me?

Guilty I plead for showing concern o'er my grief,
Why didn't I praise his skilful, deadly darts?

The physicians were averse to handling my case,
Otherwise my malady wasn't beyond a cure.

My lips, Faiz, have tasted the bitter wine of life,
I was not by temperament given to a bitter style.

Sach hai hamin ko aapke shikwe baja na the,
Be shak sitam janaab ke sab dostaana the.

Haan jo jafa bhi aap ne ki qaaide se ki,
Haan ham hi kaarband-e-asul-e-wafa na the.

Aae to yun ke jaise hamesha the mehrbaan,
Bhule to yun ke goya kabhi aashna na the.

Kyon daad-e-gham hamin ne talab ki bura kiya,
Ham se jahaan mein kushta-e-gham aur kya na the.

Gar fikar-e-zakham ki to khataawaar hain ke ham,
Kyon mahw-e madah-e-khubi-e-tegh-e-ada na the.

Har chaaragar ko chaaragari se gurez tha,
Warna hamen jo dukh the bahut laadawa na the.

Lab par hai talkhi-e-mai-e-ayyaam warna Faiz,
Ham talkhi-e-kalaam par maayal zara na the.

فیض

گلوں میں رنگ بھرے بادِ نو بہار چلے
چلے بھی آؤ کہ گلشن کا کاروبار چلے

قفس اُداس ہے یارو صبا سے کچھ تو کہو
کہیں تو بہرِ خدا آج ذکرِ یار چلے

کبھی تو صبح ترے کنجِ لب سے ہو آغاز
کبھی تو شب سرِ کاکل سے مشکبار چلے

بڑا ہے درد کا رشتہ یہ دل غریب سہی
تمہارے نام پہ آئیں گے غم گسار چلے

جو ہم پہ گزری سو گزری مگر شبِ ہجراں
ہمارے اشک تری عاقبت سنوار چلے

مقام فیض کوئی راہ میں جچا ہی نہیں
جو کوئے یار سے نکلے تو سوئے دار چلے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Bring the flowers to bloom , let the spring breeze blow,
Come, my love, and rouse the garden from its sleep.

Gloom pervades the prison, say something to the breeze,
Someone, for God's sake, should talk about my love.

Sometime at least the sun should rise from the corner of your lips,
Sometime at least the night should flow from your scented locks.

Strong is the link of grief, no matter if the heart is poor,
Sorrowing hearts will flocking come, once they hear your name.

How I fared matters not, but O lonesome night,
My tears have ensured your peace, here and beyond.

My heart, Faiz, could not approve any place en route,
Forced out of my love's street, I made for the gallows straight.

Gulon mein rang bhare baad-e-naubahaar chale,
Chale bhi aao ke gulshan ka kaarobaar chale.

Qafas udaas hai yaaro saba se kuchh to kaho,
Kahin to bahr-e-Khuda aaj zikar-e-yaar chale.

Kabhi to subah tere kunj-e-lab se ho aaghaz,
Kabhi to shab sar-e-kaakul se mushakbaar chale.

Bara hai dard ka rishta yeh dil gharib sahi,
Tumhare naam pe aaenge ghamgusaar chale.

Jo ham pe guzri so guzri magar shab-e-hijraan,
Hamaare ashk teri aaqbat sanwaar chale.

Maqaam Faiz koi raah mein jacha hi nahin,
Jo kue yaar se nikle to sue daar chale.

فیض

کچھ محتسبوں کی خلوت میں کچھ واعظ کے گھر جاتی ہے
ہم بادہ کشوں کے حصّے کی اب جام میں کم کم آتی ہے

یوں عرض و طلب سے کب اے دل پتھر دل پانی ہوتے ہیں
تم لاکھ رضا کی خو ڈالو کب خوئے ستمگر جاتی ہے

بیداد گروں کی بستی ہے یاں داد کہاں خیرات کہاں
سر پھوڑتی پھرتی ہے ناداں فریاد جو در در جاتی ہے

ہاں، جی کے زیاں کی ہم کو بھی تشویش ہے لیکن کیا کیجے!
ہر راہ جو اُدھر کو جاتی ہے مقتل سے گزر کر جاتی ہے

اب کوچۂ دلبر کا رہرو رہزن بھی بنے تو بات بنے
پہرے سے عدو ٹلتے ہی نہیں اور رات برابر جاتی ہے

ہم اہلِ قفس تنہا بھی نہیں، ہر روز نسیم صبحِ وطن
یادوں سے معطّر آتی ہے، اشکوں سے منوّر جاتی ہے

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Some goes to the priestly homes, some to the moralists' dens,
The share of us drinkers rarely reaches the glass.

How can your prayers and pleas melt the stony hearts?
A tyrant remains a tyrant still, how submissive you grow.

This is an oppressive town, here love and charity are unknown,
The prayer going from door to door, beats its head in vain.

We too are concerned for life, but where to go?
Every path leading thither by the gallows goes.

The traveller in the street of love, should now assume the robber's role,
Relentless is the rivals' vigil, and the night is flying apace.

We prisoners are not alone, for the breeze from home,
Comes redolent of memories, goes radiant with tears.

Kuchh muhtasibon ki khilwat mein kuchh waiz ke ghar jaati hai,
Ham baada kashon ke hisse ko ab jaam mein kam kam aati hai.

Yun arz-o-talab se kab ai dil pathhar dil paani hote hain,
Tum laakh raza ki khu dalo kab khue sitamgar jaati hai.

Bedaad garon ki basti hai yan daad kahaan faryaad kahaan,
Sar phorti phirti hai naadaan faryaad jo dar dar jaati hai.

Haan ji ke zayan ki ham ko bhi tashwish hai lekin kya kijeye,
Har raah jo udhar ko jaati hai maqtal se guzar kar jaati hai.

Ab kucha-e-dilbar ka rahrau rahzan bhi bane to baat bane,
Pahre se adu talte hi nahin aur raat baraabar jaati hai.

Ham ahl-e-qafas tanha bhi nahin, har roz nasime-subah-e-watan,
Yaadon se muattar aati hai, ashkon se munawar jaati hai.

فیض

آج یوں موج در موج غم تھم گیا، اس طرح غمزدوں کو قرار آ گیا
جیسے خوشبوئے زلفِ بہار آ گئی جیسے پیغامِ دیدارِ یار آ گیا

جس کی دید و طلب وہم سمجھے تھے ہم، رو برو پھر سرِ راہ گزار آ گیا
صبحِ فردا کو پھر دل ترسنے لگا، عمرِ رفتہ ترا اعتبار آ گیا

رُت بدلنے لگی رنگِ دل دیکھنا، رنگِ گلشن سے اب حال کھلتا نہیں
زخم چھلکا کوئی یا کوئی گُل کھلا، اشک اُمڈے کہ ابرِ بہار آ گیا

خُونِ عشّاق سے جام بھرنے لگے، دِل سُلگنے لگے داغ جلنے لگے
محفلِ درد پھر رنگ پر آ گئی، پھر شبِ آرزو پر نکھار آ گیا

سرفروشی کے انداز بدلے گئے، دعوتِ قتل پر مقتلِ شہر میں
ڈال کر کوئی گردن میں طوق آ گیا، لاد کر کوئی کاندھے پہ دار آ گیا

فیض کیا جانیئے یار کس آس پر، منتظر ہیں کہ لائے گا کوئی خبر
مے کشوں پر ہوا محتسب مہرباں، دلفگاروں پہ قاتل کو پیار آ گیا

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

Wave on wave the grief is stilled, the suffering soul becalmed,
As if I breathe the breath of spring or hear the tidings of my love.
He stands by me in actual form, whose desire I thought was but a dream,
My heart looks forward to the morrow, I feel convinced of yesterdays.
The season changes,my humour mark, the garden bloom reveals it not,
Is it a wound that burst, a flower bloomed, a tear welled, or a cloud surged?
The cups are brimming with the lovers' blood, hearts simmer, scars burn,
The session of pain bustles again, the night of desire is all aglow.
Martyrdom acquires a novel style, at the call of death, to the site of gallows,
Some have arrived carrying the cross, some with halters round their necks.
I know not, Faiz, why to-day I expect to hear the news:
The censor softens to the drinkers, the assassin loves the broken hearts.

Aaj yun mauj dar mauj gham tham gaya, is tara ghamzadon ko qaraar aagaya,
Jaise khushbue zulf-e-bahaar aagayi, jaise paigham-e-didaar-e-yaar aagaya.
Jiski did-o-talab waham samjhe the ham, rubroo phir sar-e-rahguzaar aa gaya,
Subah-e-farda ko phir dil tarsne laga, umr-e-rafta tera aitbaar aagaya.
Rut badalne lagi, rang-e-dil dekhna, rang-e-gulshan se ab haal khulta nahin,
Zakhm chhalka koi ya koi gul khila, ashk umde, ke abr-e-bahaar aagaya.
Khun-e-ushaaq se jaam bharne lage, dil sulagne lage, dagh jalne lage,
Mehfil-e-dard phir rang par aagayi, phir shab-e-aarzoo par nikhaar aagaya.
Sar faroshi ke andaaz badle gaye, daawat-e-qatal par maqtal-e-shahr mein,
Daal kar koi gardan mein tauq aagaya, laad kar koi kaandhe pe daar aagaya.
Faiz kya jaaneye yaar kis aas par, muntazar hain ke layega koi khabar,
Mai kashon par hua muhtasib mehrban, dilfigaaron pe qaatil ko payar aagaya..

فیضؔ

یہ جفائے غم کا چارہ، وہ نجاتِ دل کا عالم
ترا حسنِ دستِ عیسیٰ، تری یاد روئے مریم

دِل و جاں فدائے راہے کبھی آ کے دیکھ ہمدم
سرِ کوئے دلفگاراں شبِ آرزو کا عالم

تری دید سے سوا ہے ترے شوق میں بہاراں
وہ زمیں جہاں گری ہے ترے گیسوؤں کی شبنم

یہ عجب قیامتیں ہیں تری رہگزر میں گزراں
نہ ہوا کہ مر مٹیں ہم، نہ ہوا کہ جی اُٹھیں ہم

لو سُنی گئی ہماری، یوں پھرے ہیں دن کہ پھر سے
وہی گوشۂ قفس ہے، وہی فصلِ گُل کا ماتم

Faiz Ahmed Faiz

This cures oppressive griefs, that delivers the heart,
Your beauty is the hand of Christ, your memory Mariam's face.

Your path is strewn with heart and soul, come sometimes and see,
The state of the lacerated lovers, tormented by desire.

More beauteous than you is the love-awakened earth,
Fertilised by the dew of your fragrant locks.

Strange are the calamities in the path of love!
Nor we have the will to live, nor the strength to die.

Lo, our prayer is heard, better times arrive,
Again we are inside the cage, again bemoan the spring.

Yeh jafaae gham ka chaara, woh nijaat-e-dil ka aalam,
Tera husn dast-e-Isah, teri yaad roo-e-Mariam.

Dil-o-jaan fidae rahe kabhi aake dekh hamdam,
Sar-e-kue dilfigaaraan shab-e-aarzoo ka aalam.

Teri did se siwa hai tere shauq mein bahaaraan,
Woh zamin jahaan giri thi tere gaisuon ki shabnam.

Yeh ajab qayaamaten hain teri rahguzr mein guzraan,
Na hua ke mar miten ham, na hua ke ji uthen ham.

Lo suni gayi hamari, yun phire hain din ke phir se,
Wohi gosha-e-qafas hai, wohi fasl-e-gul ka maatam.

Glossary of Technical Terms Used in the "Introduction"

Nazm: In a broader sense the term is used to describe all "kinds" of poetry, as distinguished from prose. However, in its literary sense, a *nazm* is a well-organized, logically evolving poem (unlike the *ghazal),* where each individual verse sub-serves the need of the central, controlling thought or theme. Though the *nazm* is traditionally written in rhymed verse, there are many examples of *nazms* in unrhymed verse, or even in free verse.

Masnavi: Generally a long narrative poem— much longer than the *ghazal* — embodying religious, romantic, or didactic stories. It is written in rhyming couplets, with each couplet having a different rhyme and *radif.*

Marsia: An elegy written to mourn the death of a great man or a dearly loved person. In its stricter sense, traditionally accepted in Urdu, a *marsia* is an elegy written, specifically, in honour of the martyrdom of Hazrat Amam Hussain or his comrades of the Karbla fame.

Qasida: A panegyric, or a poem written in praise of a king or a nobleman, or a benefactor. As in a *ghazal* the opening couplet of a *qasida,* is a rhyming couplet, and its rhyme is repeated in the second line of each succeeding verse. The opening part of the *qasida,* where the poet may talk in general about love or beauty, man or nature, life or death, is called *tashbib* or *tamheed.*

Rubai: A self-sufficient quatrain, rhyming a,a,b,a, and dealing, generally, with a single idea, which it is customary to introduce and develop with the aid of similes in the first three lines, and conclude, with concentrated effect, in the fourth line. Romantic, philosophic or bacchanalian themes are the favourite subjects of the *rubai.*

Index of First Lines

(The name of the poet is mentioned at the end of the line)

Agony has brought me to the verge of death, MIR, 111
All beauty on earth derives from His grace, MIR, 75
All my hopes stand belied, GHALIB, 153
All plans have gone amiss, all recipes have failed, MIR, 79
Beauty self-oblivious has turned self-aware, HASRAT, 247
Bootless to me the miracles of Christ, GHALIB, 169
Break the silence of the eve, it is dark indeed, FIRAQ, 303
Bring the flowers to bloom, let the spring breeze blow, FAIZ, 323
Bring the morn-heralding cup, let the night recede, FIRAQ, 299
Can such measures bring about the union
you crave, HASRAT, 253
Can you claim to be a Messiah still, HASRAT, 257
Countless folks have come for once to this world, DARD, 49
Did you ever surfeit a drinker to his heart? DARD, 45
Do I fear anyone that I don't speak a word? MOMIN, 185
Each and every leaf and plant, my plight doth know, MIR, 113
Enough if you see us here for a fleeting while, MIR, 95
For long hasn't my love shown her beauteous face, WALI, 31
Griefs gripped my heart as long as I breathed, MIR, 91
Grinding the mill and poetic drill go hand in hand together,
HASRAT, 261
Having given your heart away why must you bewail?
GHALIB, 143
Having lost both the worlds in the game of love, FAIZ, 309
He now remains rather subdued, rarely doth he ope his lips,
FIRAQ, 287
He whom o'er earth and air I sought, IQBAL, 219
Hilarious days are here again, HASRAT, 265
How can he find respite on earth, for whom, WALI, 37
However hard I try, her I can't forget, HASRAT, 255

How favoured is man at whose behest, MIR, 107
How from my garden I chanced to stray, IQBAL, 223
I again recall those tearful eyes, GHALIB, 127
I craved compassion from you, got only reproach, MIR, 85
I fully remember those leisurely delights, HASRAT, 263
If here we see Thee not, immanent in Thy grace, DARD, 53
I haven't hosted my friend for long, GHALIB, 175
I'll compare thy lips to the ruby of Badakhshan, WALI, 29
I'm not forever lying at your door, GHALIB, 133
I now wish to live at a lonesome place, GHALIB, 147
I remember those silent sessions of weeping day and night, HASRAT, 271
I spent myself out telling my tale of woe, MOMIN, 211
It's only the beginning of love, why dost thou groan? MIR, 87
It takes an age for a sigh to bear fruit, GHALIB, 129
Killing their lovers has never been beyond the beauties' thoughts, DARD, 47
Majnun has renounced the world, let him renounce the wilds too, IQBAL, 227
Many a time did my heart show me to the grave, MIR, 89
Mendicant-like I came and part, MIR, 101
My head has shed its madness, my heart its desire, FIRAQ, 291
My heart has got entangled in her plaited locks, MOMIN, 201
My love has melted that despot, step by step, WALI, 35
My love is not love, but frenzy, agreed, GHALIB, 149
My pain would reckon no potion, GHALIB, 123
My verse has the power to revive the dead, MOMIN, 197
No longer can we, the grief-struck, defy the fiat of time, FIRAQ, 295
No motion in the sky now, no animation in life, FIRAQ, 297
Nor earth nor heaven can Thy expanse contain, DARD, 61
Nothing but blame and blemish have we earned in life, DARD, 65

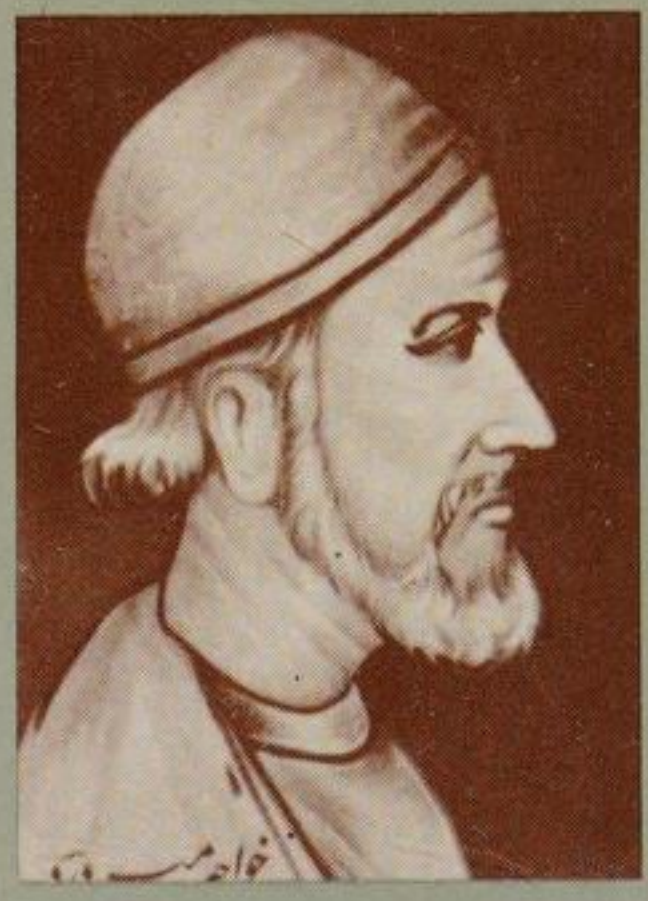
O'er half the night had flown, the world lay asleep, FIRAQ, 279
O Reality, long-awaited, come out in Thy physical form, IQBAL, 233
Our life is but a water-bubble, MIR, 99
People have stormed me with accusations, MOMIN, 209
Re-burnish your locks, already agleam, IQBAL, 241
Remembering my love all the time, WALI, 25
Sad and weary the beauty was, ashen grey the eve, FIRAQ, 293
Sans love, sans wine, I find myself aflame, MOMIN, 191
She now comes on roof-top, face to face we stand, HASRAT, 251
Should Mir so loudly wail and weep, MIR, 93
Some goes to the priestly homes, some to the moralists' dens, FAIZ, 325
Some have emerged as tulips and roses, whither are the rest? GHALIB, 135
Some signs of spring have come in sight at last, FAIZ, 313
Soul-refreshing are your lips, WALI, 21
Strange are their looks, out-of-this-world they seem, IQBAL, 225
Such a state descends on me when I invoke the Muse, FIRAQ, 285
Suffering, sorrows, scars— this is my daily fare, DARD, 63
That syllable insane is everywhere echoed, FAIZ, 317
The caravan of love is on the march, as heretofore, FIRAQ, 281
The gathering clouds have at last poured down in might, HASRAT, 269
The head that feels proud to-day because it wears a crown, MIR, '83
The night of sorrow surges free in my chamber dark, GHALIB, 161
The pledge that you and I had made, you may or mayn't recall, MOMIN, 195
The spring's glorious reign returns, GHALIB, 179
There are still other worlds beyond the stars, IQBAL, 239
They tread me down like footprints on ground, DARD, 59

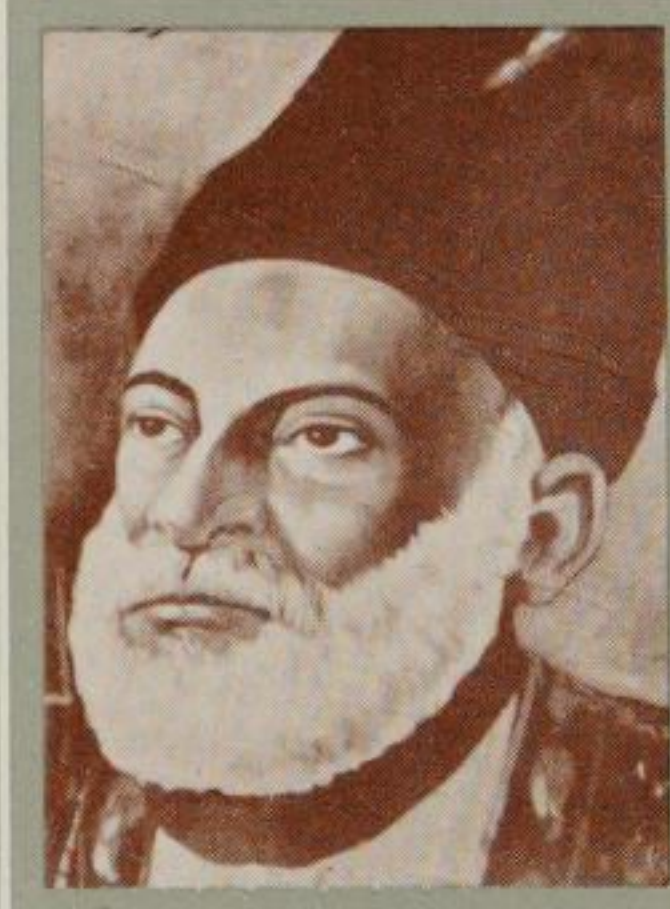
Thine radiance shines forth in lightning, fire and spark, IQBAL, 229
This cures oppressive griefs, that delivers the heart, FAIZ, 329
Thousands of desires, tantalizing one and all, GHALIB, 173
Thus spoke the weeping dew in the grove to-day, DARD, 55
'Tis heart, not brick or stone, why can't it swell with grief? GHALIB, 139
To bewail my heart, or curse my innards, I know not what to do, GHALIB, 131
To have met my friend was not my fate, GHALIB, 119
To me this world is a children's fair, GHALIB, 165
To see your face every morn, WALI, 23
True, it behoved us not to make any complaint, FAIZ, 321
Unveiled lies His Beauty at large, WALI, 27
Waste not your time in sloth, awake, awake, WALI, 33
Watch, whence it rises, from the heart or the soul, MIR, 97
Wave on wave the grief was stilled, the suffering soul becalmed, FAIZ, 327
We'all keep on plying the pen on the page, FAIZ, 311
What ails thee, my silly heart, GHALIB, 157
What should I desire, O heaven, what for implore? DARD, 57
What rare delights on parting night had fallen to my lot, MOMIN, 189
What's love? 'tis hard to define, MIR, 105
When love awakens the springs of self, IQBAL, 237
When we, the destitute, shall be buried in dust, MOMIN, 205
Why should I ask the wise, "Whence have I come?" IQBAL, 235
Why should I grumble if I get what I crave, GHALIB, 151
Why shouldn't he feel aweary of life, WALI, 39
You haven't come, nor has the night of waiting gone, FAIZ, 315
Your quest is my objective as long as I live, DARD, 69
Your wail hasn't matured enough, O crazy nightingale, IQBAL, 231
You too shall weep for hours on end, if your, MOMIN, 213

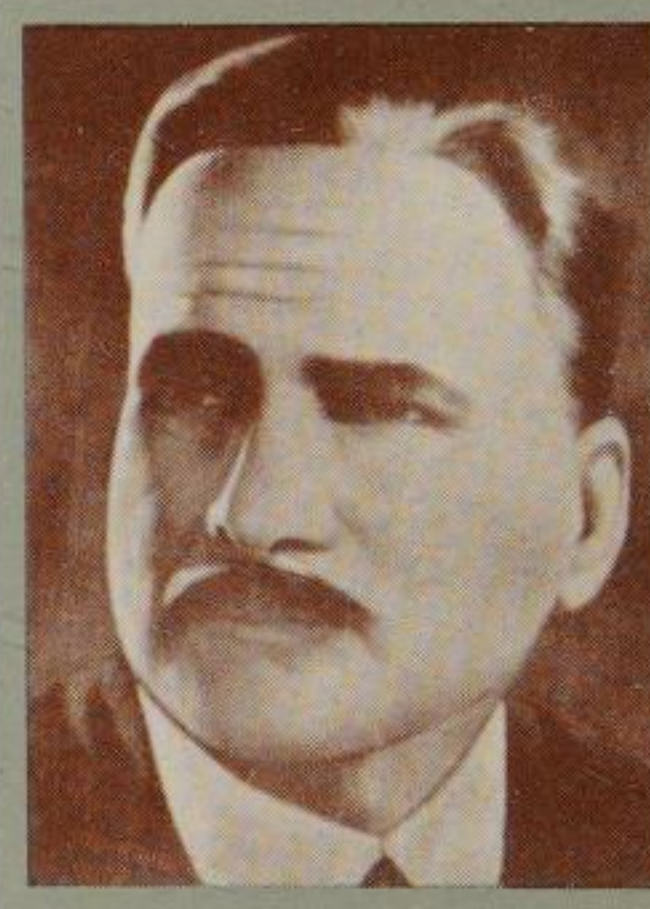
K.C. Kanda is a senior lecturer in English at Bhagat Singh College, University of Delhi. He has been teaching Victorian poetry to M.A. classes at Delhi University for more than twenty-five years. He holds M.A. degrees in English from the Universities of Panjab and Nottingham (U.K.) and a Ph.D. in English and a first class Master's degree in Urdu from the University of Delhi. While English poetry has been his speciality professionally, Urdu poetry has been his love since his school days. He has made a deep study of Urdu poets, both ancient and modern, and is fully conversant with the subtleties of poetic art and thought.

Dr. Kanda has published a critical study of Tennyson's poetry entitled The Two Worlds of Tennyson *and an* Anthology of English Poems. *He has also published articles on the poetry of Ghalib, Tennyson, and W.S. Blunt.*

Jacket design: **Biplab**
ISBN 81 207 1126 2

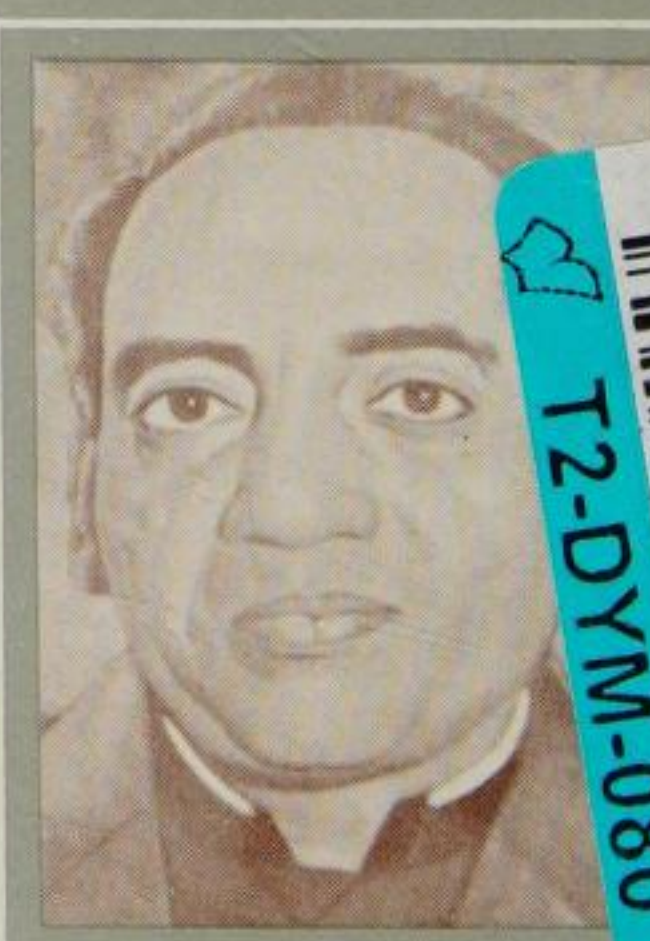






جب کہ تجھ بن نہیں کوئی موجود پھر یہ ہنگامہ اے خدا کیا ہے ؟

When none apart from you exists, Why this struggle and alarm, O God?



T2-DYM-080